

SAINT ~~L. 12. 17.~~  
BERNARD

~~HIS 3. 38. 18~~  
MEDITATIONS:  
OR Syn. 8. 63. 22

Sighes, Sobbes, and Teares,  
vpon our Sauours  
PASSION,

---

*In Memoriall of his Death.*

---

ALSO  
His Motiues to Mortification,  
*with other Meditations.*

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The fourth Edition, much amended:  
By W. P. M<sup>r</sup>. of Arts in Cambridge.

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1 COR. 2. 2.

*I esteeme not to know any thing amongst you, saue  
Iesus Christ, and him crucified.*



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TO  
THE RIGHT  
Worshipfull, M<sup>r</sup>. IOHN  
BYLIOCKE, of the  
Inner Temple,  
ESQUIRE.

**S**IR, it was my purpose when I first vnder-tooke to translate these diuine and comfortable Meditations on the Lords Passion, and Motiues to Mortification; (selected out of the workes of S. Bernard, and other ancient Writers, not verbally turned into English, but augmented with such  
A 2 other

*The Epistle*

other Meditations, as it pleased God to infuse into my minde) to haue dedicated them vnto your worthy Father, who (both in respect of his neere alliance, and other reasons of moment) might by his owne right haue challenged that duty at my hands.

But since it seemed good vnto the diuine Maiesty, to remoue him from earth, out of the societie of mortall men, to liue for euer in the cōpany of the blessed Angels in Heauen, before I could attaine to the accomplishment of my wished desires; I could finde none more neere and deare vnto me then your selfe, who might vouchsafe to giue the first kinde entertainment to my well-intended labours, when they should come forth into the light. For as the Lord hath blessed you with a peaceable fruition of your Fathers possessions: so no doubt

*Dedicatorie.*

doubt you are also a true heire  
of his commendable Vertues.

My desire is to profit all, yet  
I am obliged by many private  
respects, to commend my la-  
bours, (such as they are) in a  
more speciall manner vnto  
your selfe, that thereby I might  
seale vnto you, a true assurance  
of my gratefull affection to-  
wards you. For farre be it from  
my thought, that eyther I  
should forget your kind spee-  
ches, or bury your good deed  
in the darke graue of Obluion,  
expressed to mee, and exten-  
ded towards mee at my last  
conference with you.

I know you cannot but kind-  
ly accept my small mite, if  
you ballance it with the wil-  
lingnesse of my minde: and I  
am assured you wil not mislike  
it, in regard of the matter,  
though haply you may finde  
some distaste in respect of the  
stile. For what can be more fit

### *The Epistle*

for these times, then Motiues to Mortification? or more comfortable to the soule of a sorrowful sinner, then a serious Meditation of the bitter Passion of our Crucified Redeemer, *who being God, became man for our sakes: suffered a most cruell death on the Crosse for our finnes: and being buried, rose againe for our iustification?*

But it is not my purpose heere to relate what sweet streames doe flow from this christall and pure Fountaine, what wholesome fruits may be gathered from this fruitfull Tree, or what rich Treasure may be found in this golden Myne. I desire to containe my lines within the bounds of Mediocritie: especially when the Current of my words turneth towards One whom God hath blessed with capacitie, able to conceiue the great commodities which do proceed from such

*Dedicatorie.*

such Christian exercises: Yet before I make a full period, giue mee leaue (I pray you) to let you vnderstand, that I haue much endeauoured, so to expresse the gricuous Passion of our gracious Redeemer, as if it were now in present action before our eyes, that I might the better stirre vp feruent motions of Pietie in the mind, and kindle the sparkes of true deuotion in the heart of the Reader. For indeed, the full scope of my desire is to glorifie God, and benefit my brethren. And that your owne soule, (as also the soule of euery religious Reader,) may be the more neerely and deeply touched, and wounded with a feeling consideration of our Sauours death, I suppose it the best way, after a due preparation thereunto by prayer (without which nothing can be sanctified vnto vs,) to beginne at



*The Epistle*

the first Meditation, and to taking the History of his Passion before you, to proceed vntill you come vnto the yeelding vp of his Ghost vpon the Crosse.

In the progresse whereof, it may please God so to touch your heart with sorrow, that your eyes, (with those in the Gospell, who came to see his death, *Luke 24. 28*) may gush forth teares for griefe, that so innocent a Lambe should be so despightfully and cruelly tortured, tormented and crucified. Where also you (in whose person I speake vnto all) may iustly conceiue a double griefe.

First, that *Iesus Christ* (the Righteous,) was killed for sinne.

Secondly, that hee was killed for our sinne.

The consideration whereof, should moue all, with weeping *Psalm*, *Luke 22. 62.* to slied salt and



*Dedicatorie.*

and brinish teares of contri-  
tion, in remembrance of our  
offences, that being therewith  
pricked at the heart, Christ  
Iesus may say vnto our sorrow-  
full soules, as sometimes he  
did vnto the Israelites, *I haue  
heard your groaning, and will haue  
compassion on you,* Iudg. 2. 18.  
And may also therewith adde,  
*Sonne, be of good cheere, thy  
sinnes are forgiven thee,* Math. 9.  
2. *Come hit her and taste how sweet  
I thy Lord am: with mee there is  
plenteous redemption.*

And as in matter of sorrow,  
it more deeply pierceth the  
soule of the hearer with griefe  
or in matter of delight, more  
affecteth the minde with ioy,  
to heare the particular relation  
of some Tragical euent, or the  
parts and particles of some de-  
lightfull accidēt reported then  
onely to heare a bare narration  
of either in grosse, without  
expressing the parts thereof: so

*The Epistle Dedicatorie.*

likewise it cannot chuse, but more deeply wound the soule of euery Christian, to heare, or read the speciall and seuerall sufferings of Christ in his Passion, then if it were onely sayd thus, *Christ died for vs.*

But lest I draw my lines beyond the limits of due measure, I heere conclude: desiring the Lord to blesse you, and the rest of your Fathers issue, with many happy dayes vpon earth, and when they are ended heere in peace, to receiue you all into his heauenly Kingdome of euerlasting Glory.

Yours ready at

command,

W.P.



A Table of the  
Meditations vpon  
the LORDS  
PASSION.

I **A** Meditation of the  
Communion of the Lord  
I E S U S into Hierusalem,  
riding vpon an Asse, &c.

page.1

Med.2. Of the returning of the  
Lord Iesus into Ierusalem, and  
of his often preaching in the  
Temple, &c.

page.30.

Med.3. Of the preparation of the  
Lords Supper, and washing his  
Disciples feet, &c.

page.57

Med.4. Of the institution of the  
blessed Sacrament of the body  
and blood of Christ, &c.

p.72.

Med.5.

The Table.

Med. 5. How the Lord Iesus told  
his Disciples, that one of them  
should betray him, &c.

page. 89.

Med. 6. Of the going of Christ  
to the Mount-Olivet, and of  
his praying thrice in the Gar-  
den, &c.

page. 104

Med. 7. How Iesus arose from  
prayer, and went to meet Iudas,  
who with a multitude came to  
apprehend him, &c.

page. 130

Med. 8. How the Lord Iesus was  
led to Annas, and how he was  
there beaten and buffeted, &c.

page. 152.

Med. 9. How the Lord Iesus was  
led from Annas to Caiphas,  
and of his scourging there, &c.

page. 172.

Med. 10. How Peter denied his  
Master thrice, and of his repen-  
tant weeping, &c.

page. 184

Med. 11. How Iesus was sent  
unto Pilate, and of his usage  
there,

page. 205.

Med. 12. How Pilate caused Iesus

The Table.

to be scourged, and then pronounced sentence of death against him, page. 215.

Med. 13. How Christ bearing his crosse on his shoulders, is led to Mount Caluarie to be crucified. page. 250.

Med. 14. Of the cruell and bitter crucifying of our Lord Iesuw, performed on Mount Caluarie. page. 285.

Med. 15. Of the derisions and scornfull speeches uttered to the Lord Iesuw, when hee was nayled on the Crosse. page. 319.

Med. 16. Concerning the lamentation of the Virgin Mary, beholding her Son upon the Crosse. page. 331.

Med. 17. Of the Eclipse and obscuration of the Sunne about the ninth houre, and of the fourth speech which Christ vsed upon the Crosse. page. 343.

Med. 18. Of the fift and sixt words which the Lord Iesuw spake upon the Crosse, to wit,

## The Table.

A thirt, and it is finished.

page.355.

Med. 19. How Christ gave up  
the ghost, and of the wonders  
then wrought, and his death.

page.369.

Med. 20 Of Iesus Christ his  
buriall, and of the lamentation  
of his Mother, and other  
women for his death. page.381.

Med. 21. Of the Lord Iesus his  
Resurrection, of his appearance  
to his Disciples, of his ascen-  
sion into heauen, and of his  
comming to iudgement.

page.397.

MOST



I  
MOST DEVOUT

Meditations, vpon the  
most holy & bitter Passion  
of our Lord Iesus Christ.

M E D. I.

A Meditation of the comming of the  
Lord Iesus into Hierusalem, riding  
vpon an Ass, and the bringing in of  
him into the Citie, with Songs and  
Praises, and of his returne into Be-  
thany the same day.

Into Hierusalem our Saviour  
rides

Upon an Ass, (a simple harm-  
lesse beast:)

The people spread their clothes  
and boughes besides,

Crying Hosanna, Thou in Hea-  
ven biggest.

Mat. 21.

5.

Mat. 21.

7.

Mat. 21.

8.

Mat. 21.

9.

**T**He time approach-  
ing, which the Di-  
uine prouidence had  
from eternity pre-  
fixed, in which my most kinde  
and louing Iesus should come

to

to his preordained Passion, and  
cruell death of the Crosse,  
which he willingly came to  
vndergoe, being the onely be-  
gotten of God, incarnated in  
the wombe of the Virgin, as  
through the whole course of  
his life he shewed exceeding  
great humility, so toward the  
houre of his Passion, comming  
to the place where hee should  
endure the torments of a most  
shamefull and cruell death,  
he tooke his entrance from  
humility, when riding meekly  
vpon an Asse, he came to the  
Citie, where hee should su-  
staine the vnderferued punish-  
ment of the Crosse.

Therefore when the Lord  
Iesus, sixe dayes before the  
Pascouer, had made his Sup-  
per with his Disciples in *Be-  
thanie*, the towne of *Marie*  
and *Martha*, in the house of  
*Simon the Leper*, which was  
a friend to the said *Mary* and  
*Mar-*

*Martha*, (where *Mary* also had powred an Alabaſter boxe of precious oyntment vpon his head) the morning following very early, moſt kinde *Ieſus* calling two of his Diſciples, ſaid, Goe into the towne which is over againſt you, where you ſhall find a ſhee-Aſſe tied and her Colt, looſe them and bring them vnto me. And if any man ſhall ſay any thing againſt you, ſay that the Lord hath neede of them, and ſtraight way they will let them goe. The lowly, and louing Diſciples obeying the commandement of their Maſter, licence being freely granted to them by the Lord of all creatures, they preſented the ſhee-Aſſe and her Colt, to their beloued Redeemer. Then *Ieſus* riding vpon the Aſſe, directeth his journey towards *Hieruſalem*. And when hee came to the going downe of the mount *Oliuet*, many people which

which were come thither, hauing heard of the strange miracle of *Lazarus*, whom Iesus rayfed out of his graue, went forth to meete him: And that they might doe him the greater honour, some spread their garments vpon the ground others cut down boughs from the Trees and strewed them vpon the earth, and all of them, some going before, and some comming behinde, cried, *Hosanna to the Sonne of David, blessed is hee which commeth in the name of the Lord.* And with these praises and Iubilies, they brought louing Iesus, euen to the Gates of *Hiernsalem*, following after him with his Disciples.

And after Iesus beheld the Citie, he now fore-knowing the destruction of it to come (moued with compassion) powred forth teares ouer it: but the *Pharises* and *Scribes* enfla-

enflamed with the fire of enuie, seeing Iesus to be extolled with admiration and honour, rebuked him, willing him that hee should chide his Disciples that praised him. To whom kinde Iesus answered, *Verily I say vnto you, if they shall hold their peace, the stones will crie.*

Then the Lord entering into the Citie, all the people flocked together, and so being brought in of the people, hee went strait into the Temple, where he cast out the money-changers, and the greedy buyers and sellers, where also many sicke folke being healed by him in the Temple, as the blinde, lame, and many other diseased people, the Children crying out, *Hosanna to the Sonne of Dauid:* The Scribes and Pharises pining with enuie, and parched with anger, compassed him round about,

about, and shewing the indignation of their heart, they heard how they were reproved by the praise of the children, according to the word of the Prophet; and againe, taking it disdainfully that Christ should expell those things out of the Temple which they had allowed, they demanded of Iesus, by what authoritie hee did that thing: who answered them fully to their needlesse question.

Thus the Lord Iesus, our blessed Sauour, disputing all the day with them, that hee might conuert them, & doing many Diuine miracles before their eyes, that hee might winne them, and drawing a multitude of the *Gentiles* vnto him, turning his speech from the discourse which he made vnto them, concerning the manifestation of his heavenly Father, fore-telling them (as  
the



the *Euangelist Iohn* doth declare) the manner of his Passion, and the wonderfull fruit of the same, continued his preaching euen vnto the euening: when as hauing looked about him, vpon them all, as expecting if any one would kindly inuite him home, and giue him some entertainment; and finding not any that would scant afford him a good looke, much lesse any kinde acceptance in that vngracious and vngratefull Citie, hee returned meekely from thence fasting and hungrie, with his Disciples (who a little before was brought into the same with such and so great glory) to *Bethanie*, from whence hee had departed in the morning. And there as *Matthew* declareth, hee taught the assembly of the faithfull, concerning the Kingdome of God.

Alas, my poore polluted  
soule,

soule, how vnfit are thy impure thoughts to entertaine any worthy meditation concerning the admirable Passion of thy sweet Sauiour, who powring forth streames of his precious blood, paide the price of thy ransome, conquered thy olde and cruell enemy, and deliuered thee from euerlasting captiuitie? yet let the greatnesse of his exceeding loue, enduce thee to admire his infinite goodnesse, and let the memorie of his bitter pangs, patiently endured by him for thy sinnes, moue thee to enter into thy selfe, and into thy most inward cogitations, to meditate with true deuotion, vpon the most sacred Passion of thy most sweet Iesus, thy beloued Sauiour. Expell all other cares, drine away all other thoughts which may trouble thy minde, confound thy vnderstanding,  
or

or withdraw the affections of thy heart from this heavenly Meditation : imploy all thy senses, and encline al thy faculties to meditate vpon the Passion of thy Lord. And if thou desirest to raigne with him gloriously in heauē, suffer thou also with him willingly here vpon earth : ruminatē seriously, searh out diligently, and call to minde particularly, all the actions of thy most louing Iesus; for by such deuout Meditation, many things shall be offered vnto thee, whereby thou maist be incited to hate the World, loue thy Christ, and to suffer here with him vpon earth for a moment, that heereafter thou maist be glorified with him in heauen for euer.

Now, oh my soule, in the entrance of his most blessed passion, because he is receiued with songs and praises, let vs  
also

also come before his sight  
with the voyce of melodie  
and exultation: let our monthes  
be filled with the multitude  
of his mercies: let our tongues  
sound forth the worthinesse  
of his infinite merits, and let  
vs day and night magnifie his  
vnspeakeable goodnesse. Let  
vs goe forth ioyfully to meete  
our most wise, most meeke,  
and best-beloued Iesus; let vs  
open the dores of our hearts  
to entertaine the King of glo-  
ry, who to day commeth like  
a meeke Lambe to the place  
of slaughter: and let vs say,  
*Behold the Lambe of God, behold  
the lambe of God, which taketh a-  
way the sinnes of the world: Re-  
ioyce, oh daughter of Sion, be glad,  
oh daughter of Iherusalem; Be-  
hold, our God shall come, and shall  
save vs. Consider, oh my soule,  
what this most meeke Lambe  
did at his coming towards  
the City, and let his admirable*  
humi-

littie be the subiect of thy first Meditation!

He thirsted not for worldly honour, he sought not the applause of the people, hereby intimating how fondly we desire, and foolishly couet to ascend to the highest step of worldly honor, being then indeed most subiect to fall, when wee suppose we stand most sure: seeing in a moment, our greatest solace is changed into grieuous sorrow; our sweetest pleasure into bitter paine; and our chiefeſt felicitie into extreme misery. Art not thou, oh my louing Sauour, King of Kings? is not thy Royall Throne in Heauen? and is the whole Earth any more but thy foot-stoole? is not the brightnesse of thy glory vnſpeakeable? and the dignity of thy Maieſty incomprehenſible? yet for all that, when thou diſt enter into *Hieruſa-*

B

lem

lem thy owne Clty, many Nobles, decked in rich attyre, did not attend thee, onely a small number of thy Disciples, homely attired, did follow thee, selected out of the meaneſt of the people.

Are not all things contained in heauen aboue, and all liuing creatures walking here vpon the face of the earth beneath, all and euery one at thy beck? yet thou wouldeſt not ride into the Citie, mounted vpon thy ſtately Courſer, adorned with ſumptuous Furniture, to moue the mindes of the vnconſtant people to doe thee greater honor, who haue their eyes euermore gazing on outward glory, hunting after ſhadowes, while they forgoe the ſubſtance. But among all the beaſts which are ready at thy commaund, and alwayes obedient to thy will, thou didſt chooſe a ſilly Aſſe  
to.



No. did small les, how mea- tai- all ere be- thy not ted a- ur- des to ho ore ry, ile But are nd ill, Te co.

to carry thee into the Citie,  
which is a poore Beast, more  
subiect to labour and blowes;  
more disdained, and more  
contemptible then any other.  
Oh my sweet Pa s v s, how  
great is thy Humilitie ! how  
admirable is thy Meekenes !  
For thou being King of Kings,  
Prince of Princes, and Lord of  
Lords, wert not ashamed to  
sit vpon the backe of so base,  
so meane, so contemptible a  
Beast, as could be found out  
amongst those innumerable  
multitudes, which thy mighty  
hand hath created, who are,  
and shalt euer more be subiect  
to thy command. Inspire thou  
my minde, oh my most merci-  
full Redeemer, with a serious  
and continuall Meditation of  
thy gracious humility: Let thy  
lowly meeknes humble mine  
ambitious thoughts, and cast  
downe my loftie lookes : Let  
my feete treade in thy steps,

and teach mee to walke in thy paths : Leuell my actions by the Rule of sober moderation: keep my heart from presumptuous thoughts, and bridle my tongue from proud words: Let not the vaine allurements of worldly honour, nor the greedy desire of deceitfull riches, withdraw my minde from a serious consideration of thy loue: Let it alwaies admire thy infinite Maiestie: let it alwaies meditate, that it may likewise imitate thy admirable humilitie. And now behold, O my Soule, thy Bridegroom commeth! let vs goe forth to meet him, let vs strew the ground with branches, and couer the way with flowers, before Christ our heavenly King and louing Sauiour: Let vs goe forth adorned with the ornaments of good workes, gloriously triumphing ouer murthering vices,

ces, bearing in our hands the sweet Violet of Humilitie, the beautifull Lilly of vnspotted Chastity, and the louely Rose of long-suffering Charitie: for our louing Lord and best-beloued, doth require to be refreshed with these flowers, saying: *Stay mee vp with flowers, comfort me with Apples, because I faint, and am sicke with lone:* Let vs goe forth to meete him without the gate, let vs goe out to him without the tents, that wee may be partners with him of his humilitie, and patiently beare a share of his vnderferued reproches here vpon earth, if we desire to be made partakers with him of his cuerlasting glory in Heauen.

But now passe thou, Oh my soule, from the sweet Meditation of his rare Humilitie, more sweet then the fragrant odour of a bed of Roses: for

hee left the highest Heauens,  
and societie of the Angels, to  
conuerse here vpon the base  
earth, in the company of wic-  
ked men: hee being chiefe  
Commander of the Heauens,  
and Gouvernour of the whole  
earth, Took vpon him the forme  
of a seruant, suffered innocently for  
our transgressions, dyed a cursed  
death on the Crosse, and not with  
corruptible siluer and gold, but  
with his most precious blood paid  
the deare price of our Redemption.

Oh let vs imitate the mild-  
nesse of his words, and make  
the meekenesse of his deeds  
the patterne of our actions:  
let his humilitie euermore  
dwell in our hearts: let it neuer  
depart out of our mindes: and  
let it not grieue thee, oh my  
soule, let it not be tedious vn-  
to thee, let it rather be thy  
chiefest delight and onely so-  
lace, to meditate vpon those  
things which hapned at the  
won-

wonderfull comming of the Lord Iesusto that vngratefull Citie: and weigh euery circumstance with serious deuotion. For all the actions of thy most sweet Iesus, are worthy of thy zealous Meditation: and although they are not all fit for thy imitation, yet none of them are vnfit, but all of them may serue for thy instruction.

Now so soone as he entred into the Citie, he first visited the Temple, and did driue the Buyers and Sellers out of it: hereby manifesting the abundance of his exceeding goodnesse; for hee went not to the Princes Palace, to his royall Throne or seate of Iudgement, to execute vengeance vpo his sacrilegious murtherers, who already had slaine him in their hearts, & killed him by their resolute & wicked determination, but he went to the Tēple, where most kindly he made

the blind to see, the lame to walke, and healed many afflicted with diuers infirmities.

And here let vs pause a while, to wonder at his exceeding might and admirable power, who alone vnarmed without any weapon, expelled those sacrilegious wretches out of the sacred Temple, the holy Sanctuary of the Lord, and house of prayer, so powerfully, that none of them was found so audacious, (although all of them were impudent in their boldnesse) as to make any resistance. For some fiery and glistering beames of Majesty (as *Hierome* saith) coming from his glorious face, dazeled their eyes, and daunted their courage.

Oh horrible impictie, that Couetousnesse should enter into the holy Temple ! *that the house of prayer should become a denne of Thieves !* and the San-



Sanctuarie of the Lord, a Market-place for buying and selling, chopping and changing!

Purifie our hearts; oh Lord, cleanse our mindes, and driue out the venemous swarmes of euill cogitations, that thy holy Spirit may vouchsafe to dwell in our earthly Temples.

Behold thou also, thy louing Lord Iesus weeping, ( oh my sorrowfull soule ) for seeing the desolatiō of that vnthankfull Citie, and lamenting with teares, the vtter ruine and destruction of that gracelesse people, who knew not the day of their visitation, who could not, nor would not shed one teare, to wash away the spots of their sinnes, or seeke by true repentance to saue their soules.

What did moue thee to weepe, Oh my milde and mercifull Iesus, but the greatnes of thy exceeding loūe? what

did moue thee to shed teares, but the bowels of thy tender compassion? when thou didst fore-see the heapes of lamentable woes, that should so dainely fall vpon the head of that hard-hearted Nation, and fore-know the streames of violent miseries, that should drowne and outwhelme that carelesse people, who liued in securitie, without any feare of perill, and spent their pleasant daies, dreading no danger; thou, oh my sweet Saviour, still offering, and they wilfully refusing celestiall Manna to feede their soules.

Alas for me poore wretch, that I cannot weepe, and that my cheekes are not bedewed with brinish teares, because hardnes of my heart hath dried vp the fountaine of my loue! I finde, oh sweet Iesus, that thou hadst much matter to make thee often to weepe, but

but no occasion at all, so much as once to make thee to laugh: Thou didst weepe for the death of *Lazarus*, thou weptst at thy passion, thou diddest weepe being an infant laid in a manger. Oh kinde teares full of compassion, sure tokens of true Loue; for it is manifest that thou diddest vouchsafe *Mary* to taste the sweet fruit of thy perfect loue, because shee kindly washed thy feete with her vnfained teares, and vsed the haire of her head, for a Towell to dry them: and because she stood weeping at thy graue for the death of her louing Lord, whose gracious presence shee accounted her chiefe pleasure.

Haue mercy vpon mee, most sweet Iesus; graunt that my teares may be my bread in the day, and nourish mee in the night: Let teares be my continuall meate: let teares be  
my

my vsuall drinke.

Moreouer, let vs take a view of the extreme pouer-tie, and wonderfull patience of our louing Lord Iesus : for although in the morning hee was receiued with great honour by the multitude, entertained with great applause of the people, and had laboured all day for them, expecting no reward of them for all his paines : yet so great was their vile ingratitude, and so base was the account which they made of him, that there was not one found among so many, that was so kinde, as to offer him a cup of cold water, but he returned hungry with his Disciples into *Bethanie*, from whence he came in the morning.

Oh monstrous ingratitude, toward so bountifull a Saviour ! Oh vnworthy people of the presence of so gracious a Prince

Prince, that would make no prouision to welcome so kinde a Guest, who desired not varietie of dishes to delight his pallate, or store of pleasant wines to please his taste ! for if we looke on his diet, his fare was but homely, neyther was his Table furnished with store of meates: for commonly a piece of broyled fish was his chieft foode, vnlesse he were inuited (which hapned sel-dome) to better cheare : for we know, the number was very small that did entertaine him with a courteous welcome home to their houses, or that did kindly bid him welcome to their table.

Oh how great is thy meeknes ! how miraculous is thy patience ! how vnspeakable is thy pouertie ! how grievous and miserable is thy necessitie, my most deare and louing Sauour ! The Foxes haue holes,

holes, birds of the aire their nests, yet thou oh my sweet Saviour, haddest not where to rest thy weary head.

Learne here- hence, oh my soule, to abide with patience, and to endure with constant perseuerance, hunger, thirst, cold, pinching pouertie, banishment, or any other grievous necessitie, by the example of thy beloued Iesus. Oh that my head were a fountaine of water, that mine eyes might gush forth riuers of teares, to bewaile and lament my horrible sinnes, that compelled my gracious Lord to descend downe from Heauen (the sure Hauen of true felicitie) to conuerse here vpon earth; nothing else indeede, but a very troublesome Sea of continuall misery.

Thou seest, oh my Soule, what great pouertie hee meekely endured for thy sake; what



what extreme sorrow he patiently sustained for thy sinnes, what scornfull indignities were proffered to him by vngratefull men, when as in so large a Citie, stored with riches and great abundance of all things, either commodious to supply want, or delightfull to procure pleasure, none, no not one amongst so many, was found so kinde as to inuite him to supper, had it beene neuer so meane; or that would offer him any lodging, had it beene neuer so homely: but hee was constrained to returne to a little village, where kind *Lazarus* dwelt, who was alwayes willing to bid him welcome.

Hereby thou maist see, that thy kinde Saviour, whilst hee liued amongst sinfull men, had many deadly foes, few faithfull friends: a cold welcome, worse acceptance: much

much hatred, and little loue.

Why was not I there then, my louing Sauour, which possesse a little Cottage, wherein I might haue entertained thee? Peraduenture thou wouldest not haue disdayned to haue entred into the house of mee a poore Publican, and a grieuous sinner: thou wouldest haue said to me (my most louing Lord) *I must tarry to day in thy house: and saluation is come to this house.* But alas for mee poore wretch, doe I not see thee daily presented vnto mee in thy blessed Sacraments and holy Word? Therefore I may yet receiue thee into my house: but I am afraid (my sweet Iesus) when thou shalt finde my house to be sluttish, vncleane, and polluted with noysome filthinesse, that thou wilt refuse to enter, and wilt not come neere mine vnwholsome dwelling. But haue mer-

cie

cie vpon mee, (oh gracious Lord) respect me a poore miserable sinner, with thy wonted pittie: turne away thy face from mine iniquities; wash away the spots and stains of my vgly sins, with the plentifull streames of thy mercy: for thou (O Lord) art onely able, and when thou art heartily desired, art alwayes willing to scowre away the filth of our diseased reynes, and to purge the corruption of our polluted hearts, that they may be fit to receiue thee. *For that house is alwayes blessed for euer, into which so worthy a Guest doth vouchsafe to enter.* Therefore (oh my most kinde and mercifull Sauour) turne thou thine eyes of tender compassion towards mee thine vnworthy Seruant; let the bright beames of thy mercy, pierce into the darke corners of mine obscure vnderstanding,

standing, that I may see to imitate the steps of thy humilitie and to follow thee as my perfect guide, in the safe and sure paths of a lowly minde: for thou being a Prince of infinite Maiestie, and a Lord of eternall honour, didst vouchsafe to shew thy selfe milde in words, and more humble in deedes, towards those who neuer ceased to reuile thee with their back-biting tounge, and to raile vpon thee with ignominious reproaches. Let the eyes of my soule often looke into the mecke course of thy lowly life, being indeed a true Christall glasse, wherein it may see the cheerefull countenance of thy gracious humilitie, and view a perfect patterne of thy gentle patience in thy extremest aduersitie.

Teach mee, my louing Lord Iesus, by thy example to passe through

through the tedious iourney  
of my earthly Pilgrimage, with  
meekenesse; and to arme my  
selfe with patience against the  
sodaine assaults of worldly  
aduersitie : also to imbrace  
any affliction or misery, and to  
be willing to forgoe all earthly  
pleasure, and to renounce all  
worldly honour, that I may be  
accepted as worthy of thy  
loue, who diddest vouchsafe  
to descend from thy Palace of  
euerlasting pleasure, into a very  
prison of comfortlesse misery,  
to set vs poore condemned  
soules at free libertie, yea, to  
seale vs a free Pardon, with  
thy precious bloud, of all our  
hainous Treasons committed  
against thy heauenly Father,  
and by thy infinite mercy to  
restore vs againe to the ioyes  
of euerlasting life, who by the  
iust sentence of his most righ-  
teous iudgement, were all  
worthily condemned to abide  
the

the horrible paines of eternal death. Oh let the sweetnesse of this thy vnutterable mercy be the onely solace of my repentant soule, and the continuall meditation of my ioyfull heart ! Open my lips, that they may shew forth thy most worthy prayes : vntie the strings of my tongue, that it may euermore sing ioyfull songs of this our great and miraculous deliuerance. It is thy vnspcakable mercy, it is thy incomparable goodnesse that we are not utterly consumed, our most mercifull Redeemer, when as the neereſt and dearest of thy Brethern, cannot pleade any merit to deserue at thy bountifull hands, no, not so much as a Cup of cold water.



A Meditation concerning the  
returning of the Lord Iesus into  
Hierusalem after Pa'me-san'ty, and  
concerning his frequent preaching  
in the Temple, & also of the Coun-  
cell held by the Iewes, how they  
might put him to death: and lastly,  
of the offer made by Iudas to betray  
him into their hands.

## M E D . I I .

*At Table as our Saviour Christ  
did sit,*

*A woman poured Oyle upon his  
head:*

*Iudas the Traitor much repines  
at it.*

*And sets for money, the eternall  
Bread.*

Math.  
26.7.

Iohn.  
11.2.

Iohn,  
12.4.

Mat. 26.  
14, 15.  
Iohn. 6.  
48, 51.

**B**lessed Christ Iesus that  
Immaculate Lambe, know-  
ing that the day of his painfull  
death, whereby he should re-  
store mankind to eternall  
life, was neere at hand, deter-  
mined from eu'lasting by  
Gods secret counsell, al-  
though

though it was his daily care, and greatest delight to accomplish the wonderfull worke of our saluation: yet in the last weeke, hee imployed his chiefeft endeuour, and shewed most manifest tokens of his ardent desire, to declare the fruits of his exceeding loue, and to performe the will of his heavenly Father: when very early in the morning, returning into the Temple in Hierusalem, where the day before he had beene receiued with such great joy of the multitude, and applause of the people; hee busied himselfe the whole day in preaching, in bestowing many benefits, in working strange Miracles, and in expounding the holy Scriptures: which did testifie, that hee was the true Messias, promised from the beginning, and the very Sonne of God euerlasting. Hee heard the Sophistical

phisticall and subtile questions of the Scribes and Pharises, and taught them to see their errors, but they were wilfully blinde, and reiected his wholesome doctrine : and lest hee should sceme vnto them to checke them in a fit of his fury, and to reprehend them in the heat of his choller, hee confuted their grosse infidelitie and venemous malice, with great lenitie & much patience, uttering many Parables vnto them, and making many heauenly exhortations to his chosen Disciples, and to the people that came to heare him: whereby that saying of the Prophet *Daniel* was fulfilled in that weeke, when as hee said, *Hee consummated and performed the Couenant to many in one weeke.* Verily the couenant which hee made with vs was performed, when he tooke vnto him our nature, and became

came our whole and sole redemption, to deliuer vs out of the bondage of eternall death, and from the intolerable paines of euerlasting damnation, to be made coheires with him of a most blessed life in the Kingdome of Heauen.

Learne therefore (oh my soule) to imitate thy blessed Sauour, who obtained from meate, to doe the will of his heauenly Father, by seeking by all meanes to winne their soules, who being void of all humanitie, sent him fasting out of their Citie. Oh hard-hearted *Jewes*, to give such vnkinde entertainment to my bountifull Lord and louing Iesus! But be thou kinde (oh my soule) like *Lazarus*, and ready like *Mary* and *Martha*, to receiue thy Sauour, that hee may giue thee *euerlasting bread for thy foode*, and *water of eternall life for thy drinke*. Come  
and

and suppe with mee (my sweet  
 Saviour, ) vouchsafe to enter  
 into my simple cottage : I con-  
 fesse, I am vnworthy that thou  
 shouldest come vnder my  
 rooffe, yet I know that thou  
 art alwayes willing to come,  
 where thou art kindly and  
 friendly invited. Open thou  
 the dore of my heart, that thou  
 maist enter and dwell with  
 mee for euer : then *saluation*  
*shall come to my whole house*, then  
 I shall lie downe to sleepe in  
 peace, and rise againe without  
 any dread of danger : for I  
 shall be safely couered vnder  
 the shadow of thy wings, and  
 remaine in *peaceable securi-*  
*tie* vnder thy mightie pro-  
 tection.

Consider (Oh my Soule,) and meditate often in thine inward thoughts, of the strange ingratitude of the stony-hearted Iewes, toward thy Saviour I E S V S, who  
 C would

would not afford him so much as a meales meate at night for his great paines hee tooke with them all the day; but hee was constrained to returne hungry with his Disciples from so oppulent and populous a Citie, to *Bethanie*, a poore and small village, there to refresh his weary and weake body: where hee made so small a supper, that he returned hungry to *Hierusalem* the next morning, and spying a Figge-tree which had onely faire leaues, but no fruit to slake his hunger, or to afford him any refreshing in his iourney, he was so highly displeased, that it made so faire a shew, and bare no fruit, that he *curst* it, and so it *withered*, and became *barren for ever*.

Wert thou (oh my gracious Lord) so highly displeased with this fruitlesse Tree, and wert thou not grieuously offended



tended with the vnthankfull  
Iewes? No doubt but thou  
hadst iust occasion to haue  
curst that vngratefull Nati-  
on, whose hearts were so bar-  
ren, that they did beare no  
fruit, and their mindes so de-  
uoid of all common humani-  
tie, that although they euer  
stood in neede, yet they did  
neuer deserue any drop of thy  
sweet and comfortable mer-  
cie.

Oh Lord, who can wor-  
thily laud the immeasurable  
largenesse of thy infinite mer-  
cie? who can thoroughly taste  
the sweetnesse of thy most ex-  
cellent bountie? It was thy de-  
sire to haue wonne them by  
mildnes: it had beene thy de-  
light to haue conuerted them  
by kindenesse: thou diddest  
curse that barren tree which  
had store of leaues, but no pro-  
fitable fruit: to teach that  
gracelesse Nation what thou  
didst

didst expect at their hands,  
and what thou mightst haue  
iustly inflicted vpon them,  
for the hardnes of their harts,  
whose mouthes were often  
filled with religious words,  
their hearts and hands being  
euermore emptie of charita-  
ble works.

Be thou wise therefore (oh  
my soule) thinke not that  
thou hast done enough, if thou  
vtterly condemne those in-  
humane and hard-hearted  
*Iewes*, who had not so much  
kindnes, as to offer thy Sau-  
our a crum of bread, or a cup of  
cold water, vnlesse thou thy  
selfe make some provision to  
entertaine thy louing Iesus,  
whensocuer hee shall vouch-  
safe to come into thy Cottage,  
to visit thee in kindnesse: Oh  
how haphie shalt thou be,  
if thou art provided to wel-  
come so good a Guest, whose  
acceptance shalt bring thee  
eternall

eternall blessednesse, and who  
is so kinde, that he will dwell  
with thee for euer: and where  
he remaineth, their store is  
alwayes increased, their riches  
are multiplied in abundance:  
he cannot, he will not be  
chargeable vnto thee, if thou  
wilt shew him infallible to-  
kens of thy true loue, and  
make any promise, be it ne-  
uer so meane, to receiue him  
with chearefulnesse: he ex-  
pecteth no sumptuous prepa-  
ration, hee longeth for no  
daintie cates, hee regardeth  
no magnificent pompe, hee  
hateth vaine ostentation and  
outward glorie, he can ne-  
uer abide to make any abode  
in that house which is not  
furnished with true humility.  
Oh happie is that soule that  
is not *unprovided at his coming,*  
but *standeth alwayes ready at*  
*the doore to open vnto him, when-*  
*soeuer hee knocketh, and is willing*

to enter.

Consider also, O my soule, the great paines and diligent labours of thy industrious Sauiour, who continued the day time in the Temple, preaching, and teaching the people, and in the night, praying, or instructing his Disciples : therefore if thou wilt shew thy selfe a faithfull seruant to so good a Lord, and a louing Disciple to so kinde a Master, set him alwayes before thine eyes, as a perfect patterne and liuely example, to imitate him in the carefull execution of thy lawfull calling.

Weare not out the moment of thy poassing life in carnall delights, fulfilling the lewd desires of the wanton flesh, accounting worldly pleasure thy chiefeft treasure, and making thy belly thy God, for the end of such is eternall damnation.

God

God hath giuen man an vp-right countenance, that hee should lift vp his head, and looke towards Heauen, therefore derogate not so much from thy dignity, as to haue thine eyes, and thy thoughts, still fixed vpon the earth, like vnto the bruit beasts, neuer well pleased, but when (like a Mole) thou art turning ouer thy siluer and golden heapes.

Thou seelt (oh my soule) that thy louing Sauour Iesus did seeke by all meanes to vnefit the *Iewes*, his vnnaturall Country-men, and to do them ail good, but they were alwaies so froward, that they were euermore forward to doe him nothing but mischief and hurt, who hauing exiled tender pittie from their eyes, and all humane compassion from their hearts, had not onely so much kindenes, as to offer him a morsell of meat to re-

fresh his weary body at night; when he had laboured all day to feed their soules with spirituall bread: but most vnkindely their chiefe rulers and the Scribes held a Conncell against him, plotted many strange inuentions, forged many odious calumniationes, and imagined many false crimes, cruelly to deprive him of his harmelesse life, and to accelerate his speedy death: because the good deeds which Christ did daily to the people, were vnwelcome newes to their cares, and bred nothing else, but sorrow in their enuious mindes.

Therefore they raged with fury, and conspired in bitterness of their malice, how they might entrap Christ Iesus by craft and subtiltie, and so like an innocent Lambe, lead him away to the slaughter: for so fell was their hatred to the life of our Sauour, and so greedie were they



they to hasten his death; that had they not feared that the people would haue hindred their wicked purposes, interrupting the course of their malicious practice, they would haue vented their swelling spite, and disgorged their full stomackes, furcharged with malice against him, on the feast-day: but they suspected their cruell deede; at that time, would haue stirred vp greater tumults amongst the people, which did reuerence Iesus as a Prophet: for if they might haue had their owne will, and satisfied the longing of their enuious humour, they would haue spared no day, nor regarded any place, so they might haue spilt his innocent bloud.

Oh with what damnable counsell and diuellish denices, doe I heare thy furious enemies consulting against thee, my innocent Iesus, thou Lord

of eternall glorie?

What false imaginations, what monstrous inuentions, what hellish stratagems, what forged accusations, did they coyne against thee, their hearts burning, and their hands itching, to cut off thy blessed life, to staine the earth with thy precious bloud, and to worke (as they wickedly wished) thy finall destruction?

How cruelly doe these faithlesse Iewes conspire against thee? those impious wretches said within themselves (carried away with the violent current of their irefull imaginations) *Let vs oppresse that righteous man, let vs swallow him vp in our rage, let vs sodainely deuoure him in our madnes, let vs set traps to take him, and lay snares to entangle him: let vs roote him out from the land of the lining, that his name may neuer be*

he remembred any more, because  
he is obstinate in contradict-  
ing our words, and peremp-  
tory in carping at our workes.  
Wee cannot, wee may not to-  
lerate his arrogancie, wee  
will not brooke his opposi-  
tions.

Hee layeth open our sinnes;  
to increase our shame, he pro-  
fesseth that hee hath the  
knowledge of God, and na-  
meth himselfe the Sonne of  
God: He discloseth our secret  
thoughts, hee is loathsome  
to our eyes, wee cannot abide  
him in our sight, the course  
of his life is opposite to our  
Lawes, he is an open aduer-  
sary to our Decrees, hee ab-  
staineth from our wayes, as  
though they were wicked,  
defiled with vncleannesse, and  
polluted with vices.

We are reputed of him as  
men of no worth, hee standeth  
not in awe of our authoritie.

hee

hee esteemeth our threatning  
of no moment, and he arro-  
gantly boaste'h, that he hath  
God for his Father.

Let vs see if his protesta-  
tions be faithfull, and if his  
speeches be true: and let vs  
assay and make tryall what  
things will happen vnto him.

*If he be the true Sonne of God,  
hee will receiue him into his prote-  
ction, deliuer him out of the hands  
of his foes, and keepe him safe  
from danger: Let vs examine  
him churlishly, and torment  
him cruelly, to make triall of  
his meeknesse; let vs con-  
demne him to a most shame-  
full death, that we may proue  
his patience.*

Such were the bitter words  
of the cruell Iewes, who sate  
in counsell to kill my Saujour  
Iesus, the true Lord of life,  
whose good deedes were so  
odious to their vicious sight,  
and his sweet breath so noy-  
some

Some vnto their stinking nose-  
thrills, that they would not  
suffer him to liue any longer.

Oh that hellish enuie should  
so peruert the vnderstanding,  
and enrage the mindes of men  
to doe such mischiefe!

*Why did the Iewes so furiously  
rage together? why did they ima-  
gine a vaine thing against the  
Lord and his Anointed? saying,  
Let vs breake their bonds asunder,  
and cast away their cords from  
vs: But; the Lord had them in  
derision: he spake vnto them in  
his wrath, and vexed them in  
his sore displeasure, and placed  
his King vpon his holy hill of Sion  
for euer.*

Now, although the blourdy-  
minded Iewes longed for the  
death of my innocent Iesus,  
yet they were loth hee should  
suffe on the day of their  
Feast, not for any fauour they  
bare vnto him, but for feare of  
the people.

But

But thou my louing Lord, didst make choise of that time to offer vp thy selfe a Sacrifice for our sakes, that thou mightest receiue greater reproach, and that thy death might be acted with more shame, suffered onely for our sins.

Thy righteous life being not onely alwayes free from any euill action, but euermore so pure, that it neuer was tainted with euill cogitation. And also that thy death might be knowne vnto many (although lamented of few which did behold thee) the concourse of people being great, that flocked from many bordering townes and villages :o *Hierusalem*, at the day of that great solemnitie : who seeing with their eies, had not Grace beene wanting, might haue vnderstood in their hearts, that thou wert the true substance, whereof the Paschall



Paschall Lambe was but a figure.

*Ob Lamb of God, which takest away the sinnes of the world,* sprinkle my soule with some drops of thy precious bloud, that although it haue lien long buried in the graue of sinfull iniquitie, yet at last it may be reuiued and liue againe by vertue of thy quickning mercy.

Now the bloody Iewes holding a wicked consultation, how they might deprive my beloued Sauour of his life, euen then came cursed *Iudas*, and offered them (for money) to betray his louing Master to death: saying, *What will yee giue me, and I will deliuer him vnto you?*

Nor was hee a more greedie Traytor, to set his kinde Masters bloud to sale, then they readie chapmen to entertaine so bloody an offer, seeing one of his owne familie so forward

ward to deliuer him vp into their hands, whom they had already murdered in their hearts: So they proffered him thirtie pieces of siluer. Oh cursed *Iudas*, to make such an offer! Oh execrable Iewes, to accept it! But most damned *Iudas* to performe it.

Had Malice (oh yee bloudie Iewes) so hardened your hearts? had Fury so blinded your eyes? had Enuie so fired your grudging affections, that contrarie to the law of God and Nature, you should animate such a damnable Traitor to perpetrate so horrible a treason. against your *Messias*, your Master?

For what could be more hatefull to God, more odious to good Men? what more opposite to Nature? what more contrary to good Nurture, then that one of a mans owne household should proue so vnfaithfull,

faithfull, as to sell at so vilde  
a price the dearest bloud of his  
louing Lord? or that any men  
should be found so monstrous,  
as to allow and like of such a  
damnable offer? Oh thou  
most wicked traitor! oh thou  
most ingratefull and gracelesse  
Seruant! Oh yee generation  
of Vipers, curled Iewes, dam-  
ned *Judas*! Oh thou dissem-  
bling Disciple by name, but  
indeede a most bloudie ene-  
mie! are these the thanks  
thou dost giue to thy Master  
for his kindenesse? is this the  
requitall of his loue? are these  
the most worthy rewards  
that thou canst spare him for  
his liberall bountie? are these  
the best arguments of thy gra-  
tuitie, for all his benefits be-  
stowed vpon thee? Oh thou  
*Sonne of perdition*, execrable  
Traitor, and damnable Merc-  
chant, to sell the sacred bloud  
of thy faithfull Master! Had  
my

my kinde *Iesus* committed any offence against thee? or had hee discontented thy minde, and vexed thy heart, that thou shouldst treacherously betray him into the hands of his foes, to be tortured and put to a most cruell and shamefull death? nay rather, what large liberalitie had he not vsed towards thee? what store of benefits had hee not heaped vpon thee? Oh thou vngratefull wretch! Oh thou hatefull traitor! my louing *Iesus* made thee one of the little number of his Disciples: admitted thee into the blessed societie of his elected, and made thee Steward of his familie, *to keepe the bag,* and *bestow the money* which was giuen to him and his Disciples: and dost thou in requitall of his fauourable loue, and in recompence of his extraordinary kindenesse, poast  
to

to the cruell Iewes, whom thou, thou, I say, knewest, did alwayes prosecute him with deadly hate, (& eagerly sought his innocent life) to offer them open sale of the bloud of thy louing Master, allured with the vn-satiabie desire of money, (a pleasant baite to take a co-uctous minde) bewitched with Satans enticements, and instigated with the vnquenchable thirst of damnable lucre, that distempered thy vnderstanding, and cleane put out the eye of thy naturall reason?

Oh how doth conetous lust tyrannize ouer our soules, and captiuate our senses, if it once seyeze vpon our hearts, and take possession in our brests! It maketh vs violate our Faith towards God, our Fidelitie towards Men: it maketh parents vnkinde to their Children, and Children vndutifull towards their Parents:

rents: it argueth the wicked  
to commit bloudie murder:  
it maketh Subiects disloyal  
to their Prince, it eggeth and  
edgeth them to attempt the  
utter ruine of their Country:  
it kindeleth the fire of civil  
and intestine Seditions: it  
bloweth vp the sparkles of  
horrible Treason: it excludeth  
kinde Hospitalitie: it is the  
Cut-throate of Christian Cha-  
ritie: it pampereth all vices:  
it starueth all vertues. What  
is it but a Hellish Furie, the au-  
thor and actor of humane  
miseric? Oh how happie is  
the heart that is not affected  
to it! Oh how peaceable is  
the conscience that is not in-  
fected with it! Tell me, thou  
bloudie Traytor *Iudas*, did-  
dest thou not see many won-  
derfull Miracles done by thy  
louing Master before thine  
eyes? diddest thou not heare  
many diuine speeches vttered  
by



by his blessed mouth? didst  
not thou attend vpon him  
preaching in the day? didst  
thou not accompanie him  
praying in the night? hadst  
thou so soone forgot his bles-  
sed Sermons? went all in at  
one ease, and out at the other?  
didst thou remember no bet-  
ter his heavenly Exhortations?  
hadst thou quite raced out of  
thy memorie his generall  
compassion towards all, and  
his particular goodnesse to-  
wards thee? why was thy  
soule starued for want of food  
in the midst of plentie?  
why were thy spirits dried  
vp with thirst, being so neere  
a pure Fountaine? It was be-  
cause thou haddest no grace to  
taste of that sweet celestiall  
*Manna*, or to drinke of that  
rocke of liuing water. Couldest  
thou esteeme so rare a  
Iewell, as my Sauour Iesus,  
at so base a rate? wouldst  
thou

thou sell his precious blood  
at so low a price, that was suf-  
ficient to pay the greatest price  
of our Redemption? What base  
opinion mightest thou thinke  
the high Priest might haue  
of thee, prouing so vilde a  
Traytor, (although to serue  
their owne turnes they allow-  
ed thy Treason?) Didst thou  
not thinke the whole World  
would daily hate thee, when  
being a Disciple, thou hadst  
so vildely betraied thy louing  
Master, and craftily plotted  
the death of thy gracious Be-  
nefactor? But woe be vnto  
thee, and to all of thy condi-  
tion: it had beene better for  
thee thou haddest neuer beene,  
then being, to haue beene an  
instrument of such haynous,  
such detestable, such horrible  
Treason: Keepe my soule (oh  
Lord) set a Watch before the  
dore of my heart, that no  
couetous desire may haue  
( passage

passage into my bowels, or enter into my brest, to get dominion ouer my reason, to wound my conscience, to inflict my minde with noysome lusts, and to confound my vnderstanding with greedy desires. Let the memory of this sorrowfull day, wherein thy couetous and damnable disciple *Judas* sold thee, my innocent and louing Saniour Iesus, vnto the murmuring and murdering Iewes, draw out floods of teares from mine eyes, and fetch out sorrowfull sobs and deepe sighes from my repenting heart, to bewaile the horror of my transgressions, and to lament the innumerable multitude of my many most monstrous iniquities, which brought thy most sacred bodie to the market, there to bee sold, and from thence to be led to the slaughter, cruelly to be slaine; that  
with

with thy most precious blood  
thou mightest pay the price  
of my Redemption, which  
am a most wretched and sin-  
full creature: yet let the sweet  
recording of thy immutable  
loue, and the ioyfull remem-  
brance of thy immeasurable  
mercy, so comfort mee in  
the midst of my miserie, that  
although I finde much matter  
in my selfe to make mee feare,  
yet that I may neuer despaire,  
knowing that thou art alwaies  
willing to apply a *soueraigne  
salve* to a *wounded soule*, and  
*sweet consolation* to a *wofull con-  
science*, whensoever (oh bles-  
sed Sauour) we acknowledge  
our *maladie*, and faithfully  
desire thy sauing helpe in our  
miserie.

OF

Of the Preparation of Christs  
last Supper by the Disciples on  
Thursday. of the washing of the  
Disciples feete, performed by  
Iesus himselfe; and of many ex-  
emplary actions of Iesus at the  
Supper.

M E D . I I I .

*Christ Iesus washed his Disci-  
ples feete;*

*They loath, refuse; but he en-  
forceth it:*

*For Supper done, to Symon  
thus said hee,*

*Vnlesse I doo't, thou hast no  
part with me.*

Iohn.

13.5.

Iohn.

13.8.

Iohn.

13.2.

Iohn.

13.8.

**T**He first day of the sweet  
bread, that is to say, the  
fift day of the week, in the  
euening of which day the Pas-  
chall Lamb was flaine, and  
sweet bread was eaten, accor-  
ding to the custome of the  
Iewes, the Disciples came to  
Iesus, seeing it was the time

D

of

of the Feast, and that the Master had no resting place of his owne, where he might lay his head, and said vnto him *Where wilt thou that wee prepare for thee to eate the Pasche Lambe?* Teach mee here (O sweet Sauour, by thy example) so to liue in the world that I may be prepared euery day to leaue the world, esteeming my selfe as a Pilgrim still trauellling, and euery day remouing, and not to build my Palace of pleasure here in this transitorie world where all things are vncertaine, subiect euery moment to miserie, changes and mutabilitie.

Let neyther the pleasant baites of prosperitie, nor the bitter brunts of aduersitie hinder me in my iourney whilest I trauaile toward the heauenly *Ierusalem*.

Let thy humilitie be my  
grea



greatest honour in time of  
prosperitie; let thy pouertie  
be my chieft riches in time  
of aduersitie; and let thy pa-  
tience be my onely comfort  
in the sorrowfull day of affli-  
ction: let thy quiet content-  
ment calme the tumults of my  
grudging minde, and barre  
out all repining thoughts,  
seeing thou the Lord of all,  
hadst not so much as a Cot-  
tage to couer thy head from  
the dew of heauen, or to shadow  
thy face from the beames of the  
Sunne. But my sweet Saniour,  
although thou wert poore in  
respect of thy *Humanitie*, that  
thy *pouertie* might be our con-  
solation in time of our di-  
stresses, and to teach vs to  
beare with patience the hea-  
uie burden of our afflictions,  
yet thou didst shew the bright  
beames of thy *Divinitie* to thy  
Disciples, when they saw  
that performed indeed, which

thou haddest told them in word, when they met with the man in the Citie, a meeke stranger vnto them, whose heart thou haddest prepared to make pronision for thee and thy Disciples, to celebrate the Feast of the Paschall Lambe.

Oh happie man (whom thou didst vouchsafe to choose for thy Hoste ! Oh blessed house prepared to receiue such a Guest ! Send thy holy Spirit (my louing Saviour) as a Harbinger, to prepare a lodging for thee in my heart, and so furnish my minde with thy heauenly graces, that I may be able to giue thee such entertainment, that thou maiest like and loue to dwell with mee for euer. Now, when the Table was prepared, the Paschall Lambe made readie (with other necessities) at euening, Iesus came thither

hither with his Disciples,  
and when the houre was  
come, he sate downe to the  
Table. Oh happy feast! Blef-  
sed are they (my louing Sau-  
our) which sit downe to meate  
at thy Supper. Most happie  
and blessed are they (oh most  
mercifull I E S V S,) who are  
so dearely beloued of thee,  
and so highly honoured by  
thee, as to be made worthy  
to sit at thy Table.

*Thou wilt giue them euer-  
lasting food for their meate, and  
water of life for their drinke; so  
that after thy bountifull Feast, they  
shall neuer know any hunger, nor  
feele any thirst.*

Graunt mee (Oh bountifull  
Lord) to taste of that heauen-  
ly food, and to drinke my fill  
of that Cœlestiall water, so  
that my body may be thy holy  
Temple, and my soule thine  
euerlasting habitation. Behold  
(oh my soule) how thy louing

IESVS sitteth amongst his Disciples; a meeke Lambe among meeke sheepe, except cruell *Iudas*, who although hee were a deuouring Wolfe, sate downe to the Table in their holy societie. Oh most holy societie of thee, and thy faithfull Disciples ! Oh most glorious companie of all but one, who had a Diuell !

These thy children, my most louing Iesus, did *fit like Olive branches round about thy Table*: They sate downe with thee lincked together with the bond of perfect loue, the mindes of all them being faithfull vnto thee, and all their affections longing after thee, onely *Iudas* was an odious Traytor, and thou knewest well enough that he should betray thee.

They all ate with thee the meat set before them, and they ate the pure Paschall Lambe, after

after the manner of the Iewes.

Oh blessed house, oh happy supping-parlour, worthy of great honour, in which my gracious Lord vouchsafed to make his blessed Supper!

Wherefore was not I there then, my sweet Sauour, to attend vpon thee, and thy faithfull Disciples? I would haue esteemed it as my greatest honour, to haue done thee any seruice. Certainly, I would haue gathered vp some of the crummes which fell from the Table of my Lord.

Oh how ioyfull would it haue bene to my haert! Oh how would it haue pleased mine eyes, to haue had but a view of thy amiable countenance! I would haue fallen downe flat at thy feete, and with *Mary Magda'len*, I would haue washed them with my teares. And thou, oh my most mercifull Lord, which didst

not despise the teares of a *sinfull*  
and a *sorrowfull Woman*, wouldst  
not haue reiected mee, a *poore*  
*Publican*, and grieuous sinner:  
and as thou wert compas-  
sionate towards her, so thou  
wouldst also haue beene mer-  
cifull to me.

Oh how comfortable would  
thy most pleasant speeches  
(my sweet Sauiour) haue beene  
to my sorrowfull soule? how  
quickly would thy most whol-  
some words wherewith thou  
didst refresh thy louing Disci-  
ples, haue healed *the wounds*  
*of my grinded conscience*? What  
did my Lord begin to speake?  
what were thy first words,  
when thou wert set at the Ta-  
ble? Thou saist, *I haue earnestly*  
*desired to eate this Passouer with*  
*you before I suffer*; Oh how great  
is thy Charitie? how immea-  
surable is thy loue, my louing  
Iesus? Thou didst earnestly de-  
sire to eate with thy Disci-  
ples,



ples, but it was not to slake thy hunger, or to refresh thy feeble nature: thou hadst no such neede of corporall food: but it was *thy meate to doe the will of thy Father*: Thou wert desirous to leaue some tokes of thy exceeding loue, with thy louing Disciples, before thy departure, and to seale them an *euerlasting assurance* of thy *continuall* providence ouer them.

Vouchsafe, my louing Sauiour, to be present, and President at our Feasts, sanctifie our friendly meetings, let malice finde no harbour in our mindes, let hate be exiled from our societie, let perfect loue bee our pleasant mirth, let all things be done to thy glory: if any *Iudas* sit downe at our Table, discouer the secret malice of his heart, so that thy Children may be free from his mischieuous intentions.

Was it not a true signe of  
D 5 thy

thy sincere loue, and an euident argument of thy extraordinarie kindnesse, that thou being so great a Lord, shouldst vouchsafe thy seruant to *sit downe with thee at thy Table?* yet so gracious was thy humilitie, and so great was thy loue, that thou didst not *deigne* to be their *seruant*, and to *wash their feet*: when *Peter* was loth, that Thou, being his Master, should doe him any such seruice, when gentle entreatie would not serue, thou didst vse threatnings to moue him, telling him, that *hee should haue no part with thee, vlesse thou didst wash his feete*: who then being terrified with thy threatening words, and also loth to lose the seruice of so gracious a Lord: he cryed out, *wash not onely my feet, ob Lord, but my hands also, and my head*. And as *Peter* cryed then, so I crie now, *Wash my heart,*  
oh

oh Lord, that it may be no more corrupted with *euill cogitations*: wash my hands, that they may be no more stained with *wicked workes*: Wash my tongue, that it be no more polluted with *ungodly words*: wash and cleare mine eyes: that they be no longer blinded with *worldly vanitie*: wash and purge mine eares, that they may no longer listen to the voyce of *iniquitie*: Wash me (oh Lord) and make me cleane, for from the crown of my head, to the sole of my foot, all and euery part of mee is infected with *horrible corruption*: and indeede there is nothing to be found in mee, but *loathsome pollution*: yet if thou wilt (oh Lord) thou canst make me cleane, so that I may appeare in thy sight with confidence, and approach vnto thy glorious presence with boldnesse.

Oh let thy will worke with thy power! for thee to will, is

to worke that my soule being cleansed from her finnes, I may enter into thy *Sanctuary*, and dwell for euer with thee, in thine *euermlasting Tabernacle*.

The more I meditate, the more I maruaile, Oh my sweet Sauour, at the excellencie of thy *humilitie*: my thoughts cannot measure the greatnes of thy loue, which thou didst beare to thy faithfull Disciples: thy loue is not subiect to mutabilitie, it is grounded vpon a Rocke, no Tempest can shake the foundation: thy mercy is without meane towards thy brethren, thy bountie is without measure towards them that loue thee.

What shall I doe poore wretch, to shew my selfe thankfull vnto thee?

Behold (oh my gracious Lord) thou hast giuen an example to thy Disciples, and to mee, which shall be also thy Disci-

Disciple, if I shall keepe thy commandements, if I shall abide in thy loue: thou hast giuen an Example, that euen *as thou hast done, so I should doe.*

What then hast thou done, my most louing and deare Lord? thou hast loued mee with exceeding loue: most wretched I, if I loue not thee againe.

Therefore by thine example, oh most sweet Iesus, my gracious Redeemer, I will wash thy feete, I will cast my selfe downe at thy feete with *Mary Magdalene*, I will wash them with my teares, as tokens of my sorrow, and signes of my loue.

I will also wash the feet of my disciples, that is, the staines of my corrupted senses, the deformities of my vnbrideled appetites, and the blots of my rebellious affections: they verily haue beene my Disciples, they

they haue kept my carnall commandements, they haue fulfilled the lusts of my miserable flesh, they haue satisfied her wanton desires : Therefore I will wash these my senses with streames of teares flowing from the fountaine of a true repenting heart, that as heretofore they haue *serued the flesh*, so now they may *learne to obey the Spirit*.

I confesse, oh my powerful Saviour, mine owne weaknesse, I acknowledge the disabilitie of my nature, I can thinke no *good thought without thee* : I am not able to performe any *deuout action*, but *onely by thee* : let thy mercie succour my miserie; let thy might subdue my malice, that my heart being mollified by thy supplying Grace, it may receiue a deepe impression of thy loue. Teach me, my Saviour, to follow thee in the steps of



of thy sincere humilitie; leade mee in the paths of thy perfect sinceritie.

Grant me not onely a will, to meditate often vpon thy Passion, but also a feruent desire to suffer any affliction for thy sake, and thy loue, who wert willing to *lay downe thy life* for me, and all other grievous sinners, to deliuer vs from the *paines of eternall death*: And so vnite and combine all my affections vnto thee, that I may desire nothing but thee, nor esteeme of any thing but thy loue: so that my minde may be wholly affixed to thee, and the cogitations of my hart euermore fastned vpon thee, and let the meditation of thy bitter Passion be as a glasse alwaies set before mine eyes, that taking a daily view of the miserie which thou didst suffer in thy humanitie, for the transgressions of mine  
in.

iniquitie, I may truly sorrow  
for my sinnes, & may be loth,  
and euermore lothe to offend  
so louing a Sauour, so that ha-  
uing *finished* the *short race* of  
my *mortall life*, in this *transi-*  
*tory world*, where I can expect  
nothing but misery, I may  
receiue a *crowne of eternall glory*,  
laid vp for all those that con-  
stantly loue thee, where is no-  
thing else but endlesse felici-  
tie.

A

A Meditation concerning the  
institution of the blessed Sacra-  
ment of the body and bloud of our  
Lord Iesus, after hee had washed  
his Disciples feet, and of the wor-  
thinesse of it,

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M E D. I I I I.

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*The time neere come that  
Christ should be betrayed,*

*The Paschall Lambe prepar'd  
where he thought fit,*

*Vnto the Twelve our Saniour  
Christ thus said,*

*This Cup my bloud con-  
taines, drinke all of it.*

Luke.  
22.21

Math.  
26.18.

Math.  
26.20,  
& 27.

**I** Lift mine eies vnto thee  
which dwellest in Heauen.  
Behold, I come vnto thee  
with an humble minde and  
lowly heart, oh my most mer-  
cifull Iesus, and falling downe  
before thy Throne, I adore  
thy Maiesty: haue mercie vp-  
me, my most merciful L O R D,  
let

let the precious balme of thy  
soueraigne mercie, heale the  
deepe and deadly wounds of  
mine iniquitie : Oh my God,  
open thy *pittifull eares* to  
heare my *petition*, answere me  
*gracionfly*, and despise not my  
prayer.

Command my wandring  
heart to come out of the broad  
way that leadeth to *Hell* and  
*damnation*, and to returne into  
the *narrow path*, which con-  
ducteth to *heauen* and *everlast-*  
*ing salvation*: so that being once  
againe returned into it, it may  
neuer hereafter wander out  
of it.

Shut all worldly cares and  
wicked cogitations out of  
my heart, that neither the  
heauie burthen of them may  
so depresse my minde, that the  
*denotion* of my *Prayer* cannot  
*ascend* vp vnto thee, nor so  
stop the *passage* of my soule,  
that the *comfort* of thy *grace*  
cannot

cannot *descend* downe vpon me.

Draw mee vnto thee, my most louing Iesus, thou which art mine *assured saluation*, in the day of my greatest misery, and my onely comfort and consolation in the last and latest houre of my deadly agonie: for I am wounded, and my heart is *consumed*, because I haue forgotten to *eate* my bread, which should haue nourished me to euerlasting life.

Indeed, I haue beene altogether forgetfull of thee, my beloued Iesus, for I haue not called to my minde thy most holy Passion, with any zealous or serious meditation: I haue had no delight to thinke vpon thy precious *wounds*, which thou didst suffer to *heale my sores*: neither haue I found any comfort in the pure streames of thy *innocent blood*, powred out

to wash away my sinnes, and to purge my corrupted soule: I haue not looked after my beloved in the day, I haue not longed for my Bridegroom in the night.

I confesse, my gracious Lord, I haue not beene mindefull of thee, my thoughts haue beene wandring abroad, my minde hath not beene exercised with any sweet meditation of thy mercie: my spirit hath not beene troubled with sorrow for my sinnes, mine eyes haue shed no teares, nor my heart sent forth any sighs for my manifold transgressions. Therefore what shall I doe? I will returne to the Lord my God, and I will call vpon him, I will not cease to reiterate the most holy Name of Iesus, vntill thy voice sound in mine eares, There, there. Come therefore (oh good Iesus) and haue mercie



cie vpon me. Heare, oh sweet Iesus ( the prayer of thy seru-  
uant : insule and dip my heart  
in thy bloud , and diffuse thy  
grace into my soule, oh most  
mercifull Iesus : let my heart,  
oh most louing Iesus ) be like  
waxe melted in the midst  
of thy bloody side. Cloath  
my minde with the mour-  
ning garment of thy Passion,  
and let my zealous affections  
burne like fire in my serious  
meditation.

Leade me ( oh my most  
milde and kinde Iesus ) to thy  
most holy Supper , where I  
may heare thee speaking to  
thy Disciples, sitting at thy  
Table, after thou hadst wash-  
ed their feete.

Tell mee (oh my soule) if  
thou hast read what the Lord  
my Iesus did when he sate  
downe againe to the Table,  
after the washing of his Dis-  
ciples feete. Verily, while  
they

they were yet eating, Iesus tooke bread, and giuing thanks, he blessed it, brake it, and gaue it to his Disciples, and said: *Take and eate, this is my body which is giuen for you, doe this in remembrance of mee.* And when hee had giuen euery one a morcell, he tooke the cup, and powring wine into it, giuing thanks, hee likewise gaue it to them, saying: *Drinke yee all of this, for this is my bloud of the new Testament which is shed for you, and for many, for the remission of sinnes: and they all dranke of it.* Let vs pawse a while (oh my soule) and with deuout meditation ponder in our mindes, and treasure vp in our hearts, the wonderfull things which our blessed I E S V S hath done for vs; for our mercifull and gracious Lord hath made a memoriall of his wonders, hee hath giuen meate to them which

which feare him. Oh wonderfull Supper, in which so many admirable things were done and effected ! This was thy last Supper (oh most sweet Iesus) which thou didst make, when thou wert about to depart out of the world to thy Father. How many admirable wonders of thy exceeding loue ? how many miracles of thy infinite mercy are presented vnto vs in this thy blessed Supper ! but thou hast most specially ordained this mysticall, sweet, delightfull, and heauenly Sacrament of thy body and bloud, that the memorie of thy Passion might remaine for euer in the minds of the faithfull. Oh wonderfull Sacrament, in which is contained such abundance of all kinde of sweetnesse ! No sweetnesse, be it neuer so delicious, can come neere it in goodnesse; no pleasure, be it  
neuer.

neuer so incomparable, is  
worthie to be compared vn-  
to it.

Oh most swée Iesus, how  
pleasant, how sweet art thou,  
if wee might haue a true taste  
of thy exceeding sweetnesse?  
In this thy wonderfull Sacra-  
ment, thou dost feed vs with  
corporall bread, but after a  
spirituall manner. What there-  
fore can I want to satisfie my  
desire? what may I wish to  
augment my ioy, if I haue my  
Iesus present with me? Though  
now I see thee *darkely thorow  
a glasse*, yet hereafter I shall see  
*thee face to face*. I cannot satisfie  
my minde (oh my most boun-  
tifull Iesus) with admiration  
of thy vnmeasurable liberali-  
tie: I cannot wonder enough  
at the exceeding largenesse of  
thy bountie.

What greater gifts couldst  
thou haue bestowed vpon vs?  
what more excellent benefits  
couldst

couldst thou haue deriued vnto vs? For in this thy blessed Testament, thou hast bequeathed great and precious Legacies to all thy Brethren that faithfully loue thee, and constantly belecue in thee: in verie deede thou hast left them a rich inheritance, wee cannot estimate the price, we can make no true account of the greatnesse. Some at their death leaue to their heires, Cities and townes, great possessions and store of monie: some build them sumptuous houses, and erect stately Sepulchers, that *their name might remaine among men*, and their memorie continue vpon earth. But thy bountie my most kinde and louing Iesus, doth farre exceed and surmount them all: for thou hast left thy owne selfe vnto vs, that wee should haue a continuall spectacle of thy most holy Passion in our  
E mindes,

mindes, and often thinke vpon thy innocent death in our repenting hearts. And in thy blessed Sacrament, which is so highly to be honoured of vs, and most reuerently to be celebrated by vs, thou dost giue thy seife for food to bee receiued of vs by faith, which may nourish vs to euerlasting life, and deliuer vs from the doome of eternall death. O my most bountifull Lord, of exceeding, admirable, and incomparable loue of my louing Sauiour, my beloued Iesus. But how odious is mine ingratitude, my kinde and louing Iesus ! how great and grievous is my forgetfulnesse, that I doe not continually remember the pangs of thy Passion, and euermore meditate on the paines of thy bitter death, when I participate thy wonderfull Sacrament, and celebrate thy blessed Supper, seeing



ing by thy death thou hast merited for me everlasting life, and by thy Passion hast purchased for mee eternall redemption?

Why doe I not remember that thou wert *wrongfully accused, scornefully derided, spitefully reviled, cruelly scourged, and crucified* as a hainous malefactor, and put to a shamefull death as a wicked doer? and how patiently thou didst endure the bitter paines of the crosse, to deliver mee a most wretched sinner, from the curse of eternall death, iustly pronounced against mee, and readie to be inflicted vpon mee, if thy obedience had not appeased the wrath of thy heavenly Father, and thy gracious mercy *salued the wounds of my misery.*

Oh my drie head, why doest thou not draw water with ioy out of the fountaines

E 2 of

of thy Sauour, for he is a Well of liuing water? Oh teares, why doe yee not streame forth in great abundance, with exceeding ioy and exultation, while I call to minde the exceeding sweetnesse of mine euerlasting libertie, and meditate vpon the greatnesse and goodnesse of my eternall Redemption, in this most sacred, holic, and wonderfull Sacrament represented vnto me? Why doe not my spirits faine with exceeding ioy? and why is not my minde raiſhed with exceſſiue mirth, when I conſider the immeaſurable greatnesse of thy loue; and the incomprehenſible largeneſſe of thy bountie, whereby thou haſt bene moued to *giue vs thy ſelfe for euerlaſting meate, to nourish vs to eternall life?* Haue mercie vpon mee (oh my moſt mercifull Lord) becauſe by reaſon of the imbecillitie of my

my dull vnderstanding, and by the hardnes and drinesse of my heart, I am not able to relish the goodnesse, nor taste the sweetnesse of the wholesome fruit of thy holie and blessed Sacrament: yet I (most vilde wretch) presume to come to thy Table, and to receiue this holy food, though most vnworthie of so great a mercie.

But woe bee vnto my conscience, and horror vnto my wounded soule, because I haue approached vnto thy holie Table, and taken of thy *sanctified meate* with polluted hands, and vnwashed feete, and yet I haue not blushed for shame, nor bewailed the folie of my *intolerable Presumption*. For I consider, my most sweet I E S V S, that in this thy most glorious Supper, before thou didst institute the most blessed Sacrament, as a

E 3 me-

memoriall vnto vs of thy bloodie Passion, thou the true Christall-glasse of Humilitie, taking the shape of a Seruant, didst wash the feete of thy Disciples, saying moreover vnto Peter, *If I shall not wash thee, thou shalt haue no part with mee.* Shall it not therefore bee my great presumption, and shall I not incurre the danger of a most grievous offence against thee, if I would haue any part with thee, when I approach vnto thy holy Table with vnwashed feete, and participate thy blessed Sacrament with defiled hands?

I know therefore (my gracious Lord) who, and what a one I ought to be, when I come to such an excellent Sacrament.

I know, my louing Lord, that I should first wash my feete, heart and hands, and purge all my corrupted affections,

tions, before I should presume to receiue thy pure and holie Sacrament. I know, my good and gracious Iesus, that it is needfull for mee *every night to wash my Bed, and water my Couch with my teares* ; Yea, and to wash my feet with teares of true compunction, and with streames of sorrow, flowing from the inward deuotion of a relenting and repenting heart.

But woe be vnto me (most unhappie wretch) because that I a most vilde creature, doe not feare to approach vnto such an excellent Maiesty, infected from the crowne of my head, to the sole of my foote, with sores and loathsome diseases, and being a most wicked sinner, wholly ouerspred with corruption, and stained with filthy pollution, doe not blush to come into thy presence, but presume to  
4 E intrude

intrude my selfe into thy blessed societie, and to sit downe at thy holie Table, which art a diuine Spirit, alwaies pure from the spots of sinne, and staynes of iniquitie. I come vnto thee, my mecke and louing Iesus, puffed vp with pride, and lifted vp with rebellious thoughts, and I presume to eate with *impure hands* and *unwashed feet*.

Notwithstanding, my most mercifull I E S V S, I know that thy clemencie is farre greater then mine indignitie, and thy mercie farre exceeding my miserie. And therefore confident in thy great benignitie, and relying wholly vpon thy immeasurable mercie, I am bold to receiue thee, and being infected with so manie dangerous and deadly diseases, I come vnto thee, being a *skilfull* and *louing Physician*: that I may be cured from my *griuenous*



gricuous maladies, by thy so-  
ueraigne medicines. For by  
how much the more weake I  
am, and by how much the  
greater the maladie is which  
doth afflict me, by so much  
the more I stand in need of thy  
helpe, that the infinitenesse of  
thy mercie may appeare the  
clearer in the cure of my grie-  
uous maladie, and the beames  
of thy glorie shine the bright-  
er by my deliuerance.

Therefore I will come con-  
fidently vnto thee (my most  
milde and mercifull Iesus) be-  
cause thy mercies are infinite,  
that I may enioy with thee,  
the euerlasting delights of the  
blessed.

Giue me therefore thy hea-  
uenlie bread, oh my good  
Iesus, thou which art the *life*  
*of the world*, and graunt (oh  
bountifull Lord) that I may  
be enabled by thy grace, to  
cate worthily, that I may re-

maine in thee eternally, and  
thou in mee euerlastingly : for  
I desire this one thing, it is the  
ioy of my heart, and the con-  
tentment of my longing affe-  
ctions, that I may dwell inse-  
parably with thee for euer,  
and I will cleaue vnto none  
other but onely vnto thee, oh  
my sweet Iesus, because with  
thee is the fountaine of life,  
and in thy light, I shall see  
light.

A

A Meditation how the Lord  
Iesus fore-told his Disciples that  
he should be betrayed by one of  
them that same night.

## MED.V.

*Amongst the twelve, as Iesus  
sate at meates,*

Mat 26.

20.21.

*At his last Supper, thus to them  
he said;*

Marke.

14.14.

*Who dips his hand in dish,  
and with me eates,*

Luke.22.

22.

*By him the Sonne of man  
shall be betraid.*

Iohn.18.

5.

**A**fter our most louing and  
most gracious Iesus had  
fed his Disciples with his  
precious Bodie, and refresh-  
ed them with his Bloud, hee  
was troubled in spirit, and said  
to his Disciples: *Verily, ve-  
rily, I say vnto you, that one of  
you shall betray mee, which eateth  
with mee, that the Scripture may  
be fulfilled: he which eateth my  
bread,*

bread, shall lift up his beele against mee. Oh how hard is this saying, my blessed and bountifull Saviour ! Oh how harsh and bitter meates hadst thou reserved for thy Disciples, at the end of thy Supper ? Thou didst feede them with sweet milke in the beginning, and thou gauest them delicious honie in the middle, when thou didst wash their feete; and refreshedst them with thy precious body for their meate, and with thy royall bloud for their drinke.

But now in the end thou hadst reserved *Gall* and *Worm-wood*, sowre sauce for their sweet meate, when these sorrowfull words did passe out of thy blessed lips, and that dreadfull speech was vttered by thy honie-flowing mouth.

Woe is me (my sweet and louing Iesus) I seeme to see  
the

the cheerefull countenance of thy deare Disciples sodainely changed, their hearts overwhelmed with floods of sorrow, their mindes perplexed with excessive griefe, the heate of their desires quite extinguished, and all their hopes wholly dashed, so soone as those fearefull words had passed thorow their eares, and pierced their hearts; who of so sweet a beginning, little expected so sowre a conclusion.

Had they not much matter of mourning, and was it not a world of sorrow vnto them, that thou being their Master, Captaine, Gouvernour, Gardian, and Ruler, shouldst be betraied to death? and it did much more augment the matter of their woe, and increase the heapes of their griefe, that one of them should contriue this horrible Treason, and be  
the

the Author of this bloody attempt.

The first was a violent motion, to moue them to exceeding sorrow, because they so dearly loued, and were so entirely beloued of their louing Master: But the latter was so horrible to their eares, and so terrible to their hearts, that it quite abated all their former ioy, and vtterly amazed their perplexed mindes, maruelling in their troubled cogitations, who amongst such a little flocke of Sheepe, should proue so woluish, as to deuoure so good a Shpheard: admiring that any one in their holy Societie, should so farre degenerate from his faithfull fidelitie, as to betray the life of so bountious, so milde, and so mercifull a Master. But heare, oh my soule, what his faithfull Disciples answered, when they heard those lamentable



table words pronounced. *They looked one vpon another, their faces being pale with feare,* and their hearts full fraughted with sorrow, and scarcely could their tongues vtter any part of their inward grieffe, the flood of their woes did flow so fast, and rise to so high a tide in their hearts, and they said with a trembling voice, What sorrowful words are these which our deare Master doth vtter? Who amongst vs shall proue such a cursed wretch, as once to imagine, or such a horrible traitor, as once to complot such a detestable deede and execrable fact?

Such a hainous intention, said euery one of them, was farre from my thoughts, such a hellish motion did neuer enter into my brest. For how should such a Diuellish cogitation enter into our mindes, or finde any harbour in our hearts?

harts? but our Lord cannot be deceived. Wherefore every one of them turning to the Lord, said: *Is it I, Rabbi?* To whom blessed Iesus answered, *One of the twelve which dips his hand with me in the dish, shall betray me.*

But peradventure many of them shooing their hand in the dish at that time, they were not able to discern who it should be.

Wherefore *Judas* said: *What, is it I Rabbi?* But louing Iesus, otherwise not discovering him, answered, *Thou hast said:* as though he should say, *Thou hast said, and not I:* for we may thinke truely, that if my louing Iesus had plainly discovered that cursed man to the rest of his louing and beloued Disciples, they (if we should compare their affections with other mens passions) had not beene able to haue contained their

their hands, but with one accord would haue assailed that most wicked traitor, and haue ended his hatefull daies with a speedie death, who allured with the baites of the Diuell, went about to make sale of the blessed life of their deare and best beloued Master. For how wouldest thou haue beene able, oh bold and couragious *Peter*, to haue cooled the heate of thy furie, and to haue held thy hands from taking vengeance vpon such a damnable Traitor, when as thou didst not feare to make resistance against a great band of Souldiers, in the defence of thy beloued Master? For as their loue toward louing Iesus was without meane, so their hatred toward hatefull *Iudas* would haue beene without moderation, if his treacherous plot had beene openly discovered vnto them. But I pray

pray thee stay here a while,  
(oh my soule) and ponder  
withinthy inward thoughts,  
with deuout meditation, the  
sacred words and diuine  
speeches, more sweet then  
honic and the hony-combe,  
which my most sweet Iesus  
vttered to his faithfull Disci-  
ples, as he went to the place  
of his vniust apprehension,  
which the Euangelist Iohn  
retaining in his memorie  
through the holy Ghost, hath  
faithfully recorded in his hea-  
uenly and most sacred Gos-  
pell. Meditate there seriously  
vpon the wonderfull loue  
which hee had towards his  
loyall Disciples: hee was their  
Lord and Master, yet he did  
not disdaine to eate meate,  
conforting with the meanest  
of them: hee washed their  
feete: hee gaue his body and  
bloud vnto them: and after  
all these things, did not cease  
to

to teach them the way of truth, and to feede their foules with the spirituall food of his celestiaall doctrine.

Oh most mercifull and blessed Iesus, thy words are spirit and life, which thou dost speake to thy Disciples : and that knew thy Seruant Peter, when he said ; *Thou hast the words of eternall life* : For thy words are pure and sweet to the taste of them that loue thee, yea, more sweet then hony and the -honic-combe. They also knew, that those who were sent by the chiefe Rulers, to lay hands vpon thee, were taken with such wonderfull admiration at the gracious words which did proceede out of thy blessed mouth, that they were constrained to proclaime thy worthy praises, telling them, *That neuer any man spake so graciously*. Oh most eloquent Orator!

tor ! streames of sweetnesse doe flow from thy lips : Hony and Milke are euer plentifull vnder thy tongue : Oh how powerful, how eloquent, how wonderfull were the words which my Lord vttered to his Disciples in the end of his sweet Oration! Hee exhorteth them to sow the seedes of true loue in their hearts, and to shew forth the fruits thereof one to another,

After, hee admonished them, that they should be constant in their loue, and permanent in their Faith towards him their louing Sauieur. For hee that is destitute of the former, can neuer be possessed of the latter.

And after those things, he foretelleth them what great dangers they should passe, what tribulations, troubles, afflictions, and calamities, they should suffer after his departure,



ture, that being fore-warned, they might be better armed.

Lastly, hee powreth forth his prayer vnto his heauetly Father for them, that they might not shrinke back like cowards in the day of their triall; nor their Faith faile them in the bitter stormes of affliction, but aboue all things, oh my most sweet I e s u s, I am not able to wonder enough at thy earnest Exhortatiōs, which thou didst vse to kindle the sparkes of feruent loue towards thee in the hearts of thy faithful Disciples: thou dost specially aboue all things, charge & command thy Disciples, that they loue thee, & couet after nothing but thee. Oh how great is the excellencie of true loue! Oh how feruent is the vehemencie of a deuout spirit! Oh how forcible is the preeminence of a charitable affection! Thou didst commend, and leaue loue (my beloved

loued Iesus) as a most rare and precious Iewell to thy deare Disciples.

Therefore this is highly to be extolled of vs, and chiefly to be desired by vs, as our greatest riches, and onely treasure: Let him, oh louing Iesus, be abiected out of thy gracious fauour, let him haue no taste of thy kindnes, that doth not honour thy name, and possesse his heart with thy loue.

Truely, many riuers of water haue not beene able to put out the fire, nor quench the flame of true loue: for *loue is as strong as death.*

Verily, if I should giue all my substance, were it neuer so great, I would regard it as nothing, rather then I would want or forgoe my true loue: for hee that loueth thee faithfully (my most louing Saviour) will leaue all things willingly, take vp his Crosse cheare.

chearefully, and follow thy steps constantly.

Therefore, who shall separate mee from thy loue, Oh my most sweet Lord? What shall diuert the current of my affections from thee?

Shall tribulation or anguish? shall persecution or hunger? But because I can doe nothing without thy grace (my gracious I I s v s) nor performe any thing without thy power, set such a deepe stampe of thy loue in my heart, that the print of it may neuer be raced out, but abide in it for euer; yea, so wound my heart with thy sweetest loue, that all my desires may be turned towards thee, and that I may finde no ease, but when I thinke vpon thee, that I may loue thee with all my heart, with all my soule, with all my strength: and that my whole will, desires, and affections, may co-  
uct

uet nothing but thee.

Let all my cogitations be onely occupied in the meditation of thy loue. Separate and remoue from mee all other desires of the flesh, oh my sweet Iesus, that my whole heart may be solely conioyned to thee in the day, my soule humbly attend vpon thee in the night, and that my spirit and bodie may chearefully seeke after thee when I awake earely in the morning: for my soule *thirsteth after thee*, oh God, *which art a living fountaine: oh when shall I come before thy ace? when shall I appeare in thy presence?*

And I doubt not, oh most mercifull Lord, but that I shall be loued of thy Father, if I shall loue thee, as thou hast taught thy Disciples; and that thou and thy Father will come to mee, and make your *dwelling place* with me.

And

And what doe I craue more,  
what doe I couet so much, as  
that my Iesus may dwell and  
remaine in mee? Oh how hap-  
py were my state, how blef-  
sed were my condition, if I  
could truly say, *My beloved (as  
a bundle of Myrrh vnto me) will  
remaine betweene my brests.*

If I could imbrace my be-  
loued Iesus, I would hold  
him fast betwixt mine armes,  
I would neuer let him depart  
any more from me, his pre-  
sence should be my pleasure  
in the day; his societie should  
be my solace in the night.  
Kindle my reines, oh most lo-  
uing Iesus, with the burning  
sparkles of thy loue, inflame  
my heart with the fire of an  
ardent deuotion towards  
thee, so that I may long after  
thee alone, my deare beloued  
Christ Iesus, and euermore  
search for thee, and neuer ceale  
to seeke thee, vntill I finde  
F thee,

thee, which by the vehemencie of thy loue, and compassion of thy mercie, were willing to bee cruelly crucified for my grieuous transgressions, and to dye a shameful death for my sinnes: Ingraued the memorie of this thy great loue, so deepe, in the Table of my heart, that it neither decay by length of daies, nor be worne out by the iniquities of the time.



A Meditation concerning Iesus  
his going vp into Mount-Oliuet,  
and of his praying thrice in the  
Garden.

## MED.VI.

*My soule is heauie, even vnto  
death:*

*Mans sinne doth bloud and water  
from me draine:*

*For sinne I feelee my Fathers  
angry wrath;*

*For sinne I drinke this cup of  
deadly paine.*

Marke

14.34.

Luke 22.

44.

Marke.

14.35.

Luke 22.

42.

**I**T was the custome of our  
louing Iesus, to ascend vp of-  
tē vnto the Mount Olinet, which  
was distant the space of a mile  
from Ierusalem, that he might  
pray. There also was a Towne  
named Gethsemani, where there  
was a Garden, situated on the  
Mountaines, into the which, be-  
loued Iesus was accustomed to en-

ter, specially at night time, with his Disciples to pray.

Wherefore after he had ended his glorious and blessed Supper, and also his sweet and comfortable exhortations made to his beloued and faithfull Disciples, hee resorted towards this place, late in the night, accompanied with them.

Here (oh my soule) behold thy Iesus, looke vpon that innocent Lambe, which goeth of his owne accord to the slaughter.

Take a view of his Disciples which follow him, hauing their faces pale with feare, their minds perplexed with doubts, and their hearts drowned with flouds of sorrow.

Oh that thou mightest be so happie, as to haue a little taste of the sweetnesse of his words, and to haue some relish

lish of his comfortable Admonitions, which hee made by the way to his sorrowfull Disciples, to refresh their fainting spirits, and to establish their doubtfull mindes.

What plenty of bitter teares did the Apostles powre down by their cheekes, when they saw and heard their Lord and Master speaking so gently vnto them? Hee propounded vnto them (as I suppose) all things which hee had done with them at his last Supper, and the words he had spoken vnto them, and also after what manner hee should be deliuered to death that night.

Behold, his Disciples amazed at his wofull words, and hearing with attentiu eares, the sweet admonitions of their carefull Master: They all gaue heedye attention to euery word that came out of the mouth of their be'oued

Lord, communicating so gently with them.

Oh wofull separation ! oh lamentable departure ! Now a most kinde and louing Master shall be separated from his beloued Disciples, a wakefull Shepheard from his harmlesse sheepe, yea, a louing Father from his beloued Children.

What maruell is it then, if their mirth be changed into mourning, their ioy into sadnesse, and their solace into sorrow? They knew well by experience, how ioyfull, how pleasant it was to remaine with their beloued Iesus, and to enioy his blessed societie: therefore they had good cause to be amazed with sadnesse, and to be wounded with sorrow, for the losse of their louing Redeemer.

Oh what pittifull words  
(as I suppose) what lamentable

table voices did they vtter,  
saying; Wilt thou leaue vs  
(our most gracious Master)  
like silly Orphanes deprived  
of comfort? Wilt thou leaue  
vs in a Sea of sorrow without  
a Pilot?

Where shall wee hope for  
consolation? where shall we  
seeke for helpe in thy absence?

And as they could not re-  
fraine themselves from sor-  
row, so hee their most louing  
Shepherd was readie to giue  
them sweet comfort, chea-  
ring vp their drooping mindes,  
with assured hope of his pow-  
erfull helpe, and comforting  
their sorrowfull hearts with  
his neuer-failing promise of  
his euerlasting loue; telling  
them, that although he were  
*absent* from them in *body*, yet  
he would alwayes be *present*  
with them, by his *holy Spirit*.

I thinke our most mercifull  
LORD could not containe

his teares, he had such tender compassion towards his sorrowfull Disciples, so kinde was his affection towards them, so great was their reciprocall loue towards him.

Cleauethou also (oh my soule) to this most holie and heauenly companie, and follow thy Lord, weeping and sighing, sorrowing and lamenting for him which goeth to die for thy transgressions, and to be sacrificed for thy sinnes, say vnto him faithfully, *Lord, I will follow thee wheresoeuer thou goest, I am readie to goe with thee into prison, and to death.*

Now alas, (oh my louing Iesus) thou doest arme thy beloued Disciples with spirituall weapons, and dost labor by comfortable exhortations to expell cowardly feare out of their hearts, and to settle a constant courage in their doubtfull mindes, that they might



might not be dismayed in the day of perill; nor falsifie their Faith for dread of any worldly affliction.

But most wicked *Indas* was busied to furnish the Iewes with deadly weapons, that they might wrongfully apprehend thee, and cruelly condemne thee to a shamefull death.

What damnable deed hast thou done, thou detestable Traytor? What infernal Phrensie possessed thy minde? What hellish furie peruered thy vnderstanding?

Thou didst leaue a most gentle Master, sitting at the Table with his Disciples, friendly eating, and familiarly talking with them (the King of heauen, and soueraigne Lord of the whole earth) who was able to haue made thee partaker of his eternall kingdome, where thou mightest

test haue liued in happinesse without measure, and ioy without end: and thou didst follow the Diuell, who led thee to the *Iewes*, to bargaine with them, to betray into their hands thy gracious Lord and bountious Master.

And as thou hast beene obedient to his will, so shalt thou be partaker of his reward, who abideth in the prison of euerlasting darkenesse, tormented in the fire, whose flame is neuer slaked, nor shall euer be extinguished.

But now (oh my soule) let vs leaue damned *Iudas*, a fearefull spectacle for all horrible Traitors, and let vs returne to innocent *I e s u s*, entring into the Garden with his Disciples; where hee exhorted them to watch carefully, and to pray earnestly, that they might not fall into temptation, nor runne into danger.

Here

Here my Saviour began<sup>e</sup>  
to taste of the bitter Cup of  
sorrow, and to feele the pangs  
of humane affliction, his spi-  
rits wearied with heauinesse,  
and his minde tyred with sad-  
nesse, so that he craued com-  
fort of his Disciples, saying :  
*Can yee not watch with me one  
houre?*

Stay here (oh my soule)  
straine forth teares from thine  
eyes, and throng forth sighes  
from thy heart : draw neere,  
and expresse thy compassion  
towards thine afflicted Iesus.

Behold how his countenance  
is changed, and his face con-  
ered with palnesse, he is scant  
able to vtter in words, the sor-  
row of his heavy heart. And  
what doth hee say? *My soule is  
heauie, euen vnto death.*

Thy words (oh my most  
mercifull Iesus) doe not a little  
amaze my minde, and affright  
my perplexed thoughts. For,  
what

what doest thou feare? why art thou touched with sorrow? why art thou pressed with heauinesse? From whence (oh my louing Lord) doth arise the cause of thy sadness? doest thou feare any imminent danger? Dost thou dread the punishment which thou art about to suffer?

But for what other thing (oh sweet Lord) didst thou come into the world? For what other end (most blessed Sauour) didst thou assume flesh vnto thee in the wombe of the blessed Virgin, but that by thy death thou shouldest destroy our death, and saue that which was lost?

What benefit had we reaped by thy birth? how could we haue reioyced for the happy day of thy blessed Natiuitie, if our *condemned* soules had not beene redeemed to life by thy most precious death?

death? If thou (oh my louing  
I E S V S) hadst refused to die  
for mee, who should haue sa-  
tisfied for my sins? what could  
haue cured my loathsome Le-  
prosie, but the drops of thy  
Bloud? What could restore  
mee to life, but thy innocent  
death?

What did moue thee to  
dye for mee, but thy exceeding  
mercie? whereas (my louing  
Saviour) thou wert subiect to  
feare, and heauie with the ter-  
rour of death: there appeared  
vnto vs the veritie of thy Hu-  
manitie, not exempted from  
the passions of our nature, yet  
alwayes free from the infecti-  
on of sinne, and cleare from  
the spots of iniquitie.

Wherefore wee may the  
more boldly bee most earnest  
Sutors vnto thee, to obtaine  
thy succour in the time of our  
necessitie, and to call for thy  
sweet mercie in our bitter  
miseric,

miserie, because wee are assured, that thou in thy Humanie, hast had a sense of our sufferings.

Behold also now, my soule, his faithfull and sorrowfull Disciples ! looke vpon them, and view what store of teares doe fall from their eyes; heare what pittifull sighes and grievous grones doe come from their hearts, while they see their louing Master vexed in his bodie, and afflicted in his soule, suffering the wrath of his Father for the guilt of our sinnes. After my louing Iesus had told his sadfull Disciples the heauinesse of his soule, pressed with the ponderous waight of our sinnes, he departed from them about a stones cast, and kneeling on the earth, prayed vnto his heavenly Father, saying : *My Father, all things are possible to thee; if it be possible, remoue this Cup from me,*



me, yet not my will, but thy will  
be done.

Learne here (oh my soule)  
of thine afflicted Saviour,  
where to seeke a salue for thy  
wounds, and from whence  
thou maist hope for help, when  
any fearefull danger doth hang  
ouer thy head, or any present  
anguish torment thy heart,  
powre forth thy prayers in his  
holy Sanctuarie; let thy deu-  
tion ascend vp to him, that  
his benediction may descend  
downe vpon thee: learne al-  
wayes to submit thy wish to  
his wil: for if it be not his  
will to deliuer thee, it will be  
his will alwayes to comfort  
thee, if thou continue thy  
prayers with perseuerance,  
and attend his appointed time  
with patience.

Consider how thy Saviour  
prayed three times, vttering  
the same words, when his  
pangs in his Agonie were so  
griuous,

gricuous, and his paines so dolorous, that his sweate ranne downe like drops of bloud: so heauie was the displeasure of his Father against him for our finnes, so great was the burden of our iniquities imposed vpon his shoulders.

But in the extremitie of his passions, and sorrow of his soule, his heauenly Father sent downe an Angell from heauen to comfort him: for the Lord will neuer leaue them forsaken in their sorrow, that call vpon him faithfully: he hath commanded vs to call vpon him in our trouble, and he will deliuer vs; and as he hath commanded the one, so will hee neuer faile to performe the other.

Draw me (oh my louing Lord) to the Garden where thou wert, that I may see thee praying, and suffer with thee  
in

in thy afflictions : call me and say, *Come into my garden, my sister, my spouse: make haste, oh my Soule, to come to thy Beloued, because thy Beloued is gone vp into his garden, to his bed of spices, that he may feede there, and gather Lillies.*

Let vs consider, oh my Soule, and meditate attentiuely vpon all things which our Iesus hath done, let vs ruminate his seuerall actions, which may afford vs consolation, and tend to our instruction. For we may take many examples from our louing Master, which should euermore be proposed before our eyes, that wee might alwaies imitate them in the course of our life.

Thou seest how our most gentle Master hath commanded his Disciples to linke their hearts together with the bands of true loue, and to arme themselves with patience against

gainst the daies of danger, when he went to the mount *Olivet* to pray. Wherefore being about to enter into a fearefull fight, to beginne a dangerous battell, and to encounter many deadly foes, hee animateth his courage, and armeth himselfe with prayers.

Learnethou also by this his example, in the day of thy tribulation, and houre of thy affliction, to haue thy speedy recourse vnto Prayer: Wee can finde no better weapon wherewith to offend our foes. Wee can vse no better shield wherewith to defend our friends.

Thou seest also, my soule how thy Sauour Iesus preparing himselfe to Prayer, did leaue the companie of his Disciples, and he onely selected three out of his number, so that they three which before  
had

had beene spectators in *mount Tabor*, of his *glorious Transfiguration*, might now be *companions* and *eye-witnesses* of his *griuenous Passion*: that in the *mouth of two or three euery word* might be *established*.

Learne thou also to leaue the societie of men, when thou doest addresse thy selfe to talke with God. When thy Saniour did pray, he ascended vp into a mountaine, to teach vs, that although our bodies doe remaine vpon earth, yet our cogitations should mount and soare vp into heauen by the wings of deuout prayer: he powred forth the compassion of his heart: he being a good Shepheard doth diligently watch ouer his flocke: the extremitie of his owne passions doe not make him forgetfull of his Brethren.

Oh great loue ! how constantly, euen vnto the end, did he

he tender and loue the *little* flocke of his faithfull Disciples, being indeede their most kind and louing Pastor, when in the most grieuous fits of his heauy Agonie, and greatest pangs of his Passion, he was carefull to procure their rest, in that little time which was limited vnto them!

Teach me (my mercifull Iesus) not onely to be tender-hearted towards my poore Brethren, in the bright dayes of my flourishing *prosperitie*, but breed also within my bowels, such a feeling compassion towards them in the hard time of my *cloudie aduersitie*, that I may not onely wish mine owne ease, and labour for mine owne cause, but also that I may bee mindfull of others afflicted, and doe for them what I may, which are in the like wofull case.

Attend also to the lowly  
demeanor



demeanour and humble gesture of thy gentle Lord, when hee prayeth, who *kneeling meekely on his knees, and falling flat on the earth with his face,* Luke 22. 41. *Mark. 14. 35.* doth plainly discover by the submissiue humiliation of his bodie, the sincere humilitie of his minde.

Oh great, worthy, and wonderfull humilitie! when as he being equall and coeternall with God, doth prostrate himselfe to the earth, when he prayeth his Father, as though hee were a most base and wretched creature, and submitteth the issue of his Petition, to the pleasure and will of his Father.

Oh how should I learne to humble my soule, and prostrate my body, which am indeed nothing else but a sinke of sinne, and an *unsauorie lump* of iniquitie! When I addresse my

my selfe vnto holy prayer, and  
come to put vp my petition  
to a God of such infinite glory,  
should I not cast downe my  
high looks; should I not  
curbe mine *aspiring thoughts*;  
should I not lay aside my *proud*  
*attyre*, and put on the *mour-*  
*ning garment* of sorrowfull and  
*true Repentance*?

Oh how should I which  
am but dust and ashes, yea,  
indeede nothing else but a  
very masse of grieuous misery,  
humble and cast downe my  
selfe, when I approach to  
speake to such a *glorious Ma-*  
*iestie*? I confesse I must stand  
aloofe off with the poore Pub-  
lican, terrified with the hor-  
rour of my sinnes, which lye  
so heauie vpon my head, that  
I cannot lift vp mine eyes vn-  
to heauen. Teach me (oh  
Lord) for none but thou can  
teach me to learne this hard  
lesson of true humilitie. This  
is

is the Ladder by which my prayers must ascend vp vnto thee, and thy Graces descend downe vpon mee: I cannot enter into the Palace of thy most ioyfull and *glorious Eternitie*, vnlesse I passe thorow the strait dore of selfe-debasing humility.

But now (oh my soule) turne thine eyes from thy Saviours humility, and take a suruey of his bitter pangs in his grieuous Agonie; whose heart was inflamed with heate, and all the parts of him so vexed with paine, that *streames of sweate, mixed with drops of blond, ranne downe from his sacred bodie*, Luke. 22. 44. Oh would my head might be turned into a fountaine of teares, and my bowels melt with tender compassion in this my sorrowfull meditation, when I thinke vpon the dolorous pangs, and dolefull paines.

paines, which pressed drops of bloud out of the innocent flesh of mine afflicted sesus.

Oh how was thy bodie pained? how was thy mind perplexed? how were all thy senses tired in this great worke of our Redemption? How heauie is the weight of my sinnes, that dissolueth the blessed bodie of my Lord vnto such a wonderfull sweat? How is the *beautie of thy face*, which the *Angels* doe behold with *ioy and gladnesse*, changed with rednesse, through excessive heate? how immoderately is it moistned with showers of watrish and bloudie sweate? Thou didst but speake the word, and thy Word was a worke at the first Creation, *Gen. 1. 3.* But now I see thee sweating, toyling, yea, thy heart aking, while thou art acting the worke of our Redemption.

Oh

Oh wretched man, why am I so carelesse of the health of my soule, when it cost thee so deare a price to redeeme it? What shall I say? What shall I doe ( my good Iesu?) my heart is as hard as Iron, and my bowels no softer then brasse: I haue no sense of tender compassion, nor any feeling of sorrowfull compunction: mine eies are as dry as the Pumise stone, I canot shead one teare, to weepe for my sinnes, which were the source of thy sorrow, & the cause of thy passion. Indeed, my heart should distill drops of bloud, and mine eyes should trickle downe teares, when I meditate in my minde on the intolerable paines which thou didst suffer to satisfie the Iustice of thy Father for my grievous sinnes, and to saue my guiltie soule. Oh how can I excuse; nay rather, how should



I but excuse my wretched and vile ingratitude?

Where shall I hide my head for shame? Where shall I shrowd my selfe from thy presence? My conscience is a continuall witnesse against me, that I am an vncleane and polluted creature: I may not, I dare not approach vnto thee, vnlesse thou wash me in the sacred Lauer of thy precious bloud, for then I dare and may appeare before thee.

Wherefore, haue mercie vpon me, shew me some pittie, my compassionate Iesus: giue me a *Fountaine of teares*, that I may weepe for my forgetfulnesse towards thee all the day, and water my bed for mine ingratitude, with my weeping, all the night: and so deeply imprint in my minde, the paines of thy Passion, that I may account all the time ill spent, and the day quite lost, wherein I doe not



not meditate on them: teach me to imitate thee, my mercifull I E S V S, that with bended knees, and an humble heart, I may make my earnest prayer before thee: inspire my minde with thy holy Spirit, and then teares of true Repentance shall flow from mine eyes.

Send thy Angell (oh Lord) to bring mee consolation in the distressefull time of my tribulation, for thou hast ordained them to assist vs in our prayers, and to comfort vs in our sorrow.

And as thy Angell appeared to comfort thee, Luke 22. 43. so also thou wilt neuer faile to send thine Angell to comfort vs, if wee pray vnto thee with true humility of minde, and sue vnto thee with hearty sorrow for our sinnes.

Instruct mee also, after thine example, (my blessed

Sauietur) not to despaire of thy mercie, although it be long before I receiue any comfort.

Thou didst pray three times, before thou hadst any consolation in thine Agonie, or any answer from thy heauenly Father; and as the fiercenesse of thy grievous Passion was augmented, so the frequencie of thy most holie prayer was increased, *Mat. 26. 44.* that by thy patience, our courage might the better be cheared, and our Christian Magnanimitie more firmly resolved to tolerate Famine, Nakednesse, Persecution, or any affliction whatsoever, with constancie and meeknesse: building our hope vpon the firme rocke of a stedfast resolution, that wee shall eyther haue deliuerance out of trouble, or comfort in our tribulation, all in good time, day, houre, yea, minute

minute and moment, which  
the Lord hath appointed.

It is thy owne worke, it is  
thy onely mercy, my mercifull  
Saviour, to corroborate our  
minds, and confirme our  
hearts, with this constant and  
Christian resolution.

Wherefore I beseech thee  
for thy bountifull mercy, for  
thy mercy is my onely merit,  
to work such a resolute con-  
stancy in me, that in the bitter  
brunts of affliction, I may de-  
pend upon thy wakefull pro-  
vidence, and wholly submit  
my selfe vnto thy diuine will,  
knowing that nothing can  
happen to thy Children, but  
that which thou hast deter-  
mined to be most expedient  
for them, whether they liue  
at rest in prosperitie, or be  
tryed like gold in the fire of  
aduersitie.

A Meditation how Iesus arising from Prayer, went to meet Iudas, and of the multitude which came to apprehend him, and how Peter cut off one of their eares.

## M. E. D. VII.

Math.  
26.47.

The Prince of peace, the Lambe of God betraid:

Math. 26.  
49.

Expos'd to murder, by a traitors kiss:

Math.  
27.3.

Iudas restores the price the Priests had paid:

Math.  
27.5.

Despairing hangs himselfe. Traitors, marke this.

**A**FTER IESUS had received consolation by his Prayer, he went forth to meet false-hearted Iudas, who had sold him for a prey to the bloud-thirstie Iewes, for he knew that the time did approach, and that the houre drew neere, wherein he should glorifie his beauefully Father, and accom-

*accomplish the wonderfull works  
of our Redemption.*

Here (oh my soule, ) the  
first matter of our Meditation,  
is the monstrous ingratitude  
of a gracelesse Disciple to-  
wards his gracious and louing  
Master: how odious is his  
deed vnto my thoughts? how  
doch his hellish madnes tor-  
ment my minde?

Oh that my tongue might  
be more bitter then gall, to ex-  
claime against the dissembling  
hypocrisie of such a deceit-  
full Disciple: and my speech  
more sweet then hony, to pro-  
claime the singular sincerity  
of so louing a Master, that our  
soules might abhorre the in-  
fidelity of the one, and our  
hearts, for euermore, im-  
brace the faithfulnessse of the  
other!

Oh thou most wicked  
wretch, thou wretched, sub-  
borne, and obstinate Traitor,

thou *Childe of the Deuill*, thou  
*Sonne of perdition*, what furious  
malice hardened thy heart?

How wert thou brought to  
such raging madnesse? how  
could the light of thy reason  
be so darkned? how couldest  
thou be so grossly seduced, that  
thou should'st betray thy most  
louing Master, and my most  
gracious Lord?

Was there no sparke of  
grace left in thy brest? had  
impudence so blinded thine  
eyes, and cruelty taken such  
sure possession in thy heart,  
that nothing could change  
thy bloudy minde, and stay  
the rage of thy franticke  
moode, wherewith the De-  
uill had bewitched thy soule,  
and poisoned thy affecti-  
ons?

Thou goest about in thy  
monstrous madnesse, and vn-  
brideled fury to kill the im-  
mortall Lord, who is Truth it  
selfe,



selfe, to direct vs; and Life it selfe to quicken vs: and to bring him to the slaughter, who onely is able, and none but hee, to bring all men to death, and to restore all men to life.

Tell me (I pray thee) thou wicked and foolish mad-man, wert not thou also, as well as the other Disciples, with the Lord I E S V S, when he *reniued the mayden which was dead;* when he *cured the Sonne of the Ruler;* when he *raised Lazarus out of his graue;* when he *cleansed the Lepers;* healed the man sicke of the Palsie; deliuered them which were possessed with Demits; when he made him to see, which was borne blinde, and restored many others to their sight?

Tell me, I pray thee, had hee beene able to haue done these miracles, if God had not beene with him? What *Egyptian* darknesse had blinded thine  
wo<sup>ll</sup> G 5 eyes,

eyes, that thou couldest not see his *divinity*? what *Ignorance* had *blinde-folded* thy *vnderstanding*, that thou couldest not know him to be the Sonne of God by his admirable workes? Where wert thou, when at two sundry times, he fed a great multitude of people, with a little bread and a few fishes?

But to let these mercifull and miraculous workes passe, which hee did for others; why did not those gracious and charitable deeds which hee performed toward thee, so moue thy minde, that although thou hadst imagined, yet thou mightest not haue practised thy *horrible intended mischief* against him?

Remember, thou most wretched creature, and vngratefull Disciple, how thy humble Master washed thy feete, *Iohn*

14.5.

How

How should this wonderfull humility of so great a Master haue humbled thy minde, being so base a Seruant? Remember how hee alwaies extended the tokens of his loue to thee, as hee did to the other Apostles, yet no kindnesse could retrainethy wicked will, nor change thy couetous minde.

Consider, thou most vngratefull and cruell Traitor, how often my louing Iesus did mildely admonish thee, that thou shouldest retire from thy wicked purpose, whose all-seeing eye was able to penetrate into the darkest corners of thy heart, and to search the secrets of thy inward bowels.

It might haue checked thy guilty conscience, when hee saide (after hee had washed his Disciples feete) *You are cleane, but not all: Iohn 13. 11.*  
And

And againe, I speake not of all of  
you, I know whom I haue chosen,  
Iohn 13. 18.

But although these generall  
reprehensions were motives  
of small moment, to mollifie  
thy stonie heart, yet hee spake  
vnto thee particularly, saying:  
 *Doe that quickly which thou art  
about to doe,* Iohn 13. 27. Didst  
thou not clearely see, that hee  
knew thy inward thoughts,  
and the secret plot of thy  
wicked counsell?

And who but God, is able  
to know the secrets of the  
heart, and to discover our hid-  
den cogitations?

But was not thy heart as  
flintie as an Adamant, that it  
did not relent with sorrow?  
was not thy fore-head as hard  
as brasie, that thou didst not  
blush for shame? Were not  
thine eyes more drie then a  
rock, that they could shead no  
teares, when thy louing Ma-  
ster,

ster, and my beloued Lord,  
said mildely vnto thee, *what*  
*Iudas, dost thou betray the*  
*Sonne of man with a kisse?* Luke  
22. 48.

Oh great humility ! excee-  
ding meeknesse ! most admi-  
rable clemencie of my Sau-  
our Iesus ! Yet neither the  
mildnesse of his words, nor  
wonderfulnesse of his works  
could soften thy obdurate  
heart, or reclaime thy obsti-  
nate minde, oh thou pernici-  
ous Traitor ! My Sauour cal-  
led him *friend*, *Mat. 26. 10:*  
whom hee knew to be a dire-  
full foe, that the meeknesse of  
the name, might haue a little  
calmed the furie of his nature :  
but the Diuell had sowed such  
naughtie seede in the furrowes  
of his couetous heart, that hee  
became a wicked guide, to  
deliuer his louing Master into  
the hands of his bloudie ene-  
mies, who hating his *innocent*  
*life,*

life, had longed for opportunitie, to put him to a cruell and shamefull death.

Tell mee, thou damned *Iudas*, what brought thee into such an hellish Phrensie, that thou didst complot with the bloudy Iewes to betray thy gracious Lord with a token of kindnesse? Had thirstie Couetousnesse so inflamed thy minde, that thou didst run head-long to sell thy soule for a little piece of monie.

If thou hadst come like a foe, thy crime had not beene so haynous, nor thy cruelty so odious: But thou like a coozening hypocrite, didst cunningly maske thy deadly hate with the vizard of counterfeit loue.

Thou didst salute my louing Iesus with no friendly, but a deadly kisse, that with this token of peace and kindnesse, thou mightest cast a myst before



fore the eyes of his faithfull Disciples, that they might thinke thou hadst nothing to doe with those wicked persons who came to apprehend their Lord and Master: thou thoughtest thou hadst contrived so cunningly, and contrived thy matters so carefully, that all should haue beene hidden in darknesse, and no man haue knowne thy damnable practice, but onely the cursed crue of thy confederates: but the Deuill, who was the author to allure thee to this mischiefe, did beguile thee with a deceitfull imagination, and so he will doe all others that follow thy crooked steppes, and walke in thy cursed waies. Such Iuggling hypocriticall trickes may oftē be hooded from the dim sight of men, but they can neuer be hidden from the al-seeing eye of Almighty God: thou camest  
with

with a word of peace in thy mouth, when thou didst pretend nothing but warre in thy heart: thy speech was as soft as Butter, but thy inward thoughts were more sharp then a Raifor: thou didst presume to offer a Traitors kisse, *Mat. 26. 49.* to my blessed Sauour, when thy lips were full of poison, and thy throate an open Sepulcher: thou camest like a subtle Foxe to fa-iate him with a word of healk, when thou wert a wicked guide to a band of cruell Souldiers, who meant him nothing but hurt; so strong was the desire of filthy lucre to hale thee to mischief, so eager was thy greddie appetite to bite at this pleasant baite, that thou couldest not see the killing hooke. For when thou didst sell the precious life of thy louing Master, thou didst giue thy damned Soule to the *Deuill*, to be  
tormen-

tormented with him for euer,  
in the fire which flameth continually, and burneth so extremely, that the paines of the least sparkle of it are more then intolerable: wherefore, my sweet Iesu, so mollifie my heart, & moderate my minde, which am thy most vnworthy Seruant, that I may not giue such direfull and deadly kisses vnto thee, which art my most kinde and louing Master. And grant vnto mee by thy gracious elemencie, that I may offer vnto thee the sweet kisses of loyall Obedience and constant Loue, that my Soule may say vnto thee, *Kisse me with the kisses of thy mouth, Cant. 1. 1. for thy loue is better then wine.* Runne( oh my soule) and neither let the baites of terrene pleasure, nor the brunts of worldly sorrow hinder thee in thy way, when thou go'st to kisse thy sweet and louing Iesus.

Iesus. But first of all kisse his blessed feete, and *bathe them*, as *Mary* did with the teares of true repentance, sighing and groaning with sense of thy sinnes, that the comfort of his mercy may be extended vnto thee, when such welcome tokens of thy loue are bestowed vpon him. Prostrate thy selfe (oh my Soule) on the earth, that thou maist cease to be wretched. Imbrace the feete of thy *I E S V S*, pacifie them with thy teares, who spared not to powre forth bloud out of his feet, hands, heart, and side, to cleanse thy pollution, and to wash away thy sinnes: so that after thy sorrowfull contrition, thou maist heare him pronounce vnto thee, the ioyfull word of saluation; saying, *Thy sinnes are forgiven thee*. And now my Soule, after wee haue fallen downe before the Lord in true humility, and haue powred

powred out before him the  
teares of an vnfeined contri-  
tion: let vs arise with a com-  
fortable heart, to kisse his bles-  
sed hands. And then doe we  
kisse his gracious hands with  
a reuerent and lowly heart,  
when our mouthes are filled  
with his worthy praises, for  
his bountifull benefits freely  
bestowed vpon vs, proclaim-  
ing his wonderfull mercie,  
and disclaiming our vnwor-  
thy merit, whose hand hath  
raised vs vp out of the mire,  
and hath aduanced vs to euer-  
lasting honor. Lastly, after  
wee haue reuerently *kissed* his  
hands, wee may more boldly  
approach to kisse his blessed  
mouth; to behold the glorie  
of our Creator, that the bright  
beames of his countenance  
may illuminate our obscure  
vnderstanding, and that his  
sweet *breath* may so inspire  
our soules, that all our cogi-  
tations



tations may be conſonable,  
and our actions conformable  
to his moſt holy will,

Shew vs the light of thy  
countenance, oh my louing  
Ieſus, and then our hearts  
ſhall be filled with gladneſſe,  
and wee ſhall be ſatiſfied with  
the abundance of thine euer-  
laſting goodneſſe: for to ſee  
the beautie of thy face, is our  
chiefeſt felicitie, and to be ba-  
niſhed from thy face, is our  
endleſſe miſeric. Therefore  
kiffe the ſonne leſt he be angry, ſee  
if his wrath be kindled (yea but a  
little) bleſſed are all they that  
truſt in him, *Pſal. 2. 12.* Thou  
haſt heard, oh my ſoule, how  
traiterous *Indas* betrayed my  
innocent Ieſus: conſider the  
crueltie of the one: wonder  
at the mildeneſſe of the other.

Oh that all treacherous  
perſons and bloudie-minded  
Traitors might haue a view  
of deſperate *Indas*, ſtrangling  
himſelfe



himselfe with an Halter; that the horror of his cursed death vpon earth, and the terror of his continuall paines in hell, might stay the rage of their furious mindes, and manacle their bloudie hands: For although desperate *Iudas* was so tormented with horror of a guiltie conscience, that hee could haue no peace in his fearefull thoughts, nor chuse but crie in his tormenting miseries, deprived of all hope of comfortable mercie, *I haue sinned in betraying the innocent blood, Matth. 27. 4.* and could finde no other medicine to cure his desperate maladie, but the helpe of an halter, being his owne Hang-man, to shorten his woefull dayes vpon earth, that hee might make the more haste to abide euerlasting torments in hell: yet there are many, whose hearts are so sore infected with his

Vene-

venemous humour, and their thoughts so poisoned with greedy desires of vnlawfull gaine, that they make no conscience to betray their Prince and Country, to prooue disobedient and cruell to their naturall Parents, and faithlesse to their dearest friends: yea, to sell Heauen, their soules, and themselues, for a base piece of money: but woefull is their inheritance which buy Hell for their purchase. Yet let mee not so bitterly inueigh against the monstrous fact of cursed *Iudas*, that I forget the mildenesse of my mercifull *Iesus*, who did not rate and reuile him, calling him in name (as hee was indeede) a damnable Traitor, saluting his Master with a kisse as a token of his loue: but (alas) it was onely to betray him.

My patient Sauour *Iesus* called him by the name of a friend,

friend, *Mat. 26. 50.* whom hee knew to be a deadly foe, that the mildnesse of the name might haue bred remorse in his heart, but that the Diuell had taken full possession in his minde, and ruled powerfully ouer his thoughts.

But why did my louing Sauiour vse such affable words to such a detestable Traitor? It was to teach mee to repress mine affections from raging furie, when any of his wicked brood lie in waite to take away my life, and secretly seeke to contriue my death.

Teach mee, my Iesus, to imitate thy patience, when my courtesie is rewarded with cruelty, when supposed friends proue faithlesse, and when my kindnesse is recompenced with bad words, and rewarded with worse deedes. Thou hast willed vs to *blesse them that curse vs*, and to *pray for our perse-*

persecutors, *Mat* 5. 44. But our flesh is wayward, and it cannot away with this doctrine, wherefore I beseech thee my gracious Lord, to lend me thy helping hand, it is thine owne worke to conforme my minde to thy blessed will, that I may be made obsequious and obedient to thy sacred Law.

But now (my Soule) turne aside thine eies from hatefull *Judas*, to looke vpon louing *Peter*, who beganne to be touched with the heate of true loue, when hee saw his Master attached by the hands of his enemies, and did boldly obiect his owne life vnto danger, that hee might deliuer his harmelesse Master out of perill, and that hee might performe indeede that which a little before he had professed in word, *Mat. 26. 35. Ioh. 18. 10.* As his loue was much, so his courage was great in the defence

defence of his dearely beloved Master, hee regarded not the multitude that came against him, hee respected not how well they were armed, his true heart dreaded no danger.

But so soone as hee saw his dread master Iudasly betraied, and cruelly apprehended by his malicious foes, he drew out his sword and laid about him, and cut off *Malchus* his eare.

Thy loue was strong, louing *Peter*, although thy strength was feeble, to resist so manie, so ill-minded, and so well armed: I cannot but commend thee for thy loue, although thy louing Master doth not praise thee for thy deede; thou didst shew a token of thy feruent loue and affection, although (alas) he stood not in neede of thy weake protection: my louing Sauour came to fulfill the will of his Father,

H

to

to suffer death; yea, to suffer a cruell and shamefull death on the crosse, that we might be restored to life, be freed, and delivered from the curse.

It was the seruencie of thy loue, that had inflamed thy aged heart with courage, thou couldest not hold thy hands, when thou didst see thy beloued Master so violently apprehended, so curriously handled, and haled to the slaughter.

For whosoeuer (my louing Sauour) hath his heart knit vnto thee with bands of true loue, hee dreadeth no danger for thy sake, but will be more willing to forgoe his life, then to leaue his true Loue. But thou didst not desire (my louing Iesus) nay, thou didst not allow that Peter should shew his manhood, or attempt by any force to rescue thee out of the hands of thy cruell foes!



foes : thou didst disclose vnto thy faithfull Disciples, the dangerous daies that were to come, and tell them of the bitter afflictions which were to ensue, and that they should be like Sheepe scattered without a Shepheard. But it was not that they should arme their bodies with weapons, but their heads and soules with patience. So indeed the loue of thy Apostle was full of zeale, but yet it was barren and void of knowledge, who had beene often forewarned that thou shouldest suffer a cruell and shamefull death, to fulfill the Scripture, and do the will of thy Father.

Wherefore (oh my most mercifull Iesus) so inflame my heart with thy loue, that I may freely confesse it with my mouth, & so performe it with my heart, that I may not onely be prepared to lose my libertie,

berty, but to forgoe my life  
for the name of my Lord Iesus,  
who is blessed for euer.

A Meditation how the Lord  
Iesus taken and bound, was led to  
*Annas* his house, where he was  
buffeted, and how all his Disciples  
fled from him, *Iohn* 18. 13.

## M E D. VIII.

*Iohn* 18.

13.

*Iohn* 18.

12, 20.

*Iohn*

18. 24.

*Math*

26. 67.

*Mark,*

18. 22.

*To Annas first is Christ in fet-  
ters led.*

*From thence to Caiaphas, where  
he beaten is,*

*And scourg'd, and mockt, spit  
on, and almost dead;*

*All which he endur'd to bring  
us unto blisse.*

**S**O soone as false-hearted  
*Judas* had saluted his faith-  
full Master Iesus with a dead-  
ly kisse, the hard-hearted Soul-  
diers laid violent hands vpon  
my kinde Sauiour, and did  
cruelly

cruelly binde him.

Oh vngentle cords I oh  
cruell hands, and cursed hearts,  
that did binde my Lord Iesus!

Come hither therefore (oh  
my Soule) and with inward  
sorrow of heart, and with  
weeping eies, lament with  
tender compassion for the cur-  
rishnesse in words, and cruelty  
in deedes, vsed against thy  
mercifull Sauour, which pa-  
tiently suffered so many bitter  
words and cruell blowes, for  
thee and thy sinnes: for it was  
now the houre of darknesse,  
and they beganne to act with  
their mercilesse hands, that  
which was conceiued in their  
malicious mindes, reuiling  
him with blasphemous spee-  
ches, and afflicting his precious  
bodie with deadly blowes.

And thus they neuer ceased  
all that night long, both with  
their venemous tongues and  
villanous hands to torment

my meeke and patient letus.

Tell mee (my sweet Sauiour) what were the contumelious words, what were the outragious deedes which thou didst suffer of those dogged Souldiers, when they had laid their tormenting hands vpon thee?

For truly, *the wicked rose up against thee, and the Synagogue of the mighty, they sought thy life, and set not God before their eyes.*

They compassed thee about like Bees, and burnt with furie against thee, like fire among the Thornes.

Oh let some spectacle of their barbarous crueltie be presented vnto mee, that mine eyes may waxe dim with weeping, that my heart may be wounded with sorrow, and all my senses afflicted with mourning: for my guiltie conscience doth tell mee, that my sinnes.

sinnes were as fewell to kindle  
their rage, and mine iniquities,  
like wood to maintaine the  
fire of their furie.

Behold, Oh my Soule, with  
attentive deuotion of minde,  
and with store of teares flow-  
ing from thine eyes, how  
furiously they rush vpon thy  
louing Sauour, and how cru-  
elly with their bloudy hands,  
they torture and vex his blef-  
sed body.

One tuggeth him by his  
garment, another haleth him  
by the armes: one taketh hold  
of his necke, another pulleth  
him by the haire: and lest he  
should get from them, they  
binde him, and drag him like  
an vtamed Bull to the sham-  
bles.

Oh most meeke Lambe!  
Oh most milde sheepe I how  
currishly, how cruelly art  
thou handled like a wicked  
theefe?

Yea, was euer any common theefe so inhumanely and shamefully vsed, although his life was odious, and his deedes neuer so desperate?

Some hale him on this side, some thrust him on that side, some buffet him on the face, others thumpe him on the backe: After they haue reuiled and railed against him with most opprobrious words, they passe from diuellish words, to deadly blowes, so that they neuer cease by word nor deede to grieue and vex mine innocent Iesus, but imployed all the faculties of their minde, and all the forces of their body, to doe him all hurt, who neuer meant them any harme.

I am not able to tell thee, my sorrowfull soule, one halfe of the odious words, nor one moity of the horrible deedes which those damned wretches vsed against thy harmelesse  
and



and louing Sauour: my tongue doth falter for grieſe, and my ſpeech doth faile mee for ſorrow, for all of them bitterly curſing him, and cruelly beating him, void of all mercy, and raging with helliſh furie, they hale him (like a moſt innocent Lambe) to the ſlaughter:

And amongst all that curſed crue, there was none ſo ſoft-hearted, that either would pittie the woefull caſe, or ſpeake in the cauſe of my gracious Lord.

Oh how ſhould mine eies haue beene watered with teares, and my heart haue beene wounded with ſorrow, to haue ſcene my mercifull Ieſus ſo vnercifull abuſed, ſo ignominiouſly and hatefully miſuſed, whiles they hurry him in their madneſſe, and hale him in their fury towards Hieruſalem? *who went as an in-*

*H 5*

*nocent*

nocent Lambe, among a company of devouring Wolues, not once opening his mouth to reprove them for their barbarous cruelty, but did willingly sustaine the extremity of their malice, with a patient minde, sometime haled by one, and sometime thrust forward by another, thinking the time long, till they might bring him where they would haue him: so greedy was their desire to doe a bad deede, and they made such post-halt, to hasten the death of the Lord of life.

Oh my most sweete Iesu, what hast thou done? What hast thou deserved, that thou shouldest endure the sting of their malice, and abide the tempest of their madnesse?

Verily, my Lord, thou didst neuer offend them in thought, but thy exceeding loue did moue thee to suffer all things with patience, that thou mightst

mightst redeeme mee a most wretched sinner, and all others, that with a contrite heart and a broken spirit, sue vnto thee for grace, hauing an assured hope in thy blessed Word, and confidently beleeuing in thy gracious promises.

I am that w<sup>o</sup>ll man, which haue beene the occasion of thy torments, and the cause of thy grievous Passion. *The wicked man hath sinned, and the righteous is punished. The guilty hath trespassed, and the innocent is tormented. The ungodly hath offended, and the godly man is condemned.*

Oh my most louing Lord, I haue eaten a sowre grape, and thy teeth are set on edge. I haue committed the trespassse, and thou hast suffered the punishment.

Blush therefore (oh my soule) for shame; smite thy heart for sorrow: let thine eyes be dissolved into teares, and sacrifice

sacrifice thy selfe vpon the Altar of true repentance, because thou hast beene so forgetfully vngratefull towards thy Iouing IESVS, for his maruellous kindnesse, and so excessively vnmindfull of his excellent loue.

Oh my (good Iesus) what shall I render vnto thee, for thy great bounty? What shall I yeeld vnto thee, for thy gracious mercy?

I haue nothing, O Lord, : *ben knowest my poverty; I acknowledge my needy necessity:* I haue confessed my most haynous finnes and grieuous offences before thy face.

"I haue not hidden mine vnrighteousnesse out of thy sight.

Wherefore (oh my most bountifull Lord) supply that by thy infinite liberality, which is wanting by reason of my vile ingatitude: And thou  
which

which art onely able, create a thankfull heart in me, thy poore vnworthy seruant, that it may euermore be delighted with the remembrance of thy goodnes, and still be ioyfull with the sweet meditation of thy mercies.

But now, oh my Soule, meditate a while, how sodaine feare had quailed the loue of the Disciples of my distressed Saviour. For being terrified with his vnexpected and cruell apprehension, and dreading their owne danger, they fled away, leaving their Lord & beloved Master, *Mark 14. 50*

Then thou mightest truly say (oh most sweet Iesus) *They which saw me, fled from me, I am forgotten as a dead man out of minde.*

And againe, *Thou hast put my friends, my neighbours, and acquaintance farre from mee. Also, that was verified which the*

the Prophet had fore-told,  
*All my friends have forsaken mee,  
 and they that lay in wait, have pre-  
 mailed against mee: He whom I  
 loved, hath betrayed mee: For so  
 were thou left alone, my loving  
 Iesus, and they which were  
 neere vnto thee, made haste to  
 be gone, and would tarry no  
 longer with thee.*

Consider farther, oh my  
 soule, the disciples of my Sa-  
 uour flying for feare, and la-  
 menting with sorrow, when  
 they saw their most beloved  
 Master traiterously betrayed, ig-  
 nominiouly abused, and led like an  
 innocent Lambe to the slaughter.

Attend to their sighing and  
 groining, to their weeping and  
 moning, for loth they were  
 to leaue so louing and so well  
 beloved a Master.

But why should feare of  
 danger haue bin so violent, or  
 dread of death so strong, as to  
 pull them from so deare a  
 friend?



friend?

They professed they would remaine constant, and that no affliction should abate their courage, but their words produced no deedes, and all was but vaine presumption: Selfeloue of their owne security, made them forsake their distressed Master in his captivity.

But tell mee, bold hearted Peter, why didst thou like a coward forsake thy faithfull Master? Didst thou professe so much, and performe so little? Was thy manhood so soone quailed, when thou wast put to thy triall? I know thou didst shew some signe of courage, and thou beganst to play the man, when thy Master was first apprehended, but it was but done in a fit of thine anger, and thy heate was soone cooled: thy promise great, and thy performance little: when

when thou wert in mount Tabor, & sawst but some beames; yea, rather some sparkles of the eternall glory of thy blessed Maister, then thy senses were so rauished, and thy minde so amazed, that thou didst cry out, *Bonum est esse hic*, *Mat. 17. 1. Marke 9. 2. Luke 9. 28.* It is good to be here, let vs build three Tabernacles: but now thou doest not say, *Bonum est esse hic*: It is good to tarry here with my poore disgraced Master.

Say thou didst loue thy Master well: yet it appeareth thou didst loue thy selfe better: oh why diddest thou make such a vaine ostentation of thy courage, and yet afterwards shew thy selfe such a coward?

But take heed, oh my soule, that thou dost not so vehemently inueigh against faint-hearted *Peter*, and the rest of his fearefull fellowes, that thou

thou forget thy selfe, and passe  
thine owne infirmity.

Wee all loue Christ, when  
*our cups may overflow with wine,*  
*and our bellies be filled with the*  
*finest wheate :* but the heat of  
our loue is quickly cooled, if  
but a small blast of stormy per-  
secution doe bluster against vs.

We all desire to dwell with  
him, as did rauished *Peter*,  
when his eyes were dazeled  
with the beames of his glory,  
appearing vnto him on Mount  
Tabor:

But all of vs fly from him, or  
follow him a-loofe-off, when  
wee see him going to Golgo-  
tha: we dare presume to say  
with forward *Peter*; *Lord, if all*  
*leane thee, I will not forsake thee,*  
*Mat. 26. 33. Marks 14. 21.*  
*Iohn 13. 37.* But alas, when we  
come to the tryall, we are rea-  
dy to flie and leaue the field,  
at the first alarme.

We could all be content to

eat pleasant hony, and to feede our  
selues with sweet milke: but our  
mouthes are filled with mur-  
muring, and our hearts with  
grudging: the time is long, and  
the iourney tedious, while wee  
trauell in the wildernes of this  
world towards beauenly Ca-  
naan, *Exod. 17. 2.*

Alas, were the Disciples of  
my Saniour so fearefull at the  
first encounter, who had beene  
so often fore-told of that day,  
and had beene so well instru-  
cted by their louing Master, to  
arme themselves against the  
assaults of affliction?

Then how can I poore  
worme boast of my strength,  
& vaunt of my manly courage?  
How should I hold out vnto  
the end, when such *flour* Soul-  
diers begin to shrink at the be-  
ginning of the battell?

I know mine owne imbecil-  
lity, my powerfull Lord, I con-  
fesse mine infirmity, I feeble my  
heart

heart quake, and I perceiue my courage to quaille, so soope as I see but a darke cloud of affliction, and stand in dread of euery storme of persecution.

Strengthen my heart, oh Lord, with *Christian Fortitude*, that my mind may not be dismayed with feare, nor my senses drowned with the streames of *immoderate sorrow*, whensoever I must drinke of the bitter waters of affliction for profession of thy name, or feele the pricking thornes of persecution in my sides, for the confession of thy truth.

Teach me to take vp my crosse, and to follow thee, and that I may not be ashamed of this noble badge of true Christianity.

Instruct me to know that affliction is the lot of thy Children, and that thou wilt haue their Faith tryed in the fiery furnace: and grant mee (oh Lord)

Lord ) such a plentiful measure of thy quickning grace, that although my fraile flesh beginne to tremble, and my weake heart to faint at the first assault of danger, and I seeke a corner to hide my head in, in the time of trouble, yet that I may not fly so farre from thee, but that I may quickly returne to thee as *Peter* and *Iohn* did, who loued, and were so dearely beloued of thee, and as the rest of thy Disciples did, after thy glorious resurrection, and in the sorrowfull time of calamitie, trouble and persecution, so mitigate the dolour of my passions, that I may endure all extremities with Christian patience, knowing that all the afflictions of this world are but momentany, and that the ioyes prepared for the faithfull after this life, are innumerable, and shall endure eternally.

Now



Now let vs leaue the ior-  
rowfull Disciples, and come  
to our louing Iesus, who be-  
ing bound, was presented to  
*ANNAS* by the wicked Iewes,  
who examined him concer-  
ning his Disciples, and con-  
cerning his doctrine, *Ioh. 18.*  
*19.* And although the humi-  
lity of my Sauour was great,  
and his modestie no lesse in  
returning a gracious answere  
vnto him: yet *Malchus* (whose  
eare he had a little before re-  
stored, which *Peter* cut off)  
gaue him a blow on the face,  
saying, *Answerest thou the high*  
*Priest in that manner? Iohn 18.*  
*22.*

Here, my soule, thou hast  
good occasiō to eate thy bread  
with *teares*, and to mingle thy  
drinke with *weeping*, when  
thou dost meditate of this cru-  
ell blow, giuen by a most wic-  
ked vngratefull wretch, to my  
*innocent Iesus.*

And

And here thou maist admire at the incomparable mildnesse, and wonder at the wonderfull patience of my gentle Sauour, who did modestly beare so great an iniurie, that he gaue not him an euill word, who had done him such a *cruell deede*, but said to him mildly: *Friend, if I haue spoken euill, beare witnessse of euill: but if I haue said well, why smitest thou mee?* Iohn 18.23. Oh how great was thy humility alwaies, my good Iesus? how exceeding was thy patience in all things, euen vnto death?

But what shall I say, oh thou barbarous and vngratefull wretch. how shall I speake bitter enough of thy mostrous cruelty, which didst smite him on the face contrary to all humanity, who of his owne accord did speedily heale the hurt, and salue the wound which his Disciple had giuen thee?

thee? Oh monster amongst  
men; vnworthy of any pittie,  
whose name shall be odious  
to all that are good, when  
they heare of thy crueltie!  
Behold, oh my sweet Iesus,  
what plentifull matter is of-  
fered vnto me, to breed a se-  
rious meditation in my minde,  
and to engender a sincere *com-  
passion* in my heart, when I re-  
member (oh that I could con-  
tinually remember it), what  
*clemencie*, what *calamity*, what  
*benignity* thou hast vsed to-  
wards me, what *calamity*, what  
*indignity* thou hast iuffered for  
mee: for thou wert so *treache-  
rously* betrayed, so *wrongfully* ap-  
prehended, so *iniriously* bound,  
so *curristly* baled, so *cruelly* sor-  
mented, and so *unmercifully* bea-  
ten for the sinnes of my guilt-  
ty soule. But I pray thee, my  
mercifull and gracious Iesus,  
that as thou didst yeeld thy  
selfe a captiue to the Iewes,  
so

so thou wilt grant me thy  
grace to *subingate* all my senses  
to doe thy blessed will, and  
to keepe them in true subiecti-  
on, to obey thy holy law, and  
that I may *captinate* all my *u-*  
*nderstanding*, to performe the  
duties of thy happie seruice,  
which shall *reddeeme* me from  
*bondage*; and bring mee an *e-*  
*uerlasting freedome*, as thy faith-  
full Apostle hath taught mee.

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A Meditation how the Lord  
Iesus was led from the house of  
*Annas*, to the house of *Ca'aphas*,  
and also of the derisions, rayling  
speeches, and cruell scourging  
done vnto him there by the  
Iewes.

## MED. 9.

To Caiaphas house (where  
Scribes assembled are,

And Priests, and Elders,) Iesus  
Christ is led:

After, to Pilate, where he  
weakely bare

Their scoffes, & thorny Crowne  
upon his head.

Math.

26. 57.

Mark.

14. 55.

Iohn 18.

18, 29.

Iohn

19. 2.

**A** Wake now, (oh my  
Soule,) sleepe no longer  
in the bed of wanton sensua-  
lity, driue away drowzinesse  
from thine eyes, and carelesse  
slothfulnesse out of thy  
minde, and turne thy selfe  
I wholly

wholy to thy most sweet  
I E S V S, disdainefully despised,  
scornesfully derided, cruelly tormen-  
ted, & vnmmercifully scourged. Oh  
how should thy heart be  
fraughted with sadnesse, and  
thy minde be filled with sor-  
row, when thou shalt finde  
thy Lord thy God subiect to  
paines and afflictions, blowes  
and reproches? For hee was  
*whipped all the night, and hee*  
*was chastized in the morning.*

Therefore let thine eyes  
waxe *dimme* with weeping, let  
thy *ioy* be turned into *mour-*  
*ning*, and the voice of *melody*  
into *wofull lamentation*; when  
thou dost meditate vpon the  
*sorrowfull miseries*, and *scornesfull*  
*reproches* which thy innocent  
Saviour did suffer for thy sake.

Let all vaine cogitations,  
and idle thoughts be chased  
out of my minde, by which  
it may be fondly distracted,  
and vainely shiucred in this  
godly



godly Meditation, so that it may be wholly reflected towards thee, and thinke vpon nothing but thee, my most mercifull Iesu.

Let it thinke vpon the *contumelious reproches*, *odious raylings*, and *griuous blowes*, which thou didst suffer, being vnder the hands of the wicked Priests, as a harmelesse Sheepe amongst rauinous Wolues, or in the midst of deuouring Lions.

And grant mee, oh my sweet Lord, that while I ponder these things in my minde, teares of true repentance may fall from mine eyes, and sighes of vnfaigned sorrow arise from my heart, to bewaile the horror of my sinnes, which were as cruell tormentors to afflict thy body, and as sharpepointed needles, to enter into thy tender flesh.

Lastly, let vs meditate deu-

uoutly (oh my soule) how my kinde Iesus was posted ouer vnto *Caiaphas*, after hee had beene derided and buffeted in the house of *Annas*.

Behold how this innocent Lambe was haled to the shambles, by the hands of those blondie Butchers!

Behold thy beloued Iesus, brought with his hands bound before *Caiaphas* the high Priest, environed with a great multitude of Scribes and Pharises: all cry out against him: the base people raile vpon him with vile and odious words: banning and cursing him for his blessed deeds, they maliciously accuse him, & wrongfully charge him, but their testimonies were found to be false, and their witnesses vnttrue.

Truely thou maiest say that which the Prophet spake of thee, *They deliuered mee into the hands of the vngodly, and they*

they cast mee forth among the wicked, and they haue not spared my life. The strong were gathered against me, and they stood like Giants against me.

But although their demeanour towards thee (my louing Sauour) was without al pietie, and their words and deeds without all pittie, yet thou didst not open thy mouth, to vtter any word of reproofe, but thou didst heare their spitefull taunts with patience, and answere their malicious calumniations with silence: and therefore the high Priest began to be displeased: and rising vp from his seate, asked thee in his anger, why thou didst not answere to those things which were obiected against thee? *Mat. 26. 62.*

Attend (oh my foule) and consider the vnspeakeable mildenesse of my sweet Iesus, how patiently, how humbly

hee holdeth his tongue, as one that were dumbe, and could not speake, & remaineth as one that were deafe, when they reuile him in their madnes, and faile vpon him in their furie, sustaining with patience their false calumniationes, and forged obiections.

And therefore his wonderfull patience did make them more mad, and his silence did the more exasperate them in their furie, when they saw him so meekely to digest the venome of their virulent tongues, & so mildely to suffer the blowes of their violent fists, so that being transported with choller, beyond the limits of modestie, and carried with rage beyōd the bounds of reason, they belched out such impious and clamorous speeches against him, *Hast thou no tongue, thou most wicked wretch! Behold, art thou dumbe, and canst*  
not

*not speake one word* ¶ What is become of thy *dabbling*? Where are thy *long discourses*, and *plausible speeches*, which thou didst make to the multitude in the Temple, and to the seditious people in the streets?

Then thou wert full of words, and thy tongue did not cease to prattle, when multitudes did flock after thee thorough the Cities, and when the base people did swarme after thee, through the villages and desarts.

And art not thou hee which preaching to the rude multitude in the Temple, and pleasing their giddie humor with thy long orations, was so impudent to inueigh against vs, *Pharises*, *Doctors of law*, and Rulers of the people, calling vs hypocrites? checking vs rudely for our Manners, and reproouing vs rashly for our Doctrine, neither respecting the

dignitie of our persons, nor  
dreading the force of our authori-  
tity?

Now behold, wee haue  
thee sure enough, thou canst  
not escape our hands, thou  
art bound for feare of starting,  
we are no babes, to be wonne  
with faire words. Now we  
haue thee, thou wretch, as thy  
wicked deeds haue deserued,  
such shall be thy recompence.

Wee are none of the rude  
and base multitude, thou canst  
not gull vs with thy *flattering*  
*speeches*, nor beguile vs with  
false *apparitions*.

Suppose (oh my wofull  
soule) that thou doest heare  
the cruell Iewes, *bellowing* out  
such bitter taunts against my  
*harmelesse* and *innocent Iesus*,  
in the heate of their rage, ad-  
ding more cruell deeds, to  
their cruell words, for all of  
them like mad-men rush vp-  
on him in their violent furie:

Some



Some thumpe him with their hands, some spurne him with their feete, some strike him on the neck, and as their hands were nimble to load him with blowes, so their tongues were not idle, from *rayling and reviling* him with *scornefull words*.

Oh how *wonderfully* is my Lord *derided*, how *unworthy* is hee *scorned* ! Yea, some (so barbarous was their mindes, and so brutish was their manners) to spit in his face : Who euer did see such grosse inhumanity ? who doth not abhor such *beastly incivility* ? They all strive who should doe him most hurt<sup>r</sup>, and contend one with another, to doe him most mischief, seeking by *spightfull words*, to vex his minde, and cruell blowes, to wound his body.

Oh my loving *Iesus*, how bitter are their speeches, direfully breathed out against thee ?

How terrible are their practices, so bloodily inflicted vpon thee?

Why are not my vitall spirits damped with woe? why are not mine eyes drowned in a flood of teares? and why is not my soule ouerwhelmed with the waues of sorrow, in this my sadde Meditation of thine afflictions, and deuout contemplation of thy humane miseries?

Wherefore gush forth, oh yee teares, from the inward fountaine of my heart, and ouerflow mine eies with your plentifull showres.

But art thou made of flint, Oh my hard heart, that thou doest not breake into peeces? Is thy substance of marble, that thou doest not cleane asunder, when I meditate vpon these cursed inuective reproches, and wicked deeds, done to my innocent Iesus, by the stony-

stony-hearted Iewes?

Alas for mee , a most wretched sinner , that my Lord should suffer such great and grievous affliction for my sake, and yet , that I should still remaine sencelesse in my sinnes, and haue no remorse of conscience for my hainous offences!

Haue mercy vpon mee, most mercifull Lord , because I call all these things to minde, and haue them in my meditation : but for want of true loue , I am deprived of true deuotion, and my hard heart is without all sense of sorrowfull contrition. Therefore wound my heart , my loving Iesus, that I may be grieved with thee , and suffer for thee , that thou maist vouchsafe to shew me mercy , and that I may with more boldnesse approach vnto thy Maiestie. Thou wert humbled,  
and

and I disdained my brethren with pride : Thou wert *pinched* with hunger, and I surfeit with *abundance* : thou wert afflicted with *torments*, and I spend my dayes in *wanton pleasure*. Thou didst weepe, to thinke vpon the wofull *destruction* of *Ierusalem*, but I am not touched with any tender affection of mercy, when I see thousands oppressed with *misericordie*.

I can finde no place, my sweet Iesu, to hide my face from *confusion*. I can finde no remedie for my *deadly malady*, but in the vertue of thy comfortable mercy.

Oh cure my disease with this excellent *medicine*, and salve all my wounds with this precious *Balme*, that all mine affections may be so kindled with love, that I may *reioyce to suffer*, and *suffer with reioycing*, for thy sake.

name, who wert content to  
bee scorned and scourged, to  
be accounted as an abiect a-  
mongst the vile and wicked,  
that I might be raised out  
of the pit of *endlesse miserie*,  
to be *exalted* for ever with  
thee, in the Pallace of *eternall  
glorie*.

A Meditation how *Peter* denied his Master three times in the house of *Cayphas*, and of his weeping for the same.

## M E D. X.

John  
13.17

Luk 22  
60, 61.

Mark.  
14.72.

Mat.  
26.75.

*Trembling with feare, caus'd by  
a silly Maid;*

*Once, twice, yea thrice, Saint Pe-  
ter doth deny*

*His blessed Lord: 'Remembering  
what Christ said,*

*Goes forth, repents, and weeps most  
bitterly.*

**N**OW let vs cease a while to meditate on my Sauiour, and consider how *Peter* carried himselfe in the afflictions of his Master.

He was loth to leaue him, because he did loue him, and therefore although at the first hee fled, yet hee returned  
again.



again with the other Disciple, who by friendship brought him into the Palace of the high Priest: and as Peter stood there by the fire, a maide looked vpon him, and said to them that were by, *This man also was with Iesus of Nazareth.* But Peter, who not long before had made such great brags of his loue, was now so daunted with feare, that he flatly denied his seruice, saying, *I know not the man.* And a little after, another said vnto him, *Art not thou also one of his Disciples?*

So that now Peter was not content simply to deny him, but hee beganne earnestly to forswear him.

Now within a while after, another came and said, *Verily, thou art one of them.* And then Peter began to curse and sweare, saying: *I know not the man whom thou speakest of, and*  
imme-

*immediately the Cocke crew. And the Lord who stood not far off in the hands of the wicked, looked backe vpon Peter, not refusing faint-hearted Peter to be his seruant, although he had denied, and abiured him for his Malter.*

*Then Peter remembred the words which Iesus had spoken to him, and he went out and wept bitterly, Mat. 26.*

Now let vs seriously meditate on the frailty of Peter, that seeing so stout a Souldier so soone daunted with feare, we may take heed, not to presume too much vpon our owne weakenesse, lest we play the cowards, and start backe as he did, when wee are put to our treall.

Consider (oh my soule) the fernency of his loue, and greatnesse of his feare, the willingnesse of his minde, end weakenesse of his might.

I dare not say but that *Perter* did loue his Lord, and was sorry for the distressed estate of his Master, although his heart fainted, & his stomacke failed in the time of danger: hee thought hee should haue beene able to haue performed in deeds, that which he had so boldly boasted in words: but alas, hee did not know his owne imbecillity, his eyes were blinded, that hee could not see his owne infirmity: the spirit indeede was willing, but the flesh was weak.

He began to shew some courage when he drew his sword, and cut off *Malchus* his eare, but alas, it was soone abated, and he fled from his Master, when hee saw him in the hands of his enemies, and surprized by his cruell foes. And albeit hee was so bold-spirited then, that hee durst

durst resist a multitude of men, yet hee was so timorous now, that being terrified with the voyce of a Maide, hee did renounce his gracious LORD, and flatly denie his louing Master: so soone were his boasting words turned into cowardly deeds, and the professed constancy of his loue found most inconstant in the of daytryall.

So we may note, that *Peter* presumed hee was able to haue done great exploits while hee was with Iesus, but we see the vigor of his courage was soone diminished, and the heate of his loue cooled, when hee was separated from his Lord Iesus: so long as he did enioy peaceably his blessed society, so long he dreaded no danger, he lived in security. In time of peace, he thought of no war: In time of calme weather, he feared

no suddaine storme: But when he entred into the house of the high Priest, where hee saw his poore Master spitefully derided, mocked, and cruelly scourged, then his courage was cooled, his haughtie words proued no deeds, and hee became a starke coward.

Learne thou also (oh my soule) by the example of *Peter*, to loue thy Lord Iesus, but so to lone him, that no affliction or calamity may compell thee to leaue him. But say with the Apostle, *Who shall separate me from the lone of Christ? shall tribulation or anguish? shall persecution or hunger? I am ready not onely to be bound, but also to die in Hierusalem for the name of the Lord Iesus.* Learne likewise by the example of *Peter*, not fondly to vaunt of thine owne courage, or to boast of thy strength: let the remembrance of his fall



fall, be as a bridle, to reſtraine thee from running headlong into the like fault.

Say not in the prosperous time of thine *abundance* (when all things ſucceede happily according to thy wiſh, and nothing falleth out contrarie to thy deſire) *I ſhall neuer be moued*, leſt afterward thou bee conſtrayned to change thy note, weeping with bitter teares for thy folly, and lamenting for thy *preſumption*, with ſorrowfull ſighs: ſaying, *Thou didſt turne away thy face from mee, and I was troubled.*

Teach me, oh Lord, to know mine owne weakeneſſe: open the eies of my vnderſtanding, that I may ſee the *frailtie* of my *fleſh*, and *fickleneſſe* of my minde, when any cloud of perſecution doth appeare over my head, or any dread of future affliction trouble my heart.



I often presume with *Peter*, that I could goe to prison with thee, abide any torment for thy sake, yea lose my life for thy loue, my louing Sauiour: but (alas) I see by the frailty of thy beloued Disciple, that I should proue but a dastard, when I come to fight thy battell, and begin to seeke some *conestare*; to hide my head from danger.

For how can I boast of my *valour*, or bragge of my manhood, when as one of thy stoutest Souldiers, who had beene so long trained vp vnder thee, and had receiued so many encouragemēt by thee, began to faint, at the word of so weake an enemy, that hee did deny the seruice of so good a Master, onely for feare, before he felt the bitterness of affliction? What is man, that hee may boast of his strength, or be proud of his

his vertue, when the best is so vnable to performe a good action, that he is altogether vnable to conceiue a good motion?

Lighten thou (oh my gracious Lord) my darke and obscure vnderstanding, that I may not fondly runne into the snares of temptation, through a vaine confidence of my owne power, or through a fond presumption of my owne strength, seeing I am so weake, that I cannot conceiue any good thought in my heart, nor doe any good deede with my hands, vnlesse thy diuine grace doe gouerne mine affections, and direct the course of my actions. But oh my most mercifull Sauiour, although the a'lurements of the flattering world should so intice me, the pleasures of the wanton flesh so ouercome mee, and the feare of perse-  
cution

cution so terrifie me, that I should be ashamed of thy livery, and denie so gracious a Lord : yet vouchsafe, oh my sweet Iesu, to turne thy favourable eies towards mee, that my faith may not vtterly faile, though it begin to quaille, and that thou wilt neuer leave mee when I begin to shrinke from thee. Oh let me not presume of thy loue, nor despaire of thy mercy.

Let remembrance of thy words wound my heart, and awake my sleepe conscience, that my soule may be cast downe with true sorrow, and that I may weepe, yea weepe bitterly with sorrowfull *Peter*. Luk. 22. 62. for my sinnes, that I may be made partaker of the benefit of thy comfortable mercie, and obtaine remission of my gricuous transgressions, by true Repentance as he did.

Thou

Thou hast left this example of the fall of thy louing Disciple, recorded in thy holy word, not to animate vs to commit the sinne of presumption, but to comfort vs, that wee runne not into the pit of wofull desperation, when wee are ouertaken with the like fault, and haue committed the like folly: therefore teach me (oh Lord) so to presume of thy mercy., that I may alwaies stand in awe of thy Iustice.

I am not assured that thou wilt turne thine eies, towards mee, as thou didst towards him, so that my heart may be smitten with sorrow, and mine eies streame forth bitter teares of true Repentance, and that thou wilt receiue me into thy blessed seruice againe, as thou didst him, after I haue denied thee to be my Lord and Master.

It

It was thy free mercy to afford vnto him such an vn-  
speakeable grace of thy ex-  
traordinary loue : he could  
pleade no worthinesse of  
words, nor merit of workes  
to deserue thy fauour.

But (oh most gracious Lord)  
if my guiltie conscience doe at  
any time tell mee that I haue  
or doe commit the same of-  
fence, yet vouchsafe, that I  
may resort to the euerlasting  
fountaine of thy plentifull  
mercy, that there my thirsty  
soule may bee refreshed with  
the sweet waters of com-  
fort, so that it may neither  
be drowned in the Sea of  
excessiue sorrow, nor woun-  
ded with the Darts of curelesse  
despaire.

Now consider thou, (oh  
my soule) the place where  
*Peter* was, and the conditions  
of the people who were with  
him, when hee made such a

K

feare-

tearefull defection from his gracious Lord, and failed in his loue towards his kinde and louing Master: He was in the Palace of the high Priest, *who sate in conncell* with the *Scribes and Pharises*, against the Lord and his Anointed, amongst a wicked crew of these cruell Ministers, whose mindes were incensed with furie, and hands armed with cruelty, to torment my innocent Sauour.

Marke how soone he was infected by their wicked manners, how soone his soule was corrupted with their naughty conditions: for now he began to protest with swearing, and to affirme with cursing, that he knew not his louing Master, to whom not long before, hee had made a solemne vow, not onely to forgoe his liberty, for his cause, but also to lose his life



life for his sake, *Luke 22.*

33.

Oh fearefull downfall of  
so great an Apostle ! for if his  
louing Master, and mercifull  
Saviour, had not beene more  
constant towards him in his  
loue, and tenderly compassi-  
onate towards him by his  
mercie, hee had neuer recou-  
ered himselfe, but had perished  
for euer

*No man can touch Pitch, but  
hee shall be defiled : no man can  
tread upon thornes with bare foete,  
but hee shall be pricked, nor any  
man hold his hands amongst fie-  
rie coales, but they will be burned.*  
Euen so, no man can remaine  
amongst lewd persons, and  
conuerie in the company of  
the wicked, but his minde  
shall be stained with the spots  
of impietie : his conscience  
wounded with the thornes  
of sinne, and his soule made  
loathsome with the botches.

K 2

and

and blaines of iniquitie.

But so soone as my beloved Iesus had turned his eies towards *Peter*, and with his lookes had awakened his *drowzy memory*, then perplexed *Peter* remembred the words of his Master, so that his heart being surcharged with sorrow, and his eyes flowing with teares, he left that wicked companie, and went out & wept: yea he wept bitterly, *Luk. 22.62. Teach me, oh Lord, to leaue the dangerous societie of the wicked: neither let mee desire, or delight to dwell in the Tents of the vngodly: Let mee also learne, by the example of thy sorrowfull Disciple, to goe into some secret place, and with-draw my selfe from the people, when I call my selfe to reckning for my transgressions, (but alas, I am negligent in casting vp this account) and begin to sorrow for my sinnes,*  
and

and to shed teares for my  
grievous offences, that all im-  
pediments may be remoued  
from mine eies, and as much  
as is possible, all vaine and  
wicked cogitations out of  
my heart, when I come be-  
fore thy presence (oh Lord)  
to prostrate my selfe before  
thee, in submissiue humility,  
desiring thee to passe ouer  
mine offences, and to forgiue  
me my sinnes, through thy in-  
finite mercy.

Then (oh my good Lord)  
so deeply wound my con-  
science with horror of my  
detestable sinnes, that I may  
offer vp a broken and con-  
trite heart vnto thee, because  
thou art alwaies well plea-  
sed with such a Sacrifice,  
and it sendeth vp a sweet fa-  
uour into thy nolethrills.

Now consider (oh my soule)  
that as the trespasse of *Peters*  
deniall was great, so his sor-

row was grieuous : as the remembrance of his fall was *seare*, so the streames of his *teares* were bitter : yet they were not so bitter vnto him for feare of punishment, as they were bitter, because hee had denied so sweet and so louing a Master : the remembrance of his horrible ingratitude, was more bitter vnto him then gall, and more vnpleasant then wormewood: his *teares* were bitter vnto him, in respect of his presumption, who promised so much, & performed so little: & they were bitter vnto him, when he thought vpon the sweet loue of his Master, and the great benefits hee had receiued of him.

And yet their bitternesse was mixed with sweetnesse, because they were signes of his hearty sorrow, & tokens of his true repentance, *for where*

*true repentance goeth before, remission of sinnes alwaies followeth after, Exa. 33. 19.*

Thou seest also, that the lookes of the Lord did draw out teares from PETERS eies; Neither is it any wonder: for the eies of the Lord were as a flame of fire, and the eies of *Peter* as Ice, which began to melt into teares, by the influence of their heat, as true tokens of his sorrowfull, relenting, and penitent heart.

Oh happie are thine eies, my blessed Sauour, which doe so warme the coldnesse of our hearts, that they may bee able to haue some sence of thy loue, and doe so illuminate our dimme vnderstanding, that we may see our errors, and seeing, may sigh and weepe for our transgressions. Oh how soone doe they dissolue the Ice, and melt

the frost of our hard hearts,  
and turne it into the waters  
of bitter lamentation, and sor-  
rowfull deuotion!

Oh my most bountifull  
Iesu! Oh my most mercifull  
Lord, haue mercy vpon mee,  
pitty my wofull case, shut  
not the doore of thy com-  
passion against mee, oh let me  
taste of the sweetnesse of thy  
wonted clemency, which  
haue so often, so stubbornly  
renounced thee, through the  
pecuissnes of my will, so of-  
ten denied thee by my wic-  
ked words, and most often for-  
sworne thee by my wretched  
deeds.

Haue mercy vpon me, oh  
my most sweet Iesus, let the  
beames of thine eyes make  
their reflection towards mee,  
that mine eyes may melt in-  
to teares, as the rocke did gush  
forth water, when Moses smote  
it with his rod, Exod. 17.5. that



I may weepe for my finnes,  
and bewaile my transgressi-  
ons, which haue so often re-  
fused thy seruice, because I  
was loth to leaue the vani-  
ties of the wicked world; or  
to forsake the pleasures of the  
wanton flesh.

Heale mee (oh Lord) for I  
am full of sores, and my bones  
doe rot away with corrupti-  
on. Stay me vp (oh Lord)  
when my feete begin to slide,  
and lift me vp when I am  
downe : vnlesse thou support  
mee, I cannot but slide, and  
vnlesse thou doe lift me vp,  
I cannot rise againe when I  
doe fall : I can doe nothing  
without thee, thou onely doest  
heale those that are bruised,  
and thou alone doest raise  
them vp that are fallen.

Therefore looke towards  
mee, and haue mercy vpon  
mee, for I am desolate and  
poore.

Neither turne away thy face from me, but let thine eyes be fixed vpon me. If thou wilt vouchsafe (oh my most kinde and louing Lord) to shew me this mercy, and to regard the wofull estate of mee a most wretched creature; then, oh Lord, I shall call my transgressions to remembrance, and mourne for my grievous offences that I haue committed against thee.

Raile mee vp (oh Lord) out of my dead sleepe of carelesse security, as thou didst *Lazarus* out of his graue, *Iohn* 11. 43, 44. open the eyes of my vnderstanding, that I may see to tread in the paths of thy commandements.

Be thou as a strong Pillar, to support and stay me in my weakenesse, for I am so feeble, that I cannot stand without thy helpe, and euery moment I shall be ouerwhelmed,  
vnlesse

vnlesse thy strong hand doe support me.

Let thy eyes (oh my louing I E S V S) be euermore turned towards mee, that I may euery day returne vnto thee, by true and hearty repentance, sorrowing for my sinnes that are past, and endeououring by thy grace to take better heed to my waies in time to come, so that I may doe that which is agreeable to thy sacred law, and acceptable to thy holy will.

Oh my G O D, let thy seruant *Peter* his falling, put me in continuall minde to take heed to mine owne standing, and his Repentance, arme me with strong confidence in thy mercie, against desperation.  
A M E N.

A Meditation, how Iesus was  
sent unto Pilate.

M E D. X. I.

Math.  
27.2.

*Like an offender Iesus Christ  
is bound,*

Mark.  
15.1.

*And sent to Pilate: Pilate doth  
confesse*

Math.  
27.14.

*That Christ is guiltles: Nothing  
could be found,*

Luk.  
23.14.

*To proue that Christ, their law  
did erre transgresse.*

**N**OW let vs returne from  
weeping *Peter*, to medi-  
tate vpon my louing Iesus,  
who remained all night in  
the house of *Cayphas*, where  
hee was scorned with oppro-  
brious words, and buffeted and  
beaten with cruell blowes, no  
man spake in his cause, no  
man pleaded his case, hee  
sustained their iniuries with  
mecke-

meekenesse, hee did beare their intolerable reproches with mildnesse.

Now in the morning, my innocent Iesus was brought before the high Priest and others, who sat in counsell, to examine him as a pernicious traytor, not worthy to liue, but worthe of a most cruell death.

And after they had reuierled him with proud words, and haled him to and fro with cruell hands, they cryed out in their madnes, and roared out in their fury, He is worthe of death, let him be led bound vnto Pilate, that hee may pronounce iudgement against him, to die a most shamefull and cruell death.

Oh how was my sweet Sauiour molested for my sake I how was his soule afflicted for my finnes I I was the cause that thou wert conuented before the Councell of the high Priest, and my finnes did send thee to Pilate.

Oh

Oh let mee weepe in the morning when I awake out of sleepe, and make my bed to swimme with teares, when I lie downe to rest, because I haue beene delighted with that, as my chiefest felicity, which caused thee to abide the bitterness of all their crueltie, and will be the cause of mine owne endlesse misery, vnlesse my wounds be healed, and my sores salued with the precious balme of thy sauing mercie.

Teach me, oh Lord, to suffer any affliction for thy sake, with alacritie, and to sustaine the malice of persecution with cheerefull humillity, which shall be by Satan raised against me, or by his instruments inflicted vpon me for thy cause.

Let the patterne of thy perfect humility, be alwaies placed before mine eyes, let the  
memory



memory of thy patience, neuer depart out of my minde. Oh ye wicked Iewes ! Oh ye false accusers ! Oh ye lying calumniators ! Oh ye periured wretches ! How maliciously, how vniustly, how spitefully, how impudently doe yee accuse my Lord ? Ye raile vpon him, as if hee were a most damnable traitor ; ye reuile and curse him, as if hee had complotted some horrible treason, or inuented some notable mischiefe, when as his hands were neuer stained with any euill action, nor his heart tainted with any wicked cogitation ; his words were nothing but verity and truth, and there was no guile to be found in his mouth : who alone is good, the Author of goodnesse, and the Fountaine of euerlasting happinesse.

Tell mee, ye deceitfull and spitefull accusers, what euill  
hath

hath he done ? what wicked  
deed hath he committed ?  
Enquire of them whom hee  
deliuered from the vncleane  
spirits wherewith they were  
miserably tormented ? Aske  
the blinde whom hee had  
madeto see ? Demand of the  
deafe whom hee made to  
heare ? Aske the Leapers  
whom he censed, and the  
dead persons whom hee re-  
uiued ? let them answere your  
false accusations, and ouer-  
throw the forged testimonies  
of your criminall obiections ?  
Are ye so wilfull that ye will  
not acknowledge his mercie ?  
are ye so blinde that ye can-  
not see his miracles ? If an  
vngodly man can per-  
forme such mercifull deedes ;  
then you may iustly accuse  
him as a wicked doer, and  
condemne him as a dangerous  
malefactor. Thou seest my  
soule, what cause thou hast  
to

to water thy cheekes with continuall teares, and to ouerwhelme thy heart in deepe streames of wofull sorrow, when thou dost thinke vpon the afflictions of thy blessed Saviour, and meditate on the cursed torments executed by the cruell Jewes against thy innocent Iesus.

Was there euer any Traytor so execrable to men for his bloody deedes? or any vile wretch so odious for his vicious life, which sustained so many opprobrious words, scornfull derisions, bitter taunts, and grievous torments, as the furious Jewes inflicted vpon my mercifull Iesus?

Oh my blessed Saviour and louing Redeemer, what did moue thee to sustaine such a heauie burthen of afflictions? what was the cause that thou didst submit thy selfe to so many miseries? I know my  
most

most gracious Lord, it did flow from the fountaine of thy vnmeasurable loue, in tending the wofull estate of me a most wretched sinner: and because thou wert moued with the bowels of compassion towards me, a most forlorne and miserable creature:

Thy exceeding loue was the cause of thy admirable humilicity; and thy vnspeakeable mercy, the soueraigne medicine to cure my misery: Therefore grant mee, my humble and lowly Iesus, which am thy poore and most vnworthy seruant, that I may suffer any contempt with humility for thy cause, and endure any vile reproach with alacritie for thy sake, esteeming it my chiefest honour to bee scorned for thy loue, and accounting my selfe most happy, when I suffer any

any persecution for thy holy name.

Possesse my heart with true humility, that my thoughts may not thirst after vaine glory, nor mine affections hunt after worldly honour. For I know (oh Lord) that thou doest resist the proud, and that thou giuest grace to the humble: *Iames 4.6. Pro. 15.25.* and I know (oh Lord) that hee which desireth to ascend to the place of euerlasting glorie, must ascend vnto it by the steppes of humility; Therefore thou (which art onely able) teach mee that I may be truly humbled, so that my minde may not swell with pride in time of my prosperity, nor any ambitious thoughts find any harbour in my heart in the time of my peaccable tranquillity, that I may sing with the sweete Singer *Dauid*, *It is good for me*  
*that*

that thou hast humbled me. And  
that I may more easily learne  
to leuell my thoughts by the  
rule of humility, inflame my  
heart with thy loue, for if my  
heart be incensed and kindled  
with thy loue, my desires  
will be ready to performe thy  
will, and I shall be chearfull  
to walke in thy wayes, which  
doest teach mee to be lowly  
in minde, and humble in  
heart.



A Meditation how *Pilate* caused Iesus to be scourged, and how afterward he pronounced sentence of death against him.

## M E D. XII.

*Though Pilates mouth did  
Iesus iustifie,*

*And Pilates wife the like did  
testifie,*

*Yet scourg'd he is: therewith not  
pleas'd, they crie :*

*His blood on vs and ours,  
him crucifie.*

Luk. 23.  
4. 14.

Math.  
27. 19.

Mat.  
15. 15.

Mat.  
27. 25.

**W**HEN *P I L A T E* had strictly examined my innocent Iesus, and could finde no cause why the cruell Iewes should so grievously accuse him, but knew that they had deliuered him for enuie, and did spite him for malice: he was willing to haue set Iesus at liberty, but the furious Iewes

Iewes did so greedily thirst after his innocent blood, and so eagerly desired to haue him put to a shamefull death, that they cried out in a rage, and exclaimed in their fury : Set *Barabbas* at liberty, & crucifie Iesus.

But when *Pilate* perceiued that nothing could calme the storme of their rage, and re-  
presse the violence of their madnesse, but effusion of his innocent blood, then he commanded that my harmelesse Iesus should be cruelly scourged, thinking that the streams of bloud running downe from his sacred body, would haue allaid the heat of their malice, and quenched the flame of their fury. But alas, it was his life that they onely sought : nothing but his innocent death could satisfie their bloody mindes : yea, nothing but cruell death could tame their brutish rage, *Matb. 26.*

But

But stay here, my soule,  
that thou maiest reuiew a-  
gaine thy innocent Iesus, ac-  
cused vniustly, reuiled mali-  
ciously, spitefully scorned,  
and cruelly scourged by the  
commandement of *Pilate*:  
they crowned his head scorne-  
fully with pricking Thornes,  
and did teare his tender flesh  
with their cruell whips. Oh  
my most louing Lord I oh my  
most mercifull Iesus I mollifie  
my hard heart, that it may be  
wholy dissolued into streames  
of sorrow, with the memory  
of thy bitter scourging, & that  
my soule may be moued,  
so that it may send forth  
deepe groanes at the medi-  
tation of thine affliction. Grant  
me, oh my most mercifull  
LORD, that my thoughts  
and affections may be so se-  
riously affected with the re-  
membrance of thy tedious  
Passion, that my senses may  
be

be made partakers of thy  
griuous paines, for I my selfe,  
inost louing Lord, am nothing  
able to performe that indeed,  
which I doe desire, and con-  
ceiue in my minde.

I doe oftentimes purpose  
with my selfe to meditate on  
thy Passion, and to thinke se-  
riously vpon thine affliction,  
and to ruminare in my secret  
thoughts, what *ignominious* cru-  
elty was acted against thee, whe  
thou didst finish the worke  
of my redemption: But (alas)  
my senses are replenished  
with such stupidity and dul-  
nesse, that I am not touched  
with any sensible compassion,  
because my vnderstanding is  
distempred with vaine and  
fond cogitations, and my  
heart is become so hard, that  
it is vnapt to conceiue any  
tender affection, while I me-  
ditate vpon the griuous  
paines, and muse on the  
great

great afflictions which thou  
didst sustaine, and patiently  
endure to satisfie the wrath  
of thy Father, due vnto mee  
for my sinnes. I cannot taste  
the sweetnesse, I cannot relish  
the goodnesse of thy passion,  
because the matter is tedious  
to my corrupted thoughts,  
and vnpleasant to my carnall  
desires. For so vnconstant  
and instable is my heart, so  
mutable and variable are the  
motions of my minde, that  
they are both soone distract-  
ed, alienated & diuorced from  
that heauenly meditation by  
swarmes of idle fantasies, and  
foolish cogitations. But from  
whence, oh Lord, doe these  
noysome weeds grow vp in  
my heart? How is it that they  
finde such a fertile soile in  
my minde? truely, because  
my heart is not planted with  
thy loue, nor my minde fur-  
nished with thy graces. For

I can neuer haue my fill of those things wherein I take too much delight: my minde cannot be drawne from their societie, because they haue wonne my fauour, and haue gotten my loue. Wherefore, oh my most mercifull Iesus, because I loue thee so little, & dote vpon worldly vanities so much, my heart slideth away from thee, and mine affections are diuerted from thee; and I know, oh Lord, how prone and ready I am to consent to euery wicked motion, and how impotent and feeble I am, to goe about any good action.

Therefore I pray thee, not to correct me in thy wrath, nor to proceed against mee with seuerity of thy Iustice, but to haue pittie on me a most miserable sinner, and to confirme my vnconstant heart with a stedfast delight in thy loue,



loue, and to establish my wandering minde, according to the multitude of thy mercies: so that no pleasure, be it neuer so sweet, may be able to allure me to leaue thy blessed loue: nor any tribulation, be it neuer so bitter, constrain me to forsake thy happie seruice: driue all idle cares out of my minde, and purge all corrupt thoughts out of my heart, and draw me wholly vnto thee, that I may remember with a deuout compassion, and call to minde with a serious meditation, how many, what great and grievous torments, what scornfull derisions thou didst suffer in thy most precious bodie, by the commandement of *Pontius Pilate*, who contrary to the equitie of thy cause, and testimony of his owne conscience, *Iob. 19. 4.* commanded thee to be scourged without all

pittie, when as he himselfe  
with his owne words had in-  
tified thy innocency!

Oh what a flood of teares  
should streame from mine  
eyes, what *groanes* and sor-  
rowfull *sighes* should arise  
from the depth of my heart?  
How should all my senses be  
ouerwhelmed with a sea of  
sorrow, when I meditate on  
the *flintie* hearts and cruell  
hands of those tormentors,  
who scourged my louing Re-  
deemer?

My heart cannot conceiue  
the *outrage* of their *tyranny*:  
my tongue is too weake to  
expresse their barbarous in-  
humanity: Who were as ea-  
ger to lay *violent bands* vpon  
my poore Iesus, as *ravenous*  
*Wolues* are greedy to deuoure  
a tender Lambe, or *hungry*  
Lyons to *seaze* vpon their  
prey.

They make haste to vnbinde  
his

his armes, and to vntie his hands, but it was not done to release him of his cruell bands, or to affoord him any little ease: but that they might strip him of his garments, to scourge his naked body with their tormenting whips, and to make his veines spout out bloud with their cruell stripes.

Ah *rashfull* spectacle to *pittifull* eies, and able to haue made a *deepe* impression of *tender* compassion in their hearts; if they had not beene more hard then Marble! What *savage thoughts* ranged in their murdering mindes? What *monstrous indignitie* was done vnto my louing Redeemer, to be stripped of his garments, and to stand naked before such vile and base vassals, who cloathed the Heauens with exceeding glorie, and adorned the earth with

admirable beautie?

Now, when they had stripped him of his cloathes, they bound him to a piller, to endure their cruell stripes, hauing banished pietie from their hearts, and imbraced cruelty with their hands: sometime they lash him on the backe, sometime they scourge him on the brest: Now they let their smarting whips flie on his shoulders, anon they strike him on his armes: they suffer no part of his body to bee free from blowes, and they grieve his righteous soule with bitter words, whilest yet they are executing their cruell deeds.

But what Tygers heart harboured in their brest (oh my innocent Saviour) which robbed them of grace, and they disrobed thee of thy cloathes? What hellish furie armed their hands which bound thee

thee to a piller, and scourged thy blessed body ? how exceeding execrable is their sauage crueltie ? How rare and admirable is thy silent patience ? It was I, it was I, oh my most sweet Iesu, which deserved to bee scourged with the whips of euerlasting torments.

And thou, my most mercifull Sauour, looking vpon my miserable, wofull and distressed estate, with thine eye of pittie, wert willing to be scourged for me a most wretched sinner, and being innocent, to suffer for mine offences, that the streames of thy precious bloud, might wash away the filthy staines of my hainous finnes : Alas, how is the wonderfull glorie, oh my most sweet Lord, of thy *superexcellent beauty*, decayed ? how is the gracefull *decency* of thy *amiable feature* diminished ?

minished ? And how much is the *delighted comelinesse* of thy most sacred body disgraced ? Oh let mine eies send forth a sea of teares, and let my perplexed heart breake into pieces with exceeding sorrow, to see my beloued Saviour stained with his owne blood, and Leopard-like bespotted with deformitie, who did farre excell all the sonnes of men with his glorious beautie.

Now thou seest, oh my soule, how the snow-white skin of the body of thy Saviour, is changed into a *bloody tincture* : Thou maist see, and sigh when thou seest, how his tender flesh is made blacke and blue with the cruell blowes which cruell tormenters inflicted vpon him, whose *stony hearts* had no sense of his *griuous paines*, when they saw with their eies (and yet alas they would

not



not pittie his wofull case)  
how the blood ran out of his  
veines, as water floweth out  
of a fountaine.

Mourne and lament, oh  
my soule, send forth deepe  
*groanes* and *sorrowfull sighes* at  
so pittifull a sight. For now  
thou canst not say, *My beloved*  
*is white and ruddy*, Cant. 1.14.  
as sometimes thou mightest:  
But rather say, *My beloved is*  
*blacke and blue*, his precious  
blood gushing out of his  
veines, and his tender flesh  
mangled with grieuous  
wounds.

Who is so *cruelly minded*, and  
so *stony-hearted*, which cannot  
be moued to shead plentifull  
teares, when he vieweth my  
sweet Sauour Iesus so *sanagely*  
*abused* without any pittie, and  
so *piteously* *taunted*, and malici-  
ously tormented without any  
mercie?

Now when those cursed

Tormentors had almost *tired* their hands, but yet not *tamed* the *cruelty* of their hearts, they cloath him with a vesture of purple colour, set a crowne of sharpe thornes on his head, and put a Reed for a Scepter into his hands, calling him King in derision with their blasphemous mouthes, whom they accounted more base then the meanest abiect in all the world, *Mat. 27. 2.* Is it possible for thee, my sorrowfull soule, to keepe backe the tide of thy streaming teares, when thou dost meditate in thy perplexed minde, and as it were, view within thy *secret thoughts*, how cruelly thy harmelesse Saviour was tortured by those bloody tormentors: how spitefully he was *tanned*, and shamefully mocked by those blasphemous wretches?

There was no man, oh my sweet

sweet Iesu, that did afford thee so much as a signe of pittie in thy greatest paines: thou mightest not haue a Chirurgion to stanch thy bleeding wounds; no man sought to ease thy smart, nor to bathe thy scourged body: no man offered thee a cup of water to refresh thy fainting spirits.

Oh let showres of teares trickle downe my cheekes, & let a sea of sorrow ouer-flow my heart, when I enter into a serious meditation of the grievous paines, derisions, and afflictions, which my innocent Redeemer patiently endured. Oh the let mine eyes send forth a flood of teares, because my mercifull and louing Iesus suffered all these *intolerable extremities* for mee, a most wretched sinner, that he might pay the price of my *redemption*, & deliuer my soule from *enerlasting captiuitie*!

Oh

Oh how should I, my bountifull Iesu, sound the bottomlesse profundity of thy vnspokeable mercy?

And how can I search the endlesse depth of mine owne wretched misery?

Touch my heart, oh Lord, by the vertue of thy holy spirit, and teach me by the sacred documents of thine vnsearchable wisdom, so that the affections of my heart may be faithfully aliased, and for euer affixed vnto thy inmeasurable loue, and my minde euermore imployed in the diuine meditation of thy holy law.

Instruct mee to lay vp in the store-house of my perpetual memorie, how many, how great and gricuous paines thou hast endured for me. What should I render vnto thee in requitall of thine immeasurable loue? How should

I be able to demean my selfe  
thankefully vnto thee, when  
of my selfe I am so vile a crea-  
ture, that I cannot thinke du-  
tifully of thee? Wherefore  
open mine eyes (oh my sweet  
Iesu) that I may see the in-  
estimable riches of thy *boun-*  
*ties*.

Infuse thy working grace  
into my vnderstanding, that  
I may know and acknowledge  
the greatnesse of thy loue,  
and goodnesse of thy graci-  
ous benefits. Grant mee such  
a portion of thy grace, that  
in the *highest degree* of my *pro-*  
*spérité*, I may meditate on thy  
pouertie, so that my minde  
may be brideled from *ambi-*  
*tious* thoughts, and my acti-  
ons neuer transgresse the  
bounds of moderate humili-  
ty.

And when I decke my bo-  
dy with costly attire, let me  
thinke of thy nakednesse, that  
it

it may asswage my swelling pride, and induce me to abate somewhat of my *superfluitie*, to cloath and relieue my poore brethren in their naked necessity.

And when my Table is furnished with delicate meates, and my cup filled with delicious wine, then, oh my louing Sauour, let me remember thy hunger. Oh let me not forget thy thirst, that I may be sober in my diet, and temperate in my drinke, and remember to refresh poore hungry *Lazarus*, when he lieth crying and crauing at my gate.

When I enioy my libertie, let me thinke of thine imprisonment, that I may not let mine affections runne ryot, but tame their wilde motions, before they breake forth into desperate actions. Let not worldly pleasure haue such



such soueraigne dominion  
ouer my peaccable thoughts,  
but that I may alwaies haue  
some taste of the paines which  
thou didst suffer for my sinnes.  
with patience, and sustaine  
for my transgressions with  
silence.

Lastly, let me neuer despaire  
of thy potent mercy, though  
by my owne merit I finde I  
haue deserued nothing else  
but hell and damnation. Now  
that this blessed worke of  
thine excellent goodnesse (oh  
my gracious Lord) may be ef-  
fected in mee, make a deepe  
impression of thy loue in my  
bowels, and ingraue the  
true character of thy kind-  
nesse on my heart, so that no-  
thing may please my taste,  
nothing breed my delight,  
nothing affect my desires,  
but onely thou my King and  
God, my Sauour and my Re-  
deemer. Kindle the fire of  
thy

thy loue within my bones,  
that my ardent zeale may ne-  
uer be quenched towards my  
beloued Lord Iesus, who  
did willingly abide the curse,  
and die on the crosse to pay  
my debt, and to deliuer my  
soule out of the prison of eter-  
nall death.

But stay not here, my soule,  
turne thine eies toward thine  
afflicted Iesus, view him  
harmelesse and innocent, and  
see in what scornfull habit  
iniurious *Pilate* doth present  
him to the bloudy-minded  
Iewes: his body is arraied  
in a robe of purple: his  
cheekes bedewed with blood,  
running out of the veines of  
his head, wounded with a  
Crowne of sharpe thornes: A  
ruthful spectacle, which might  
haue made their stonie-hearts  
haue melted with compassion-  
ate pittie.

But (alas) what can mollifie  
those

those hearts which are full  
fraughted with cruelty? think,  
oh my soule, thou doest heare  
*Pilate* that vniust and wrong-  
full Iudge, uttering these or  
the like words vnto mitter-  
ring Iewes.

Behold, I bring him forth  
vnto you, that yee may know  
I can finde no cause to pro-  
nounce indgement against  
him, but because yee pretend  
some matter: Behold how I  
haue punished the man, to  
calme the tumults of your en-  
raged mindes.

Looke vpon him with your  
eyes, see how miserable, wo-  
full, base, and contemptible  
he appeareth in your sight.  
You need not stand in feare  
that he will seeke to rule ouer  
you as a King: you may see his  
power is too weake to com-  
passe a kingdome: you may  
see how bitterly hee hath  
beene scourged, scoffed at  
by

by the people, scorned of the multitude, rudely haied, and roughly handled by the Soldiers: you need not dread him as a man dangerous to the State: though he had a minde, yet he hath no might to raise vp any tempest of *sedition*: Wherefore, yee may now set him at libertie, after hee hath beene scourged, without any feare of perill, and let him goe without any dread of danger.

But consider here, my soule, that although vniust *Palate*, contrarie to equitie of law, testimony of his owne conscience, and sentence of his owne mouth, had extremely punished my louing Sauour, and had authorised his basest officers to vse him at their pleasure, and to abuse him in their iesting humour: And although their taunts were *bitter* without meane, their deri-

derisions intolerable without any sparke of modestie, and their torments excessive without measure, yet none of them, nor all of them could once delay the furie of the hasty executioner, nor allay the heat and fierie hatred of the enuious cruell Iewes, kindled in their burning breasts without cause against my innocent Iesus : but although they saw him so deformed, so ignominiously disgraced, and grievously afflicted, yet it could not satiate, no, it could not so much as slake the thirst of their bloody mindes : they were so farre transported beyond the limits of reason in their cholerick moode, and fretting without measure, to see his life prolonged the space of a moment, that they exclaimed in their madnesse, *Crucifie him, crucifie him* : his verie breath is odious vnto  
vs,



vs, *If thou let him goe, thou art  
not Cæsars friend,* Ioh. 19. 12.  
Oh ye peruerse and peetish  
nation! Oh yee wicked and  
viperous generation! was  
it not enough to haue stopped  
your clamorous mouthes, to  
haue mollified your flintie  
hearts!, and to haue stayed  
your bloudie hands, when ye  
saw my meeke and kinde  
Saviour so cruelly scourged  
currishly scorned, and pittie-  
fully tormented, as though  
he had beene a man dange-  
rous to your State, and a  
pernitious foe to your coun-  
trie?

But although all those in-  
supportable iniuries, and op-  
probrious indignities were  
contrarie to all pietie, and  
without any pittie inflicted  
vpon him, when as by the  
testimonie of Pilate, a sterne  
and severe Iudge, he was pro-  
nounced to bee innocent and  
cleare



cleare from all offences, *Iob.*  
19. 6. yet ye supposed that  
all those torments were too  
little, and nothing too much,  
which was vniultly done to  
that innocent Lambe, who  
opened not his mouth once  
to murmur or mutter against  
his cruell persecutors.

Here hast thou cause (oh  
my soule) to admire the *un-  
speakeable mildnesse* of my  
Iesus, and to stand amazed at  
the *implacable crueltie* of the  
Iewes. When *Pilate* percei-  
ued that his words could  
not *preuaile* to stake the flame  
of their enuious mindes, but  
rather added more *fuel* to  
their boyling furie, and that  
delay of his death did so *mad*,  
and vexed their *confused*  
thoughts, that they would  
not be quieted before they  
had shed his innocent blood:  
then he willing to satisfie their  
franticke humor, and to shew  
him-

himselfe a friend vnto *Cesar*, presumed against their *contradiction* and care of his owne conscience, to pronounce sentence of death, yea of a most vile and shamefull death against the innocent Lambe, my louing Lord Iesus.

Neuerthelesse hee would make a faire shew to the world, that he did *acquit* him in his heart, although hee condemned him with his mouth: *And taking water, hee washed his hands before the people, saying: I am innocent from the blood of this iustman, looke ye vnto it, Mat. 27. 24.* Then all the people cryed ont aloud with open mouthes and bloody mindes, *His blood be upon vs and our children, Mat. 27. 25.*

And indeede at last they found the wofull effect of their bloudie wish, they felt the smart of their *bloody* desire, though then in the heat of their

their furie they *dreaded* no danger, nor *dreamed* on the day of their sorrow, wherein their Cittie was filled with slaughtered bodie<sup>s</sup>, and the channels of their streets streamed with bloud. Although my tender-hearted Sauour had fore-told them of their wofull desolation, and with *weeping* teares fore-warned them of their *dolefull* destruction: but they stopped their eares, and would not heare his voice, flattering themselves in their deceitfull security, and laughed at his words in the *saire dayes* of their prosperity.

But here cease a while, my sorrowfull soule, to meditate on the *malicious madnesse* of the bloud-thirstie Iewes, whose clamorous voyces could not be pacified before the corrupted Iudge (cursed *Pilate*) had condemned my deare

deare and innocent Iesus: and consider the baineous and hatefull condition of *Pilatus* sinne, and view the wofull horreur of his wretched soule, who for feare of *Cesar*, and fauour of the people, did, contrary to the knowledge of his conscience, and custome of law, pronounce sentence of death against my poore Iesus, who neuer meant hurt, nor thought any euill.

Tell me (thou wicked Iudge) how couldest thou pretend any shadow to couer thy sinne? Where couldest thou thinke to finde a place of refuge for thy guiltie soule?

Didst thou more dread the displeasure of the people, then the *horror* of a guiltie conscience? didst thou stand in more awe of mortall men, then of the *Eternall* God? didst thou more regard to protest thy

thy selfe a friend vnto *Cesar*,  
(who although he were a  
great King, was but a feeble  
creature) than thou hadst care  
to discharge thine office to  
God, thine omnipotent Crea-  
tor?

Tell me, did not thy heart  
ake, and all thy body tremble,  
so soone as *wrongfull iudgement*  
had passed out of thy lippes  
against my innocent Saniour?  
Wert thou not tormented  
with the sting of thy wound-  
ed conscience? Or wert thou  
deprived of all thy senses, so  
soone as thou hadst vttered  
that wrongfull sentence? Thou  
didst know that the *Jews*  
had deliuered him of enuie:  
*Math. 27. 18.* and wouldst  
thou be an instrument to sa-  
tisfie their wicked malice?  
Thou wert ordained a Iudge,  
to execute iustice, and to giue  
righteous iudgement, there-  
fore how horrible was thy  
M sinne?

time? How wofull was the state of thy guiltie soule, when thou hadst condemned my innocent Iesus?

Bitter and sweet water doth not flow out of the selfe-same fountaine: yet thou (with the selfe-same mouth) didst iustifie my Sauour, as an innocent person, and by and by (with the selfe-same mouth) condemne him, as an hainous malefactor?

How odious should the crying voices of murdering Iewes haue beene to thy eares? How shouldst thou haue hated their bloody hearts, detested their vlawfull requests, and loathed their malicious desires, when they cried out vnto thee in their furie, and exclaimed in their madnes: *Let Barrabas goe free, let Barrabas goe free: Crucifie, crucifie Iesus!* Math. 27.21.

Thou knewst well enough,  
that



that wicked *Barrabas* had made an insurrection, disturbed the peace, and committed murder, and that thou couldst finde no fault, nor ferret out any offence in the life of my blessed Sauour, but that the spitefull Iewes had accused him for enuie, and sought his death, to satisfie their malice: for indeede his whole life was a Mirrour of excellent vertues, his hands were cleane from euill actions, his heart was pure from sinfull cogitations: Say thine eyes were so blinded, that thou could'st not see the *bright beames* of his Diuinity; yet thou didst see; and thy mouth did testifie, that thou didst see the *apparent Vertues* of his innocent humanity.

What did moue thee to pronounce false iudgement, to shead his innocent blood? Wert thou so fond to purchase

chase fauour of the high Priests ? Didst thou so dote after the loue of the people, whose mindes are more mutable then the winde, altering their affections euery moment, that contrarie to the sense of Law, testification of thy conscience, and approbation of thy owne words, thou wert seduced to condemne such an innocent person?

Thy wife did admonish thee that thou shouldst haue nothing to doe with that *Righteous man*, who suffered many things because of him in her sleepe, and therefore fore-warned thee by her fearefull dreame, *Math. 27. 19.*

But neither the *Cauent* of thy wife, nor the chastisement of thy owne conscience, could stay thy false iudgement, but at last the enuious Iewes had what they would at thy hands, and thou didst giue them

them thy consent, to execute  
the extreme *malice* of their  
wicked hearts.

What hadst thou gotten,  
if thou hadst gained the whole  
world, with losse of thy soule?  
Wofull is the purchase which  
is bought at so deare a rate.

Before thou wouldst vouch-  
safe to giue Iudgement  
against my harmelesse Re-  
deemer, thou didst make a  
solemnne protestation before  
the multitude, that thou  
wouldst not be guiltie with  
them in the *shedding* of his in-  
*nocent* blood, thinking by  
washing thy hands with a lit-  
tle water, to take away the  
deepe staines of thy *conscience*.  
Oh how may all the world  
wonder at thy *madnesse*? How  
may all posterities condemne  
thee of follie? Well might  
a little water cleare the *spots*  
of thy *hands*, but all the wa-  
ter in the *Ocean* could not

M 3 wash

wash away the *blots* of thy soule: Such pretty slights may passe without contradiction amongst men. but alas, they cannot blinde the all-piercing eyes of the Eternall Iudge, who knoweth the secrets of euery mans heart, searcheth the reines, and vnderstandeth all our thoughts: It was horrible *crueltie*, yea, it was a cursed deed, voyd of all common humanity, to command my Lord Iesus to be *stripped* out of his cloathes, and to haue his naked body *wounded* with stripes, when thou sawest he could not be convicted of any wicked act, nor iustly reprobued for any euill word: and to license thy lewd Officers to *gibe* at him, at their wils, and to ieast at him like a foole at their pleasure, and by a *granating* his miseries, to make themselves merrie: yet so popular was thy minde, and

and thine affections to *glowed*  
to the humor of the people,  
that when thou sawest that  
those streames of his precious  
bloud, could not extinguish  
the flame of their furie, thou  
didst *deeme* him to a most  
scandalous and *ignominious*  
death, who was honourable  
aboue all the sonnes of men  
for his righteous life, and  
declared to be faultlesse, by  
thy *voluntary* confession, after  
thy strict examination.

Oh happie are the eies of  
those that sit on the seat of  
*iudgement*, which can see the  
*deformity* of thy sinne, that  
their hearts may be replenish-  
ed with *integrity*, and their  
hands with innocencie, not  
*stained* with the spottes of *in-*  
*nocent* bloud!

Curbe thou, oh Lord, the  
furious passions of my minde,  
and *quench* the flame of *bloudy*  
wrath, when it beginneth to

be kindled in my brest, that my heart may not imagine to slay the innocent, nor my hands be defiled with their blood: Keepe me, that I walke not in the councell of the wicked, when they lay *snarcs* and digge pits for the destruction of any of thy deare children. I know, oh Lord, that I am readie euery moment to wander astray, vnlesse thou direct my feete by thy holy Spirit, and guide me in thy path, by the light of thy Word,

I confesse, my heart is tainted with *originall* vices, and my hands are stained with *actuell* offences: all my parts are defiled, yea my whole body is nothing else but a vessell full of corrupted liquor.

I am prone to commit all euill with greedinesse; But alas, I finde in my selfe not so much as a motion to doe any goodnesse.



I am forward to persecute thee, with the cruell Iewes, and to giue my consent to shed thy innocent blood, with *curfed Pilate*: yea, I daily crucifie thee by my finnes, and pierce thy blessed side, with mine iniquity: I caused thee to be *vnjustly* accused, and wrongfully condemned: Haue not my *curfed* words, and bloody oathes beene like *sharpe* speares to wound thy heart, and my *cruell* deedes, like nailes to fasten thee to the Crosse? Wherefore wound thou my heart, that I may not lie still *snorting* in the bed of carelesse *security*, and continue *senselesse* in the *lathargie* of sinne.

Purge the drosse of my vicious heart, with the fire of thy holy spirit, and purifie my corrupted cogitations, by the bright beames of thy grace.

Oh let this holy fire bee still  
burning in my brest, that it  
may consume the corruption  
of mine infectious sinne, that  
cleaueth so fast vnto my bowels!  
Bow downe thine care (oh my  
mercifull Saviour) vnto my  
humble petition, and giue a  
gracious answer to my earnest  
supplication; then I shall bee  
emboldened to come before  
thy Maiestie, and to approach  
neere vnto thy seate of mercy.  
Oh let my morning & euening  
Sacrifice of thanksgiuing  
(my louing LORD, and beaui-  
tiful Iesu) send vp a sweet sa-  
uour into thy nostrils, which  
didst suffer thy selfe to be  
scorned, scourged, & condem-  
ned by the sentence of wicked  
*Pilate*, onely for my sake, & my  
sinnes, to set my *captiue* soule at  
libertie, & with the effusion of  
thy most precious blood, to  
pay so deare a price, for the  
purchase of my *Redemption*.

Grant that the remembrance  
of such a worthy, and more  
then wonderfull benefit, may  
euermore be fresh in my me-  
morie, and laid vp as a most  
precious Iewell, in the safest  
closet of my thankfull minde.  
And at the day of thy last  
Iudgement, and generall Assi-  
ses, when thou shalt come to  
iudge the quicke and the dead,  
enter not into Iudgement with  
thy seruant, nor remember  
mine iniquities, but iudge me  
with thine elected, according  
to thy mercie, that I may pos-  
seffe the kingdome with the,  
which thou hast prepared for  
them from the beginning of  
the world. Oh let my Prayer  
come before thy presence, let  
the zeale of my heart, and *lif-  
ting vp* of my hands towards  
thy *Throne* of mercie, mooue  
thee to grant the request of  
my humble petition. Amen.

A Meditation how the Lord  
Iesus carrying his Crosse on his  
shoulders, is led to Mount Caluarie  
to be crucified, and of those things  
which happened by the way.

## M E D. XIII.

Iohn 19.

17.

Math.

27. 32.

Luk.

23. 26.

Mark.

15. 21.

Our blessed Saviour ( Christ  
the perfect gaine )

Doth beare the crosse whereon  
himselfe must die :

Simon of Cyrene sometimes  
they constraine

To doe it. So saith the Truth  
that cannot lie.

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let him denie himselfe, take  
up his Crosse, and follow me, Math.  
16. 24. Runne & make haste, oh  
my soule, at the voice of our  
most sweet Redeemer, who  
bearing his Crosse on his  
owne shoulders, Ioh. 19. 16, 17  
doth inuite thee to carrie thy  
Crosse,

Crosse, if thou desire to follow his steps. Oh how *sweet*, how *delectable*, how *delightfull* is it to carrie the Crosse after my Iesus ! His *happinesse* cannot be *vitered*, his *blesse*dnesse canct be *imagined*, which doth follow thee, my Lord Iesu, in thy *bles*-*sed* pathes : he walketh not in *darknesse*, he commerth not neere the *shadow* of death, but shall haue the *light* of life.

Comre therefore, oh my soule, let vs follow our Iesus, bearing his Crosse on his owne shoulders : let vs leaue al, and follow him with *alacrity*, let nothing stop our passage, let not any thing hinder vs in our course. Looke vpon thy Lord, thy Creator, thy Redeemer.

Consider his *tedious labour*, his *griuous afflictions*, his *intolerable torments*, all of them without any meane, none of them hauing any moderation :

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let

let thy whole minde be pondering on them, let them be the continuall matter of thy daily meditation.

Let thy heart be wounded with the sword of sorrow, and let thine eyes be drowned with a flood of teares: let thy heauie groanes and sorrowfull sighes beginne in the morning, and let them not cease in the euening: Oh let the seruencie of thy lamentation, demonstrate the burning zeale of thy compassion, which thou dost beare to mine afflicted Iesus.

Mourne with hearty contrition of heart for thine iniquities, and weepe with hearty sincerity for thy finnes, which caused thy Christ to carrie so heauie a Crosse.

Here is plentifull matter for thy meditation: heere want no *motiues* to stirre vp in thee a feeling compassion, for thou seest

seest how hee is scorned and despised, how cruelly, how curiously hee is abused by the perfidiousiewes.

Who is so obdurate in heart, or any most patient Iesus? Who hath his *afflictions* so barren of *compassion*, that hee hath no sense of sorrow, when he entreth into a *serious contemplation* of the multitude of thine *afflictions*, and meditates on the bitterness of the *passions* which thou didst suffer, to pay the ransome of our sinfull soules, and to deliver them out of the bands of *eternall captivity*?

For all the night thou wert wearied with the out-cries of contumelious tongues, and tired with the *violence* of cruel hands, hurried and haled from the Garden, where thou wert with thy loving Disciples: and although thou wert willing to goe of thy selfe, yet  
the

the churlish crew of hard-hearted Souldiers were so froward, that their sturdie hands were alwaies readie to rugge and pull thee forward, to vexe thy feeble body, and to grieue thy righteous soule. For it was their solace to procure thy sorrow, it was their pleasure to augment thy paine, and they thought euery moment a moneth before they did present thee to *Annas*, where thou wert rebuked with taunting checkes, and buffeted with vngente blowes on thy tender cheekes, and after that thou hadst with exceeding patience, endured the bitter tempest of their furie, they brought thee from thence to the house of *Caiphas*, there to abide another storme of their malicious cruelty. Sometime they raile vpon thee with their curled tongues, sometime they thumpe thee with

with their cruell hands, their  
speeches were full of odious  
spite, their words were in-  
fected with malicious ve-  
nome, which they *belched* a-  
gainst thee, my louing Sau-  
our: their deedes were no-  
thing else but deadly cruelty,  
their words sauoured of no-  
thing but *barbarous inhumani-  
ty*, they scoffed and derided  
thee with *bitter iests*, they  
defiled thy comely face with  
their filthie *spittle*. Then with-  
out any pittie (alas how  
should they shew any pittie,  
whose hearts were hardned  
with bloud-thirstie cruelty?)  
they bring thee in haste to the  
Coart of King *Herod*, where  
thou wert flouted at, reputed  
as a sottish foole, scorned,  
contemned, and derided like  
a simple Idiot: their mirth  
was Bedlam-madnesse: their  
iests were full of gall and bit-  
terneffe.

Now

Now when they had acted their *outrageous villanies* against thee, and executed their diuellish deuices vpon thee, my innocent Iesus, yet all of them were too little to calme the tempest of their hatefull furie, but then this curied crue doth hurrie thee from the vngracious *Court of proud Herod*, to the gracelesse house of *Pontius Pilate*, where thou wert taunted and checked againe with cruell quips, and sharply scourged with smarting whips, stripped naked, contrarie to all humanity, and beaten with bitter blowes without any pittie: their whips were sharpe to teare thy flesh, their tongues were as keene as *rasors* to wound thy soule, they pierced thy head with a crowne of thornes, and putting a feeble reede in thy hands, flouted thee with the name of King; and



and bending their knees, did worship thee in derision, offending thy sacred eares with their cursed words, and afflicting thy wounded body with their bloody hands, and whē thou hadst beene so *spitefully* scorned, *bitterly* scourged, and vilely contemned, at last thou wast wrongfully condemned to suffer a most shamefull and dolefull death.

But (oh my sweet Iesu) who did afford thee any comfort in thy exceeding sorrowes? who did approach to cure thy bleeding wounds? Alas, there was no man by, which was moued with any sorrowfull compassion for thy undeserued calamity, but every man was forward to augment thy misery. Now they lay a most huge and heauie crosse vpon thy wounded shoulders, the weight of it doth make thy knees to tremble, thy legges

legges to faile, and thy whole body to faint. And thus thou doest goe forward to the place of execution, guarded with a band of armed Souldiers, and hemd in on euery side with a *rabble* of bloudy tormentors, multitudes of the base and rude people doe floeke together out of euery quarter, they crowd and thrust one another to see thee, but (alas) it was not to afford thee any compassionate pittie, but to laugh & reioyce at thy misery. They proclaime out the malice of their heart against thee in their madnesse, & *raile* and *renile* thee in the heat of their *fury*: They all strue like *Beares* and fierce *Lions* to approach neere vnto thee: oh what opprobrious speeches, what *hatefull* and odious rayling, what *curfed* words, what *vnerisable* deeds did my most humble and patient Iesus suffer by those

those wicked and desperate people, whose eies were more hard then a rock, that they could not yeeld forth one teare for pittie, and heartes more vnapt then *Adamant* to relent with any tender compassion, when they saw so *wofull* and *dolefull* a spectacle?

But for all the *venemous* speeches vttered out of their rayling mouthes, and for all the brutish deeds done vnto thee my louing Iesus with their cruell hands, thou didst not once open thy mouth to contradict them in their *raging madnesse*, or once to blame them in the *heat* and *bate* of their greatest furie, but didst goe forward with meeknesse to the *dolefull* place of their *blondy execution*, to suffer the painefull pangs, not for thine owne *fautes*, but for mine iniquities, and that with thy precious bloud

bloud thou mightst make a  
wholesome *Bath*, to cure the  
spots, and heale the blaines  
of my sinfull soule.

Teach me, oh my sweet  
*Christ* and louing *Iesuu*, by  
thine example to to master  
mine affections, and to direct  
mine actions, that when mine  
enemies doe *insult* ouer mee  
with slanderous words and  
flauish deedes, I may walke  
and tread in thy pathes with  
meekenesse of heart, and trace  
out thy steps with humility  
of minde, hearing their di-  
uellish *curses* with silence, and  
bearing my heauie *Crosse* with  
patience, committing my *cause*  
vnto the G O D of vengeance,  
who heareth the cries of the  
filly *orphan*, putteth the teares  
of the weeping widow into  
his bottle, and deliuereth  
poore *captives* out of prison  
when they call vpon him.

But tell me, oh ye generation  
of

of *vipers*, tell me, oh ye bloody-hearted, and bloody-handed Iewes, why were yee so bloodie-minded against my *innocent Iesus*? What horrible conspiracie had he plotted or practised against you, that yee were so eager to vndermine his life, and so greedie to hasten the bloodie day of his death? Is this the honour that you giue to my Saviour? Is this the glorie you vouchsafe my *Redeemer*? Is this the kinde entertainement you afford to your *Trophet*, whom the day before you receiued with such ioy, spreading your *garments* on the ground, and couering the earth with *green boughes*, when he entred into *Hiernsalem*? Oh most vngratefull, vnconstant, vngracious and gracelesse people! Is your loue so soone changed into deadly hate? Is your late courtesie conuerted into *cruelty*?  
were

were your fauours so quickly turned into frownes ? Is your honour altered to *shame* ? are your *plausible* speeches changed into bitter curses ?

Doe yee to day lift him vp as high as Heauen, and to morrow throw him downe as low as Hell ? Doe yee blesse him to day, and curse him to morrow ? Doe yee focke after him to day (that your tongues may sing forth his prayfes) and to morrow doe ye crowd after him to fill his eares with *reproaches* ? Doe yee to day entertaine him into the Cittie (as desirous of his life) and to morrow doe yee lead him out of the Cittie as a *malefactor*, to suffer a *shamefull death* ? Did yee but now *like* him, and by and by doe yee *lothe* him ? Is the milde complection of your *loue*, altered in a moment, into deadly hate ? What was the cause  
of



of your *mutability* ? What was the occasion of your *instability* ? Were the affections of your hearts so *mutable*, and your vnconstant desires so *monerable*?

So soone as you perceiued that my louing Iesus began to bee hated of your enuious magistrates, and cruelly handled by their wicked ministers, scorned and scoffed at by the *Souldiers*, taunted with proud and malicious words, beaten and buffeted with *cruell blowes*, scourged with whips, spitted vpon by the scumme of the people, disdainefully contemned of the high Priest, and lastly, condemned by *Pilate*: then yee began to like of their *cholericke humors*, and to play the executioners of their bloody hate: This day ye misuse and abuse him most *vilely*, whom but yesterday yee honoured

N and

and exalted so *highly* : Now your malice towards him is without *meane*, and your cruell deeds without *moderation*. The cruell *Envy* of the high Priest kindled the fire, and yee cast Oyle into it, to increase the flame.

Oh what extreme crueltie ? what cruell extremity ? What ignominious indignitie, was done vnto my *afflicted Iesus* ? Was not the edge of your malice yet rebated ? Did the streame of your hatred growe to bee more violent ? Was there no little corner left for *pitty* to lodge in your breasts ? Was there no motion of *compassion* within your bowels ?

Tell me then, how could ye be so *harsh-hearted*, and hard-handed, as to lay so heauy and huge a crosse vpon the shoulders of my poore afflicted Christ, whose blessed body was disquieted for want

of

of sleepe, being cruelly tormented all the night, faint with losse of blood, and fore with store of cruell blowes?

Had Enuie so robbed your hearts, and dispoiled all your fences of common humanity, that you were now so poore, that yee were not able to bestow vpon him so much as one *mite* of *mercy*?

What infernall Phrensie, what *Tyrannous impiety*, what execrable *Tyranny* can be compared to this *Iewish cruelty*?

But alas, was there not one amongst so many, which was so kinde-hearted, as to lend a helping hand to ease the weary shoulders of my Saviour Christ, when his knees bended, and his legges trembled vnder the burthen of his heauie Crosse? Oh let the lamentable relation of their furious *ferocity* to my Iesus,

be so odious vnto our eares,  
that it neuer finde any harbour  
in our hearts.

Behold, oh my sorrowfull  
soule, the monstrous *Atrocity*  
of the stiffe-necked Jewes,  
and the miraculous mildnesse  
of thy lowly Iesus ! Consider  
his humble *obedience*, view  
his obedient humility, who  
was euer truely obedient euen  
vnto death, and euer was wil-  
ling to offer vp his life, as a  
sure pledge of his infinite loue  
towards his beloved.

Behold, thou seest how  
mine afflicted Lord, wounded  
with the teeth of *Envy*, and  
pierced with the *darts* of *ma-  
lice*, grudgeth not at the paine,  
nor refuseeth the tedious la-  
bour, to carry the heauie bur-  
then on his feeble necke, con-  
trary to all humanity, and  
without any pittie, so *spitefully*  
imposed vpon him.

But how should my sinne-  
full

full tongue divulgate the incomparable merit of thy admirable patience, my most kinde, sweet, and humble Iesu? How should my vnworthy words vtter the worthinesse of thy vnspeakeable humility, which wert willing to vndergoe the burthen of so heauy a Crosse, to deliuer me a most ~~wretched~~ sinner from a ~~bitter~~ curse, when the vigor of thy naturall ~~faculties~~ was decayed, thy humane strength weakened, and thy whole body wearied, with the grievous paines, torments and afflictions, which the wicked Iewes (not fleshy, but stony-hearted) without any mercy of theirs, and merit of thine, did ~~cruelly~~ *heape* vpon thee?

Oh let my heart be deeply wounded with *causelasse* *compunction*. Let mine eyes be darkened with *continuall* *weeping*: Yea, let all my senses

be afflicted with *mourning*:  
 that my *sorrows* may be great,  
 because my *sinnes* are so grie-  
*uous*: For they indeed were  
 the Tyrannicall tormentors  
 that laid so heauie a Crosse  
 on thy *tyred shoulders*: who out  
 of the abundance of thy in-  
 finite loue, taking pittie on  
 my *wretched miserie*, didst wil-  
 lingly submit thy selfe to such  
*flamish cruelty*, not sparing to  
 shed thy most precious blood,  
 to compound of it a most so-  
 ueraigne *Medicine*, to cure my  
 desperate *malady*.

Now what measure of words  
 can be so great, or what *softer*  
*so vehement*, as may fully ex-  
 presse the extreme impiety  
 of the bloody Jewes, towards  
 my blessed *lesus*? When such  
 hellish fury did rule and re-  
 uell in their fiery hearts, that  
 in the midst of so many bit-  
 ter paines and *pangs* of his bo-  
 dy, and insupportable *anguish*  
 of



of his soule, they did impose so ponderous and heauy a *Crosse*, on his faint and feeble shoulders, being framed extraordinarily in respect of the matter, and also vnusually in regard of the forme.

More gently were the two Theeues vsed, which were led along with him; who were constrained to endure no such labor: for we may well thinke they would vse more kindness to those wicked persons, then to my *holy Iesus*.

For we doe not read that they were put to the toile to beare their *Crosses*, whose bodies were more able, because they had nor felt one fit of the grieuous paines, nor suffered one iot of the great tortures, wherewith my sorrowfull Sauiour had beene all the night before extremely vexed and cruelly tormented.

Heere thou hast iust cause,

oh my soule, to cry out against the monstrous inhumanity, and brutish cruelty of the Iewes, acted against thy despised Iesus.

What imagination can sound the botome of their sa-  
uage *tyranny*? What tongue is  
able to make a perfect rela-  
tion of their horrible furie?  
Was it not a most ruthfull  
*Spectacle*, forcible enough to  
haue drawn streames of teares  
out of the dryest eie, and to  
haue incited a multitude of  
heauie groanes out of the  
*hardest heart*, to see my beloued  
Lord carry so heauie a bur-  
then vpon his painefull shoul-  
ders, yet bleeding with cru-  
ell wounds, lately, without a-  
ny meane, or mercie inflicted  
vpon them? was there euer  
cruelty like vnto this?

Oh my louing Lord! Oh  
my most beloued Iesu, thou  
art now become a laughing-  
stocke

stocke to the barbarons Gentiles, and matter of derision to the *perfidious* Iewes.

They scorned, despised, flowted and derided thee, bearing thy heauy Crosse with patience towards the place of execution, whereon thou shouldest suffer a most bloody, bitter, and shamefull death.

And so went my Lord Iesus, with constant humanity towards the place where he was to suffer the deadly pangs of their extremest tyranny, whose knees were so weake, and legges so feeble, that they were not able to support the weight of so heauie a burthen, which with such disdainfull indignation they had imposed vpon him, that thereby they might so much the more increase his derision, and multiply his dolorous affliction. Oh ye most cruell tormentors, doe

ye neuer cease to molest and  
vexe my humbled Lord Iesus?  
Could not one cruell death  
haue quenched the flame of  
your blood-thirsting malice?  
Oh why doe you abuse his  
meeke-minded patience, by  
compelling him to feele so ma-  
ny deadly passions?

Now when those malici-  
ous persecutors saw that my  
wearied *Christ* was so surchar-  
ged with his heauie *Crosse*,  
being so weightie in respect  
of the ponderous substance,  
and also so cumbersome, in  
regard of the extraordinary  
length, that although hee  
had a willing minde, yet that  
he had not sufficient strength  
to carry so heauie a load: then  
they compelled *Simon of Cy-  
rene* (the father of *Alexander*  
*Rafsa*) to ease him of his bur-  
then, and to follow my tyred  
*Christ* with that painefull  
*Crosse*. What, did their  
stone

stonie hearts now begin to relent, with any motiue of compassion towards my poore afflicted Iesus?

No, for the *Curres* were more courteous, that licked the loath-some soares of hungry *Lazarus*, that lay crying, and dying for want of foode at the gate of their charlish Master, then those vncircumcised Gentiles, and stiffe-necked Iewes were to my innocent Iesus.

For how should their minds be affected with any sparke of pittie, whose hearts were drowned in so deepe a sea of impiety?

But because they were loth that my Sauiour should end his tedious life, before hee came where hee should suffer a most painefull, pittifull, and shamefull death, they granted him a little ease, that he might goe with better speed, and  
make

make a little more haste to the place of execution, where they should play, like the infernall Furies, the last act of their bloody Tragedy.

Oh my sad and sorrowfull soule, how canst thou calme the waues of thy oreflowing sorrow? How canst thou stop the current of thy insurging sighs? to see thy Saviour surrounded with a world of woes; to see his fainting soule sinke vnder the painefull burthen of his heauie Crosse, and not a man, of many thousands, that would helpe to ease him: or if any did, what was it else but to adde increase vnto his future torment? Canst thou see this; and not dissolue into a flood of teares? Shall thy Saviour sinke, and wilt thou swim? thy Iesus languish, & wilt thou laugh? or with the obdurate *Iewes* wilt thou become insensible, thereby as much (as  
in



in thee lies) to exerceate  
his perplexed spirit by thine  
vniadnes? Oh no, returne, re-  
turne my bleeding Soule, vnto  
thy wonted tenderesse: if thy  
Saiour bleed, haue thou no blud  
at all to shed; if his hart faint  
vnder the painefull crosse, be  
thou already dead in heart to  
see his bitter pangs: thus shalt  
thou helpe indeed to ease his  
griefe, and (all other meanes  
denied) adde some comfort  
vnto his sad soule by partici-  
pating with him in his vnso-  
ciable sorrow.

But alas, poore *Simon*! was  
there none able to beare the  
heauie burthen, or none bad  
enough amongst that *viperous*  
*generation*, to touch that igno-  
minious *Crosse*? They could re-  
ceiue fauours at his hands,  
flocke in multitudes to haue  
their *sicke-ones* cured, and *demo-*  
*niacks* dispossesse; nay, *nine thou-*  
*sand*, besides women and children,  
within

within a short space be well content to eat vp our Sauours *loanes* & little *filbes*, to fill their empty paunches out of his penury, and yet not one of all those *multitudes* will now extend the hand of mercy to ease his wofull burthen, or refresh his fainting spirit: but this one poore stranger, he onely must beare the burthen; on his shoulders must lye the heauy load, till they come where the *Crosse* it selfe must beare *the Christ*, and the senselesse wood in its owne nature shew more pittie than the mercilesse Jewes.

And now, oh my soule, *goe thou and doe likewise*, with *Simon*, take vp his *Crosse* and follow him, for Christ hath said, *He that taketh not his Crosse, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me*: onely make this difference, what he constrained, be thou willing to doe, offer thy selfe to this seruice, and erect thy thoughts  
to

to attaine so great a guerdon,  
as to be made worthy of thy  
Saviour: but oh sweet Iesus,  
fill thou my soule with an ho-  
ly desire to run after thee in  
this thy race, and grant me the  
comfortable assistance of thy  
spirit, that I may patiently en-  
dure, and quietly vndergoe  
any crosse or calamity for my  
blessed Saviours sake.

But as thou didst goe to-  
ward the place where thou  
shouldst offer vp thy selfe for  
a compleat sacrifice to appease  
the wrath of thy angry Father,  
and to make an euermore  
atonement betweene him and  
vs his disobedient children,  
thou saidst vnto those mour-  
ning women, who could not  
contain their trickling teares,  
nor detain their sorrowfull  
sobs, to see their louing and  
dearly beloued Lord so dog-  
gedly hated and curiously  
handled: *Weepe not for me, ye  
daughters of Ierusalem, weepe  
for*

for your selues, and your children,  
Luk. 23. 28. And now thou  
saist vnto me, Weepe for thy  
selfe, bewaile thy sinnes, la-  
ment thy transgressions, for  
they indeed were the tyrants  
that compelled thee to beare  
so heauy a Crosse, they vrged  
thee to abide the penalty of  
so bitter a curse. Touch my  
heart, oh Lord, touch my heart  
with the sting of a serious  
and restless compunction, that  
I may no longer lie lulled a-  
sleepe in the lap of carelessse  
security: fetter my feet, that  
I may runne no more in the  
broad way of iniquity. Man-  
acle my hands, that they may  
be detained from cruell and  
impious actions: Snaffle the  
vnbridled motions of my  
minde, that it may be restrai-  
ned from all idle, scelerous,  
and wicked cogitations: keepe  
the doore of my lips, and  
hedge in my tongue, that it  
may

may not runne without the bounds of reason : Stop the passage of mine eares, when they are allured to listen to a my loose or lewd discourfes.

Dispell, and disperse the thicke clowdes of blindnesse from mine eyes, take away the grosse scales, that darken my sight, so that now I may see the vgly and deformed shape of my sinnes, that I may cease to loue them, begin to dislike and to loath them, which caused my Saniour to endure the heauie wrath of his Father, which lay so heauie vpon his soule and body, that the weight of it pressed blood out of his veines mingled with water, *Luk, 22. 44.* so ponderous was the burthen of our iniquity, so dolorous was the extremity of his bitter agonie : for neuer was there sorrow like vnto this sorrow.

Loe

Let my sweetest musicke be continuall mourning, let my *songs* of ioy be turned into wofull lamentations, let it be all my pleasant melody, to muse on the miserie of my soule, and multitude of my sinnes, which made thee descend from the highest *beaues*, and will throw me downe to the lowest hell, where the fire lake burneth that shall neuer be extinguished, whose flame is so fierce, that it cannot be greater by any augmentation, neither is it subject to any diminution.

If all the torments which bloody Tyrants haue inuented, could be inflicted vpon me at onetime, and my body were able to feele the paines of all them at once, yet all of them would not be so horrible, as one sparkle of this terrible fire: it needeth no fuel to nourish the flame: as  
it



it selfe neuer is wasted, so nothing iniected into it, is euer consumed. No tongue is able to expresse the horrible pangs of the damned foules, which are tormented in this euerlasting and vnquenchable fire.

Let the horror of it be fresh in my memory, and the meditation imprinted in my thoughts, so that my hands may tremble and shake for feare, and my whole body quier and quake with terror of it, when any euill imagination is hatched in my heart, or any wicked deed should be acted with my hands, that I may be terrified from nourishing sinne within my bosome, that laid so heauie a Crosse vpon thy shoulders: yet when feare hath cast me downe, let the gentle hand of thy mercy raise mee vp, so that in my last deadly agonie,

I may still lift vp my heart and hands towards the seat of thy mercy : and though remembrance of my haynous transgressions doe present nothing vnto mee, but cause of feare and terrour, yet let my vnfained repentance cause me to taste of thy infinite loue, and boundlesse mercy.

Teach me (oh my sweet Saviour) to follow thee with fearefulnesse to the place of execution, and to take vp my Crosse with alacrity on my shoulders. But if thou wilt haue mee to follow thee (oh my most gracious Lord) then draw mee after thee : For *vnlasse thy Father and thou doe draw me, I am not able to follow thee.* *Iohn, 6. 44.*

I see mine owne infirmity. I feele the defects of my great imbecillity, the cup of affliction is bitter vnto my taste : if it doe but once touch my lips,

I am ready to refuse it, I will none of it, I am toth to feele any paine, I couet nothing but wanton pleasure.

Oh how doe I begin to storme, if I be but crossed with an vnkind word? Much lesse am I able to beare the crosse of a malicious deed.

How is my minde troubled, and the temper of my senses *distempred*, if any thing fall out crosse to mine expectation, or contrary to my desire, so that oftentimes my mouth is filled with cursing, my heart with grudging, and all my words fauour of nothing else but bitter repining? I am willing to be thy Disciple, my blessed Sauour, so long as I may dwell in peace, and reape a plentifull haruest of prosperity; but alas, I am weary of thy company, if I feele but a little blast of aduersity: teach me, oh my sweet Iesu (and I shall

shall learne, if thou be my *schol-*  
*master*) to know that it is the  
 lot of those which will be  
 trained vp in thy schoole, to  
 be vnder the rodde of *correlli-*  
*on*, and that none are worthy  
 to receiue a Crowne, vnlesse  
 they be willing to take vp thy  
 Crosse: those that belong vnto  
*sweet spices*, which send forth  
 alwayes the most *odoriferous*  
*smell*, when they are brayed  
 and brused in the mortar, they  
 are like vnto stones which  
 must be *hammered*, *brued*, and  
*squared*, before they can be fit  
 for the building of thy holy  
*Temple*: yea they are like vnto  
*gold* mixed with much *droffe*,  
 and can haue no glory before  
 they be *fined* and *refined* seuen  
 times, yea seuentie times se-  
 uen times, in the fire of affli-  
 ction.

Arme thou my hart with  
 Christian fortitude, and my  
 minde with constant *patience*,

Oh thou which art mine omnipotent *Redeemer*, that no torment may be so great, no affliction so grievous, no miserie so vnmeasurable, but I may courageously suffer it to publish the glory of thy name, and constantly endure it, to manifest the fidelitie of thy loue.

Teach me so to carrie thy *Crosse* in my heart, and let the remembrance of it be so deeply imprinted in my minde, that I may daily crucifie my carnall concupiscence, wanton vanities, and worldly desires. Oh let my soule be so rauished with ioy, by the sweet meditation of thy mercie, and all my senses so well pleased and ioyfully delighted with the odoriferous sent of thy loue; that I may seeke nothing, thinke of nothing so much, or speake of any thing so often, as of my crucified Christ, who, onely of his free  
mercy

mercy and gracious *bountie*,  
died a most vile, painefull,  
and ignominious death for  
mee a most wretched, misera-  
ble, and desperate *finer*, that  
by his precious blood, and  
blessed (though bitter) Passion,  
I might be made *Partaker* of  
Everlasting *Saluation*.

Graunt me, oh my sweet  
CHRIST, some *taste* of it  
here vpon earth, that I may  
patiently waite for the full  
*fruit* of it, hereafter in  
HEAVEN, *Amen*.



A Meditation, declaring the bitter and cruell crucifying of our Lord Iesus Christ, performed on Mount *Caluarie*.

## M E D. XIII I.

*View here the wounds of Christ upon the Crosse,*

*His head, his hands, his feet, also his side,*

*Bleeding amaine. Consider eke the losse,*

*Of his deare life, What more could he abide?*

Luk. 23.  
33.

Iohn 19.  
33.

Luk 23.  
46.

Ioh. 19.  
30.

**N**OW blessed Iesus, and my beloued Saviour, is come vnto Mount *Caluarie*, where he was to make the last period of all his humane misery, by suffering a most bloudie, vile, & violent death, being cruelly nayled to that Crosse, which of late lay so heauie vpon his shoulders, that his whole body did shake  
O and

and tremble vnder the burthen.

Oh blessed Mowntaine! happy for thy dignitie, happy for thy *fertilitie*, because it pleased the Lord Christ to suffer vpon thee. But who shall ascend vp to the Hill of the Lord, wherethe Lord Iesus is crucified? Truly he that hath innocent hands, and a cleane heart.

He which loueth the Lord Iesus, with all his heart, with all his soule, with all his strength, hee shall ascend vp to his Mountaine, and shall be crucified with the Lord Iesus. Hee which hath crucified his flesh, and the concupiscence thereof, shall be crucified and suffer with his beloued Iesus. I desire to be crucified with thee, (oh my most sweet Iesu) I long to suffer on the crosse with thee, that I may be crowned by thee, but I know that  
first

first it is needefull for mee  
that the world be crucified  
vnto mee, & I vnto the world,  
*Gal. 6. 14.*

But now let vs see (oh my  
sorrowfull soule) how my *in-*  
*nocent Iesus* was vsed by the  
rough-handed and cruel-hear-  
ted *tormentors*, when he was  
come to the place of executi-  
on, where malefactors did  
suffer grieuous punishment  
for their hainous offences.

First, hauing exiled all com-  
passion and pittie from their  
heart, they lay hold vpon him  
with their bloudie and pol-  
luted hands, and then they  
hastily rob and disroabe him  
of his garments, before a  
rude multitude of the basest  
and meanest of the people,  
yea, they strip him starke na-  
ked, that hee might appeare  
more vile and contemptible  
in their eies.

Here hast thou good cause,

O 2

and

and iust occasion, my perplexed soule, to ouer-flowe thy cheekes a fresh, with a flood of teares, and to dilate and open thy heart, that thy heauie groanes, and sorrowfull sighes, may haue their free passage, when thou seest thy louing Iesus stripped naked by the hands of such dogged and cruell tormentors, exposed to the eies of the pittilesse people, and extreme coldnesse and roughnesse of the weather.

Oh how was the beauty of thy excellent composed body obscured with spots of bloud? How was the pure-white colour of thy skin made blacke and blue with bitter blowes, my most beautifull Iesu?

Oh how spitefull and vnappeasable was their indignation! how bitter was the miserie? how great, yea exceeding

ceeding great was the ignominy of thy grievous passion, my louing Christ, my mercifull Iesu? For so sharp was the edge of their cruelty, so eager was the malice of their hearts, and inhumanity of their hands against thee, that thou art laid naked vpon the Crosse, when as such extremity was not vsed, but to most wicked, vile, and abiect persons, who for their notorious crimes deserued no pittie: such was their damnable impiety.

But what a spring of bitter teares might arise in the weeping eyes of thy sad and *mourning Mother*? what sword of sorrow did pierce her tender heart, when she saw her dearly-louing, and dearly-beloued Sonne, so roughly disrobed of his cloathes, and *nakedly exposed* to the view of the rude, base, and common people,

who came not with relenting hearts to shew any signe of sorrow at the execution of such bloudie crueltie, but rather to solace themselves, and to laugh, deride, and raile vpon thee, in this extremest miserie?

Now when those cruell tormentors had speedily turned my innocent *Iesus* out of his cloathes, they layde his naked body vpon the *Crosse*, and first they nailed his innocent hands, and after his blessed feet, with long and strong nailes; So that the streames of bloud, spouting out of his veines, changed the hiew of his *Crosse*, into a crimson colour. Oh what grievous paine, what horrible tortures, did those wicked wretches procure to my blessed *Sanctuary*?

Oh what infernall furie had incensed their bloudie mindes? what diuellish madnesse



nesse enraged their hearts so  
farre to degenerate from the  
ciuill nature of men, into the  
sauage nature of beasts? Oh  
*spectacle* full of sorrow! oh  
light full of ruth, how grie-  
uous would that pittifull sight  
haue beene to mine eyes,  
when the very Meditation of  
it doth so deeply wound my  
heart!

Though I know that the  
immaculate Lambe was sacri-  
ficed on this wooden Altar,  
that he might wash & cleanse  
my polluted soule with his  
precious bloud, take away  
the foule staines of my defiled  
flesh, and by suffering so vile  
a death on the Crosse, to deli-  
uer me from a bitter curse,  
due vnto mee for my great  
and gricuous sinnes: Yet  
needes must mine eyes haue  
melted (like Ice) into teares,  
my heart haue been consumed  
with sobs, and all my bow-

els pained with compassion, if I had beene a wofull beholder of his dolefull Passion; vnllesse mine eyes had beene more drie then a flint, my heart more hard then iron, and my bowels composed of brasle.

But indeede, what riuers of streaming teares should water my cheeks? what heavy groanes, & lamentable sighes should sound out of the bottom of my heart? How should all mine affections be drowned in the wanes of afflictions, when I contemplate the hidious deformities of my vgly finnes, and seriously meditate on the cruell tyrannie of my trayterous transgressions, which indeed were nothing else, but cruell hands, and a hard hammer, to driue the iron nailes into thy blessed hands; and innocent feet, and to crash their tender bones into

into pieces?

Wound my soule (oh my sweet Iesus) pierce my heart, that it may streame forth blood: et nothing but mournfull sighes be pleasant vnto my weeping eyes: let nothing but voices of horror and lamentation be delightfull vnto my dolefull eares, so that all my senses may be true mourners, to bewaile the crueltye of my finnes, and to shew some tokens of true repentance for the multitude of my transgressions, which so pittifully wounded thy sacred body, and so grievously vexed thy righteous soule.

Crucifie my heart, that it may die to wicked cogitations: Crucifie my hands, that they may haue no power to commit euill actions: Crucifie mine eyes, that they may want light (in taking delight) to gaze vpon worldly vanities:

O 5 Crucifie

Crucifie mine eares, that they may be dull and deprived of hearing, when they should listen to fruitlesse and frivolous words, unsauoury speeches, lasciuious, and wanton discouries: Crucifie my tongue, that it may haue no motion to vtter any opposite thing to the pure Law of my God, or hurtfull to the commodity of those which are godly and good. Crucifie my *Taste*, that it may not be allured with the wanton enticements of *delicate meates*, nor so ouercome with the baites of pleasant wine, that the eies of my vnderstanding be darke with the *fumes* of gluttony, or my soule be polluted, or my bodie defiled with filthy adulterie.

Crucifie the old man (*sinne*) that hath beene my Tenant so long, and hath had his habitation in my bosome, the  
being

being dead, he may be carried out to his graue, that my soule may be infected no longer with his carnall impiety, and that I may no longer wilfully loue, but willingly *loath*, and for euer leaue his damnable company.

But now (oh my sorrowfull soule) turne thine eies towards thy crucified *Iesus*, meditate seriously in thy minde, and let it be the perpetuall matter of thy thoughts, to thinke how thy louing Saviour was most pittifully martyred, and cruelly mangled: tortured without any pittie, scorned at his death with vile indignity, and thought vnworthy of any mercy or kinde humanity, that thou maiest mourne for thy sinnes in the morning, and repent for thy misdeeds in the evening, which were hard-hearted, and bloudie-handed executioners,

cutioners to crucifie thy innocent Iesus.

Cry out, oh my wretched, and wicked soule, trembling at the vgly sight of thy grievous sinnes, and troubled with the horroure of thy guiltie conscience. Cry out, saying: Oh my sweet Iesu I oh my milde and *mercifull Iesu*? how exceeding painefull are the pangs of thy Passion? how violent are the streames of thy afflictions? how cruelly is thy body wounded, and thy soule pressed with the heauie weight of my sinnes? Oh how horrible, how detestable, how innumerable are my transgressions, that tormented my Sauour with so many heauie afflictions? What a deare price didst thou pay for my Redemption? At what a high rate hast thou bought me a most wretched sinner? no summes of gold, had they bin  
neuer



neuer so much, no heapes of siluer, had they beene neuer so great, could rid mee out of Captiuitie: It was onely thy precious bloud that might pay the price of my ransome: It was onely thy innocent death that was sufficient to purchase my freedome.

How is the naked body of my louing Redeemer and kinde Reconciler, stretched out vpon the Crosse, to deliuer mee from the bitter curse which was due vnto me for my monstrous impiety, and the *execution* of it readie to be serued vpon me for my intolerable iniquitie?

How firme are thy harmelesse *hands* fixed vnto thy Crosse? how hard are thy innocent *feete* nayled vnto it? Thou hast onely liberty to moue, but (Alas) no where to *lay downe* thy weake, and wearie head. Thou liest naked, obiected

objected to the blasts of the winde and storme of the weather, thou hast no cloathes to keepe thee warme, thou hast no shelter to keepe thee from harme.

Thou wert poore indeed at thy birth, but now thou art more poore at thy death: for at thy birth thou hadst a Stable for thy Chamber, and a Manger for thy Cradle: thou hadst swathing cloathes (although they were coorse) that might defend thee from colde, and cherish thy tender body. But at thy death thou art cruelly robbed of all thy *garments*, thou hast not so much as a *ragge* to lay vpon thee, the *sharpnesse* of the aire nippeth thy skin, the furie of the windes stormeth against thy naked body, thou hast no *rouse* to couer thy head from the blustering windes: thou hast no place of harbour to protect

test thy body from the *starmie weather* : Oh how hard is the bed thou liest vpon at the houre of thy death ? How hard is the pillow that lieth vnder thy head, when thou art readie to yeeld vp thy breath ? How is thy blessed body debated by wretched men heere vpon the earth, which is so highly honoured by the *Angels in Heauen* ? Oh how should my heart faint with bleeding wounds of sorrow for my sinnes ? How should mine eies make my bed to floate with a flood of teares, when I begin to call to an audit my hainous trespasses, and to cast vp the infinit summes of my *transgressions*, which caused my Lord to passe thorow such a grear Campe of miseries, and to abide the bitter brunts of so many calamities ? for what hadst thou done, oh my  
molt

most sweet Lord? what hadst thou done, that thou shouldst be so spitefully despised, so *maliciously* martyred, so *extremely* tortured, and so cruelly *tormented*? What wicked action had thy pure hands committed? nay, what good deed had they omitted, that they should be so pittifully *wounded*? How had thy innocent feet transgressed, that they should be so severely punished? How had any little particle of thy blessed body offended, that it should be so *graciously* *tormented*? Truly, thy deeds, my blessed Saviour, were alwaies acted with integrity, and thy words did utter nothing but truth and *sinceritie*; thy hands were alwaies cleane from sinfull actions, thy heart was alwaies pure from wicked cogitations: It was thy marvellous loue, thy miraculous mercie,  
thine

thine vnspokeable pittie, that  
did induce thee to suffer thole  
torments which were due  
vnto me for mine offences. It  
was I, my sweet Sauour, it  
was I my selfe that had so  
griuously sinned. It was thy  
wonderfull *charitie*: It was  
thy charitable mercie, to  
shed thy precious blood, to  
cure the desperate disease of  
my deadly miserie.

But such, oh such, and so  
vile is the horrible ingrati-  
tude of my minde; such, and  
so great is the dunnesse of my  
memorie; such and so hard is  
the *stupidity* of my heart, that  
I am vnthankfull for thy mer-  
cie, forgetfull of thy bounty,  
senselesse, without any com-  
passion, yea quite cold, with-  
out any zealous medication of  
thy grievous Passion.

Haue mercy vpon mee, oh  
my most mercifull Lord, haue  
mercie vpon mee. Oh let the  
sweet

sweet dew of thy infinite mercie, distill downe vpon my head: yea rather let it bee infused into my heart, that it may mellifie the hardnesse of mine *affections*, moisten the drincesse of my bowels, and fructifie my minde with the fruits of thy loue, because I cannot, yea rather, because I am vnwilling to suffer with thee, and loue thee so little, who hath alwaies loved mee so much: for I freely confesse, I haue no sense of thy innarrable, and innumerable sorrowes, which thou didst suffer for the multitude of my sinnes. Alas, mine eies are dry without *teares*, my kinde Iesu, my *heart* is so dead, that it cannot breathe forth any heauie groanes: mine *affections* are starke cold, without any heate of true deuotion, so often, yea rather so seldom, as I enter into a meditation



tation of thy bitter Passion,  
and ruminata thy tedious  
paines and terrible pangs  
which thou didst feele in thy  
most precious body, to re-  
uerse the sentence of ~~damna-~~  
~~tion~~ pronounced against me  
for my sinnes, and to purchase  
a gracious pardon for my ~~con-~~  
~~demned~~ soule.

But pardon me, forgive me,  
my most mercifull Lord, I  
haue a heart of Iron, my bow-  
els are more hard then Mar-  
ble; vnlesse thou mollifie  
them, they are vnapt to re-  
ceiue any print of thy mercie,  
or any impression of thy  
grace.

Take away from mee, I  
pray thee, my stonie heart,  
giue mee a fleshie and tender  
heart, that may be wounded  
with the thornes of sorrow  
for my rebellious thoughts,  
yeeld forth dolefull groanes  
for my grievous sinns, and  
bleed

bleed with the wounds of  
compunction, when my minde  
doth meditate on thy heavy  
Passion.

Oh why should not my  
heart, my wretched heart, be  
pinched with some paine for  
the loue of thee, which didst  
willingly vouchsafe to die for  
the loue of mee? Wherefore  
haue the sparks of my loue lien  
so long couered in the *embers*?  
Or rather, why are they almost  
extinguished? Oh what seuerer  
punishment should I take of  
my selfe, for my monstrous  
*ingratitude*? How is my tongue  
able to vtter one word, yea  
one syllable of a word, to ex-  
cuse the coldnesse of my loue?  
How may I blush, nay how  
may my face be confounded  
with shame, which am so  
way-ward, and vnwilling to  
suffer any little affliction for  
thy sake, who endured so  
many extreme torments for  
my

my *sinne* ? I lie on feather-beds, couered warme with cloathes; and thou didst lie naked, nailed to a wooden Crosse, and that in the time of cold weather, when others doe warme themselves at a fire.

If my head begin to ake, I lay it downe vpon a soft pillow, to ease my paine, and lessen my griefe: But thou, oh my louing Lord, hast not so much as a bolster of straw whereon thou mightest lay thy dying head, pierced with sharpe thornes, and bleeding with many wounds.

When I am sicke, my friends about mee bestirre themselves to ease my diseased body, and to requie my fainting spirits. But alas (my sweet Sauour) there was none about thee at the houre of thy pittifull and painefull death, which would proffer thee

thee any kinde deed, no, not so much as a comfortable word.

They offer thee bitter wine mixed with myrrh, and mingled with Gall. But although thy thirst was great, caused by the extremitie of thy paines, and immoderate effusion of thy blood, yet when thou hadst tasted of it, thou didst refuse to drinke of their bitter potion.

How hard were their hearts? Yea how dead, without any feeling of common compassion, that could giue vnto my sweet Sauiour no better then such a bitter Potion?

Such was the succour that they would afford thee at the houre of thy death: This was the best *Cordiall* they would giue thee, a little before the parting of thy breath.

What iust occasion hadst thou,

thou, my mercifull Redempter? Yea, what admirable patience hadst thou, that thou didst not bitterly inueigh against the bloudie Gentiles, and vnbeleeuing Iewes, who were so maliciously madded, and bloudily minded against thee, that all which they sought, and all which they wrought, was to augment thy sorrow?

But whilst their hearts were inflamed with malice against thee, and their hands labouring to crucifie thee, thou wert so farre from accusing them for their sauage crueltie, that thou didst pray vnto thy heauenly Father, that hee would remit and forgiue their iniquity, saying: *Father, pardon them, because they know not what they doe, Luk.*

23.34.

And this, oh my sweet Christ, was the first words which

which thou tpakest vpon thy bitter Crosse. Indeed they knew thee not, for their eies were blinded that they could not see, and thgir hearts were hardned, that they could not vnderstand.

Heere maist thou meditate (oh my soule) with exceeding comfort vpon the wonderful patience, admirable mercy, & sweet words of thy louing Sauour, who was not so much griued with paine of his owne afflictions, as he was earnest to pray for the remission of their sins. Hee did not once open his mouth, to make any iust *Apologie* for his owne innocency, nor to denounce any deserved malediction: No, not one bitter word against them, for their dogged cruelty. But in the extremest pangs of his bitter passion, his tender hart was moued with pittifull compassion towards them, he opened the  
the



the fountaine of his mercie,  
that the sweet streames of his  
*Benediction* might flow vpon  
them. Hee blessed them that  
curled him, hee shewed them  
a true token of his entire loue,  
for their cruell hate, he pray-  
ed for them, as if they had  
been his dearest friends, when  
in deed they were his deadly  
foes.

How should my feeble  
tongue, like a trumpet (oh my  
bountifull Iesu) sound forth  
the wonderfull worthinesse  
of thy surmounting mercy?  
How should mine vnable and  
barren heart conceiue the dig-  
nitie of thine vncomparable  
meeknesse? How should the  
weake sight of my darke vn-  
derstanding pierce into the  
hidden mysteries of thy gra-  
cious mildnesse, which surpas-  
seth all vnderstanding?

How affable and ineffable  
is the sweetnesse of thy cha-  
P ritable

ritable prayer? how bottom-  
lesse is the depth of thy cle-  
mencie? how vnexhaustible  
is the treasure of thy benig-  
tie?

How large and spacious,  
yea how infinit are the bounds  
of thy mercie? For with what  
tranquillity of minde? with  
what piety and pittie of heart?  
with what sweet, milde, and  
perswasive words didst thou  
sue for their pardon, who  
now were breathing out no-  
thing else but curses against  
thee, with their malicious  
tongues, and euen now acting  
the extremity of their Tyran-  
nie against thee with their  
bloudie hands?

Thou wert not discouraged  
by their iniuries: thou wert  
not hardned with their re-  
proches: thou didst not re-  
buke them for their euill  
words: thou didst not check  
them for their wicked deeds:  
thou

thou didst seeke to salue their  
sores, who gaue thee deadly  
wounds: thou diddest make  
*intercession* for their life, who  
cruelly put thee to death: thou  
wert full of pity towards  
them, whose hearts were  
empty of all compassion to-  
wards thee. Oh with what  
wonderfull mildnes of mind,  
with what great deuotion of  
spirit, in what abundance of  
loue didst thou cry, *Father, for-  
giue them?* Oh wonderfull  
worke of thy worthy mercy!  
oh rare and memorable ex-  
ample of exceeding pittie! oh  
perfect patterne of excellent  
charity! oh let me poore  
wretched sinner, taste the  
sweetnes of this hony, reuiue  
my dying heart with this cor-  
dall compassion, relieue my  
sicke soule with this comfor-  
table *consolation*. Cry out so for  
me, my sweet *Lord*, and kinde  
*Mediator*: commend my wo-

full case, and pleade my cause  
vnto thy Father, saying, *Fa-  
ther, forgive him.*

For in truth, I know not  
what I doe: loue of the world  
hath blinded mine eyes, desire  
of carnall pleasures is rooted  
in my heart, and all manner  
of *wanton vanities* are rise in  
my minde: I runne headlong  
in the broad way of destructi-  
on: I cannot finde the narrow  
path, which leadeth to Sal-  
uation.

Open mine eyes (oh Lord)  
that I may see to walke in thy  
wayes, and direct my feet,  
that I may tread in thy pathes.

Teach mee to follow the  
patterne of thy excellent pa-  
tience, so that I may not wish  
well onely to my dearest  
friends, which dearely loue  
mee, but also pray for my cru-  
ell enemies, who deadly hate  
mee.

But alas, how soone am I  
dis-

displeased? How long is it before I will forgiue, if I be once offended? I am prone with enuious *Cain*, to staine my hands with horrible murder. I long for a day with rough *Esau*, wherein I may slay my innocent brother. I oftentimes fall out with my friend for a crosse word, so that oftentimes in requitall, I seeke to doe him a mischieuous deed: I thinke my selfe the worse when I see him: Oh how doe I disdain to speake vnto him?

Teach mee to learne this hard lesson of patience: purge the seed of malice out of my minde, mellow the ground of my heart with the dew of thy graces, that it may not onely be tender, to giue my beloued poore Friends, but that it may also be pliable to forgiue my hatefull Foes: seeing that thou wert not so

much touched with the sense of thy owne afflictions, (and no doubt the paines of them were most grieuous vnto thee) as thou wert moued with zeale to pray for thy bloodie enemies, when they made a prey of thy garments, and cast lots for thy *unseamed vesture*, Ioh. 19. 24.

Now though *Pilate* gaue wrongfull iudgement against thee, to take away thy innocent life, yet he seemed to honour thee at the houre of thy death, when hee wrote on the Crosse, *Iesus of Nazareth, King of the Iewes*, Matt. 27. 37. Mar. 15. 26. Luk. 23. 38. Iohn 19. 19. It pleased him to intitle thee a *King* by name, but alas, hee had no such conceite of thee in his secret thoughts. But in deed thou wert worthy of a far more honorable Title, being not onely King of the Iewes, but also of the Gentiles:



tiles : Yea, Creator and Governor of every creature.

Neuerthelesse, thou didst not clothe thy selfe with the vesture of our Humanitie, that thou shouldst bee honoured with any worldly dignity.

It was thy chiefest honor to do the will of thy heavenly Father; *Ioh. 14. 31.* thou camest not to deprive *Herod* of his Kingdome, nor to gather any forces to deliuer the *Jewes*, as they fondly dreamed of their *Messias*, and vainely expected at the coming of their King.

Thou camest to deliuer the people from the Captiuitie of their sinnes, and by sheading thy precious blood, to saue their soules. Graunt me, oh my sweet Sauour, that I may set open the dore of my heart, that thou mayest enter, which art the true *King of glory*, and

that I may stil desire (although I am vnable ) to shew my selfe a louing and loyall subject to receiue thee.

Send thy holy Spirit, as a Harbenger before thee, to giue mee warning of thy comming, and then I shall be prepared to entertaine my *gracious Soueraigne*, with humility of minde, and tokens of sincere loue.

I long (oh my King) for thy comming, for I am assured if thou vouchsafe to enter into my cottage, thou wilt bestow such a royall gift vpon mee, that I shall beginne to disdaine the pompe of the world, and account nothing so deare vnto mee as thy loue.

Oh would my louing Saviour would imbrace mee betweene his blessed armes ! Oh I wish to liue, I long to die betwixt thy louing imbrace-  
ments.

ments: thy arms were stretch-  
ed out on the Crosse, as if  
thou wert ready to receiue  
any penitent sinner; refuse  
not to receiue me a wretched  
sinner, who wounded with  
the horror of my finnes, doe  
come vnto thee as my Phy-  
sician; who is onely able and  
willing to heale my wounds.  
Let thy precious blood stop  
the bloody issue of my finnes:  
thy mercie, and nothing but  
thy mercy can cure my *malady*:  
that one, and that alone, is all  
my remedy.

Graunt mee (oh my sweet  
Iesu) that I may bee able to  
say with thine Apostle, *I am  
crucified with thee*. Crucifie  
my wanton flesh with the  
nailes of thy feare: mortifie  
my rebellious thoughts with  
dread of thy Iustice, and Me-  
ditation of thy iudgements.  
Let it be the ioy of my heart:  
let it be the daily exercise of

my minde: let it be the object of all my thoughts, to thinke on my Lord Iesus, and him crucified.

I cannot wonder enough, thogh I neuer cease to wonder at thee, my Iesu, my Saviour, and my Redeemer: yet let me neuer cease to maruaile at the wonderfull worke of thy Passion, which thou didst so patiently suffer, that by thy innocent death, thou mightest cancell the obligation of our infinite debt, and adixce it to thy Crosse, that thou mightest deliuer vs poore and miserable wretches, from the danger of the curse, which was gone out against vs: Oh how can my meditations attaine to the length of thy admirable loue? how can my cogitations measure the breadth of thy clemency? how should my deepest imaginations diue into the depth of thy mercy?

Mj

My eye is too dimme, to perceiue the beauty, my eare is too dull, to heare the greatnesse, my heart is too grosse, to conceiue the goodnes, my taste is too weake, to relish the sweetnes, my tongue is too feeble, to declare the worthines of thy loue: no words, be they neuer so many, can expresse the quantity, no eloquence, be it neuer so excellent, can relate the quality.

Oh with what humility of minde, with what exceeding patience, with what kinde and tender affections didst thou suffer the extremest pangs of thy bitter afflictions?

How is my minde amazed with the bright beames of thy loue? How are all my thoughts confounded with the greatnes of thy clemency?

How is my soule ravished with the goodnes of thy mercy?

cy? What did moue thee, oh my sweet Saviour, but thy vnspeakeable loue? what did induce thee, but thy incomparable mercy, to pay so deare a price for my Redemption?

Oh let the remembrance of thy infinite bounty neuer depart out of my minde: Let all my affections be inflamed with the fire of thy loue: Let the sweetnesse and greatnesse of thy mercies be my chiefest Meditations: Mortifie my disobedient cogitations with thy feare, and crucifie my rebellious actions on thy Crosse: that although sinne must dwell and remaine in mee, yet it may not raigne and rule ouer mee.

A Medita-



A Meditation concerning the  
derisions and scornfull speeches,  
vnttered to the Lord Iesus, (when  
hee was nayled on the Crosse) by  
the Iewes, and one of the Theeues  
which were crucified with him;  
and of the second words he spake  
on the crosse.

## MED. XV.

*Twixt Theeues Christ suffered  
For no fault he shed  
His precious blood. The Sunne  
thereat asham'd,  
Ore-neild his face. The graues  
gane vp their dead:  
With wonders, more that cannot  
here be nam'd.*

**N**OW ruminat (oh my for-  
rowfull and lamenting  
soule) what scornfull, spee-  
ches, what spitefull derisions,  
and bitter reproaches, were  
breathed out of the mouthes  
of the eniuous Iewes against  
my patient & silent Iesus, after  
they

Mat. 27.  
38.  
Mark.  
15. 27.  
Luk.  
23. 4.  
Iohn  
19. 6.  
Mark  
15. 33.  
Math.  
27. 45. &  
27. 52.

they had nayled his pure hands, and blessed feet to the Crosse.

Call home all thy wandring cogitations, that they may be toly and wholly intentiue to this heauenly and diuine meditation.

Let streames of teares gush out of my melting eyes, let them penetrate into my bosome, that they may mollifie my stonie heart, so that it may be so deeply wounded with sorrowfull compassion, as if I had beene an eye-witnesse of his painefull Passion, when his innocent hands, and blessed feet streamed forth precious blood: yet the streames of it could not quench the fire of their malice, they could not calme the rage of their stormy mindes, nor breed any one thought of pittie in their cruell hearts: It was not sufficient for them to torment

ment him with their bloody hands, but now at his vnderferued death, they raile and reuile him with their blasphemous mouthes; for as their hearts were stony, not apt to take any print of compassion, and their hands filled with *sauage cruelty* without mercy, so their words and speeches were *vncliuil*, voyd of all modicitie: Some cry out, *He saued others, let him saue himselfe if he be the Sonne of God*: the Souldiers disdainfully deride him, and scornfully mocke him, saying, *If thou be the King of the Iewes, saue thy selfe*. Also they that passe by, nod their heads at him, *reuite* him bitterly, and blaspheme him, saying, *A thou which dost destroy the Temple of God, and in three daies dost build it againe, saue thy selfe: If thou be the Sonne of God, come downe from the Crosse*. Oh how cruelly was my innocent Saviour

our tormented with their vn-mercifull hands? oh how was his righteous soule wounded with their *malicious tongues*? Their words doe sauour of Gall, and their speech is more bitter then worne-wood. But so great was their malice, so grieuous was their indignation, so deadly was their hatred against my louing Iesus, that they thought all their cruell deeds were too little to be inflicted vpon him: and that all their words were not halfe bitter enough, which their venemous mouthes did speue out against him.

But as my blessed Redeemer did patiently suffer the extreme tortures of their *mercilesse hands*, so hee did meekly beare the bitter taunts of their reuiling tongues. Oh let the memory of this thy exceeding patience bee so deeply sealed in my minde, that

that my thoughts may still meditate on thy infinite loue! let my teares often (flowing out of my eyes) be true tokens of my inward sorrow, and let my grievous groanes be as faithfull messengers to declare my true repentance: For it was my horrible transgressions and hainous offences, my kinde and louing Saviour, that made thee to abide the tyranny of their bloody and murdering hands, and to feele the sting of their sharpe and malicious tongues.

But (alas) mine eies are so dry, that they cannot shead a teare, and my heart so hard, that it cannot yeeld a groane, vnlesse thou moisten the one with the gracious raine of thy graces, and mollifie the other, by the vertue of thy spirit.

Now not onely the irreligious Gentiles, who were actors

actors of this bloody Tragedy, and the enuious Iewes, who were authors & Spectators of all their cruelty, did disgorge the bitter choller of their malice against my crucified Iesus, but also one of the malefactors hauing no remorse of conscience for his owne offences, nor pittie on my Sauour, so grievously taunted, and spightfully scorned of the basest of the people, began to raile vpon him without modestie, and to vse these tearmes against him, full of vile indignity: *If thou art Christ, saue thy selfe and vs,* Luk. 23. 39. But his other fellow touched with sorrow for his sinnes, and freely confessing that they had both worthily deserued, and did iustly suffer death for their transgressions, began to reprehend him for his blasphemous impiety, and to iustifie my



my Iesus for his blamelesse innocency.

And when he had rebuked his fellow for such great inhumanity, he turned to my Sauour to implore his mercie, that he might be made partaker of the ioyes of his heauenly Kingdome, vttering this short and sweet prayer:

*Lord, remember me, when thou comest into thy Kingdome.*

And hee had scant ended his shorr petition, but my mercifull Sauour made him this gracious answere; *Verily I say vnto thee, this day thou shalt be with me in Paradise, Luk. 23. 43.*

But now let vs consider, oh my soule, with deuout attention, and behold with attentiuē deuotion, what riches of infinite bounty, what large promises of vnmeasurable liberality, what a blessed inheritance, my bountifull Redeemer doth promise vnto this

this poore, naked, and true, though late repenting sinner.

How might this blessed promise mitigate the sorrow, ( Oh thou sorrowfull sinner, ) of thy perplexed minde ? How might it ease the sores of thine afflicted body ? for as faith bred in thy heart a true contrition, and opened thy mouth to make that humble petition, so no doubt it sealed such an assurance vnto thy wounded conscience, that thou didst steadfastly belecue his promise, and faithfully looke for the performance. But how may my speech extend it selfe to the length of thy boundlesse liberality ( my most liberali Redeemer ? ) How may my words measure the bredth of thy vnlimited mercy ? Yea how can my thoughts sound the bottomlesse Sea of thy benign-

benignity? In thy first words vttered on the *Crosse*, thou doest pray thy Father to forgive thy cruell *tormentors*, and in thy second words thou doest bountifully giue Paradise vnto a sorrowfull sinner.

Oh who can worthily estimate the dignity of the gift? who can sufficiently extoll the bounty of the Giuer? although (my sweet Iesu) thy whole life was the merit of our saluation, yet at thy bitter death thou didst pay the full price of our redemption. Oh happie thee that had such a sweet taste of thy mercy! Oh blessed soule, that wert made partaker of such infinite bounty! Oh what great graces and excellent vertues were infused into thee, that thou didst belceue my Iesus to be the true Sonne of God thy Creator? whom thou didst see to die the death of a miserable

ferable creature?

As thy faults were intolerable in thy dissolute life, so thy faith appeareth admirable at thy sorrowfull death. For what but faith was the motiue to moue thee to sue to him, to be remembered in his kingdome of eternall felicity, who to thy outward eies appeared nothing else but a spectacle of wofull misery? and as thy confidence was great, and thy loue much, so thy Iesus doth speedily assure thee to enioy a bountifull reward.

Therefore I pray thee, my most bountifull Iesu, so to inspire my minde with thy grace, and so to kindle thy loue in my brest, that I may be contented to be crucified with thee here vpon earth, that I may be receiued by thee into thy kingdome of heauen.

And grant that I may so truly lament for my trespasses

passes, and shed such bitter  
teares for my sinnes, that I  
may faithfully say with this  
penitent theefe, *Lord, remem-  
ber mee when thou shalt come  
into thy Kingdome :* For I con-  
fesse, O Lord, I haue beene no  
better then a Theefe, for I  
haue robbed thee of thy ho-  
nor, I haue beene vntrue vnto  
thee concerning thy glorie.  
My lips are defiled with lying,  
my hands haue wrought the  
workes of deceit, I haue  
often beguiled the widdow,  
and defrauded the Orphane.  
I haue sought to make my  
selfe rich by oppression. I  
haue beene disobedient to my  
gouernours, and would not  
liue vnder their lawfull sub-  
iection. Oh Lord, remember  
not my great and grieuous of-  
fences, let thy mercie blot  
them out of thy memorie,  
that they may not be laid a-  
gainst me, when I shal be sum-  
moned

moned to appeare before thee: Remember me according to the multitude of thy mercies, as thou didst this late repenting malefactor, whom thou hast left vnto mee as one rare example of thy infinite mercy, that I should not despaire in regard of thy iustice, & that I should not presume to sinne in respect of thy mercie. Oh let me remember this rare example of thy extraordinary goodnessse, so that I may neither despaire with the heauie burthen of my sinnes, nor presume without feare to transgresse the bounds of thy holy Law: that although I haue run long the wild race of vnbridled iniquity, yet at last I may returne home vnto thee out of the way of impietie, with this faithfull and true repenting offender, and be a companion with him in thy Paradise of euerlasting felicity.

A Medita-



A Meditation, concerning the  
lamentation of the Virgin Mary,  
beholding her Sonne, litted vp vp-  
on the Crosse, standing by it, ac-  
compained with Iohn the Euange-  
list, and Mary Magdalene.

## MED. XVI.

*The blessed Virgin standing by the  
Crosse*

Iohn  
19.25.

*Of Christ our Lord; Behold thy  
Sonne, sayd he*

Ibid. 26.

*Unto his Mother; Oh most grie-  
uous losse,*

*That he must die, who from all  
faults was free!*

Luk.  
23.14.

**N**OW turne thy thoughts  
(Oh my sorrowful soule,  
from the blasphemous repro-  
ches, scornfull derisions, and  
malicious slanders of the  
wicked Iewes, insulting a-  
gainst my innocent Iesus.

And now thou hast heard  
how bountifull thy Saviour  
was vnto the penitent Theefe.

Q

that

that was sorrowfull for his owne iniquity, and couragious to iustifie my mercifull Redeemer, for his vnspotted innocency : Meditate a while on the Lamentation of his blessed Mother, whose heart was wounded with sorrow, to see her Some so cruelly tormented, when hee had neuer offended in word, nor imagined any euill in thought.

How sharpe was the sting of dolour to wound her heart? How intolerable was the grieve that did trouble her minde, when shee saw his body bleeding with so manie wounds, before her wofull eies, and heard their bitter words and diuelish reproches cast out against him, in the audience of her doleful eares?

As shee had cause to reioyce at his blessed Birth, so now shee had good occasion to mourne for his cruell death.

For

For though no doubt shee was anointed with oyle of graces aboue her fellowes, yet we may not thinke shee was quite exempted from the passions of a woman, or void of the tender affections of a Mother, when shee saw the harmlesse head of her louing and beloued Sonne bleeding with a *Crowne of Thornes*, and his innocent hands, and blessed feete, fastened to the Crosse with iron nailes.

Certainely shee knew that his Conception was so sanctified by the holy Ghost in her wombe, that his most blessed body was alwaies free from the infection of impiety, and his flesh neuer tainted with the corruption of iniquity.

But yet shee knew hee did not suffer without sense of his paines, and although he was endued with a superna-

turall patience, yet shee knew that he felt the pangs of his bitter passion, subiect by his humane nature to many infirmities as we are: yet euer hauing a pure heart and clean hands, from the spots of sinne wherewith our soules are polluted, and our bodies continually infected.

Wherefore thinke, oh my soule, that as her afflictions were grieuous, so her lamentation was great: suppose that thou doest see her face discoloured with palenesse, discovering her motherly sorrow to thy outward eies, and that thou didst heare her mournfull tongue, telling this dolefull tale to thy attentive eares, which should cause thee to be a partner with her in her woe, and sigh for thy sinnes, which were the cause of her sorrow, to see her beloued Sonne so cruelly crucified

fied by the Gentiles, and so disdainfully derided by the Iewes.

Thinke (I say) that thou doest see her watering her eyes with store of teares, and uttering these or the like words, with her sorrowfull lips to her dearly beloued Son, (which words should draw out teares from thine eyes, and drine out groanes from thy heart) which shee pronounced with a dolefull accent in this or the like manner:

Oh what medicine, (be it neuer so soueraigne) can aswage the rigour of my malady? what salue (be it neuer so precious) can heale the wounds of my bleeding heart? what words (be they neuer so comfortable) can cheare vp my dolefull minde, when I see thee my beloued Sonne, so cruelly tormented, and so ig-

Q 2

nomi-

nominiouſly taunted? Alas for  
me poore wretch thy ſorrow-  
full Mother!

How intolerable is the  
paine? how grieuous is the  
punishment that is inflicted  
vpon thee? Thy death is not  
ſo bitter vnto mee, (and yet  
how loth I am to forgoe  
thee?) as theſe cruell torments  
which I ſee, doe torture thy  
innocent body, and doe greatly  
augment the ſorrow of my  
perplexed minde. As thy bleſ-  
ſed life was the cauſe of my  
chiefeſt felicity, ſo will thy  
bitter death be the beginning  
of my miſerie.

Who ſhall afford mee com-  
fort in the time of my calami-  
ty? who ſhall giue me coun-  
ſell? who ſhall be my ſuccour  
in the time of my neceſſitie,  
when I am ſeparated from  
thee? How ſhall I ſpend the  
daies with ſorrowing, and  
paſſe thorow the tedious  
nights



nights with mourning?

But thou, oh my God omnipotent, which art his eternall Father, who canst not shut thine eyes of compassion from thine afflicted Sonne, comfort mee his sorrowfull Mother.

Thou seest the wounds of his body, thou knowest the sorrowes of my heart, and because thou art a Father of mercies, and a God of all consolation, looke downe vpon me out of thy holy Sanctuarie, and as thou hast proved me to be thy faithfull Handmaide, so let the sweetnesse of thy Fatherly loue, temper the bitternessse of my griefe, that although I be depriued from the humane societie of my Sonne, yet the wings of thy prouidence, may still ouershadow mee, and thy omaipotent arme safely protect me.

But as the Virgin *Marie*

Q4

did

did bewaile the cruell and bloudie death of her innocent Sonne, so *Marie Magdalene*, with many teares gushing out of her eyes, began to lament the wofull case of him her louing Master, on this or such like manner:

Oh my deare Master! oh my gracious Lord! oh my blessed and bountifull benefactor! I cannot liue without thy louing company: I cannot abide, without thy amiable Societie: what tongue, though it speake neuer so dolefull, can truly relate my sorrow? What words, be they neuer so rhetoricall, can ease my inward griefe, when I see I shall be separated from so louing and so kinde a Master?

Oh how tyrannous are the torments wherewith the bloody tormentors doe torment thine afflicted body? How sharpe are the arrowes of  
of

of their malice, wherewith they wound thy righteous soule? How grievous is the sight of their cruell deedes vnto mine eyes? How odious are their dogged words vnto mine eares? Yet my constant love vnto thee, will not giue mee leaue to leaue thee, (though it be a death vnto mee to see thy calamity) so long as mine eyes may behold thee.

The sight of the bitter pangs of thy Passion doth affright me with horreur: The signes of thy approaching death, doth confound my senses with continuall terror: I see thy head which I anointed with precious oyntment, cruelly pierced with Thornes, and pittifully bleeding with many wounds.

I see thy harmlesse hands pierced with iron nayles, and thy innocent feete stained

Qs

with

with blood, which I bathed  
with the teares of mine eyes;  
and wiped with the haire of  
my head.

Oh how should I sufficient-  
ly bewaile the innocent death  
of my louing Iesus?

How doth my heart faint  
with sorrow, and my senses  
faile me for griefe, when I see  
the torments of his body, and  
when I thinke vpon the affli-  
ction of his soule? But alas,  
the waues of sorrow doe stop  
the passage of my words; my  
speech faileth, and my voice  
fainteth for griefe.

Now thou hast heard (my  
sorrowfull soule) the lamenta-  
tion of the Virgin *Mari*, as  
a kinde Mother, sorrowing  
for the death of her dearest  
Sonne: and the pittifull mour-  
ning of *Mari Magdalene*,  
sighing for the losse of so lo-  
uing and kinde a Master; Cease  
not thou to shed teares, with  
thy

thy weeping eyes, and to sob  
with a broken and contrite  
heart, for the cruel and shame-  
full death of thy louing Sa-  
uiour, who died for thy hai-  
nous sinnes, and suffered for  
thy horrible transgressions.

Grant me, oh my most gra-  
cious Lord, that my head may  
flowe with water, and that  
mine eyes may be turned into  
a fountaine of teares: For  
where shalt I goe to draw  
water, but to the fountaine  
of my Saviour?

Oh why should I cease to  
weepe for thy sake, when  
thou didst weepe so often, be-  
cause of my sinnes? Thou hast  
told me, that they are happy,  
and blessed, that mourne for  
their sinnes, and lament for  
their offences, and that they  
shall be comforted in the day  
of their trouble, and receiue  
consolation at the houre of  
their affliction.

Draw

Draw me (oh Lord) vnto thee, that I may behold thee, and take such hold of thee, that thou maist neuer depart from me.

Receiue mee into the little number of thy louing and faithfull friends, who would not leaue thee in thy extremest miserie, but did weepe and sigh to see thy calamities: so that being partaker with them of their sorrow, by my meditation of thy bitter Passion, suffered here vpon earth, I may be made copartner with them of thine vnspeakeable ioyes, in thy blessed Kingdome of heauen. Oh let thine cares be open to the petition of my lips, and let thy mercy grant the desire of my heart.

A



A Meditation concerning the  
 obscuration and Eclipse of the  
 Sunne about the ninth houre, and  
 of the fourth speech which the  
 Lord spake on the Crosse.

## M E D. X V I I.

*When Christ upon the Crosse for  
 vs was nail'd,*

*And that his Ghost was ready  
 to depart:*

*The Sun asham'd his Splendent  
 beames ore-wild,*

*As blushing to behold so vile a  
 part.*

Mark  
 15. 20.

Math.  
 27. 50.  
 Luk. 23.  
 45.

Mat. 27.  
 27. 45.

**N**OW call to mind, my sin-  
 full soule, how the firma-  
 ment was darkened, the Sunne  
 eclipsed, and his beames ob-  
 scured at the bitter Passion of  
 thy Saviour. And marvaile  
 not that the brightnesse of the  
 Sunne was dimmed, and that  
 his golden beames did not  
 shew forth their glorie, when  
 as the Sonne of righteousnesse,  
 my

ny innocent Iesus had his beautie obscured, and his glory darkened with the clowdes of his grieuous and bitter Passion. And if thou consider the cruelty of his enemies, and the malice of his foes, so virulent in the diuclish cogitatio<sup>n</sup>s of their hearts, and so violent in the bloody actions of their hands: thou maist thinke that the Sunne did as it were disdaine to afford them his comfortable heat, or deny them his cheerefull light, that so their eyes might be ouershadowed with darknesse, as the light of their vnderstanding was obscured with malice.

But meditate not onely, oh my soule, on the horrible cruelty of the barbarous Gentiles, and on the execrable spite of the bloody Iewes, and that their facts were so odious, and their deedes so detestable, that they

they seemed to deprive the Sunne of his splendant brightness, and to rob the earth of her chiefeſt comfort: but more often thinke ſeriously of thy ſins, and meditate ſincerely of thy tranſgreſſions, which darken the light of thy minde, and eclipse the beames of thy vnderſtanding, ſo that thou doeſt not ſee to tread in the path of harmeleſſe piety, but doeſt wander beſide it, into the dangerous waies of damnable iniquity.

Wherefore let the light of thine eyes be obſcured with weeping, and thy heart ake with groaning, as outward ſignes of thy inward ſorrow, as faithfull witneſſes of thy ſerious and true repentance: ſo that the bright beames of the comfortable love of thy Redeemer may ſtill enlighten thy heart, and the light of his cheerefull countenance ever-  
more

more shine vpon thee. Oh let not the mistie vapours of my grosse effences, my mercifull Sauour, so obscure the beames of thy mercy, but that their gracious influence may still haue their powerfull operation in my ininde, and reuiue my dead heart with the lively motions of ferment and true deuotion. Let the vertue of thy Spirit so dispell and disperse the thicke cloudes of my finnes, that my soule may be cherished with the heat of thy loue, and see the brightnesse of thy glory.

But now cease thou, my soule, to behold the darkned Sun with thine amazed eyes, and attend to the voice of thy crying Sauour with thine attentine eares. What mournful tongue can vtter the sharpnesse of his agony? what thought can conceiue the greatnesse of his paine? Oh  
how

how grievous was the extremity of his pangs, which made him lift vp his eyes vnto heauen, and his earnest and loud voice vnto his Celestiall Father, crying out in this wooll manner : *Eli, Eli, lamma-zabani? my God, my God, why hast thou forsaken mee?* Oh how vehement was the wrath of thy angry Father against thee my mercifull Iesu, my louing Sauour ? how violent were the torments that vexed thy body ? How grievous were the afflictions that pressed and perplexed thy minde, groaning vnder the heauie burden of our finnes, imposed vpon thine innocent shoulders ? Indeede our haynous finnes, our horrible transgressions, moued false-hearted *Iudas* to betray thee, and induced the stubborne-minded Iewes to reiect thee : they made thy Disciples to flye for feare, and  
to

to leaue their louing Master in time of danger: they compelled thy head to bee crowned with pricking thornes, thy face to be defiled with spittle, thy body to be scourged with whippes: they pierced thy hands, and nailed thy feete, they were the hammer and nailes that fastned thee to the Crosse. These caused thy Father to punish thee with the seuerity of his iustice, that thou being innocent, mightst make satisfaction for our trespasses, suffering a shamefull and cruell death, to finish the great worke of our redemption, and to deliuer our bodies and soules from eternall destruction. These made thy louing Father seeme to withdraw his cheerefull countenance from thee, because thou didst appeare so deformed to his eyes, and vgly in his sight, hauing put on the filthy ragges of



of our iniquitie; although hee  
did alwaies loue thee, and  
could neuer leaue thee, being  
alwaies beautifull with the  
true ornaments of thy owne  
integrity. Oh how should  
mine eyes water my bed with  
flowing teares, and my heart  
labor with continuall groans,  
to weepe for the cruelty of  
my finnes, and to lament  
for the tyrannie of my trans-  
gressions: which were such  
cruell tormentors, to torture  
thy body, and such furious  
tyrants to vex thy soule?  
How great, oh my sweet Iesu,  
are the tortures which thou  
doest patiently endure for my  
sake? How painefull, how  
shamefull, and cursed was the  
death which thou didst suffer  
for my finnes? The punishment  
was great wherewith thy  
body was afflicted; the an-  
guish was grievous, where-  
with thy soule was affected,  
the

the thornes were sharpe, that wounded thy sacred head, the whips were terrible that scourged thy naked body, the nailes were painefull that entered thorow thy hands, and pierced thy feete: nothing but markes of cruelty appeared to thine eyes, nothing but storefull reproaches of thine enemies sounded in thy eares. But as thy outward afflictions were vnspakeable, so thy inward sorrow was more intolerable, when thou didst thinke how forgetfull wee would be of thy mercies, and how vnthankfull we would be for thy benefits.

And as thou, my most deare Iesu, in the fiercest fittes of thine agonie, and sorest pangs of thy Passion, didst call, and crie to thy heavenly Father for succour, so teach mee to lift vp my deuout heart, pure hands, and a lowde voice, towards

wards the feate of mercy, when any outward affliction doth pinch my body, or any inward tribulation presse my soule : teach me oh Lord, in the stormie daies of my greatest persecutions, to meditate on thy wonted goodnesse, and when my soule is most perplexed with the horror of my guilty conscience, to thinke on the multitude of thy mercies.

But forsake me not, my sweet Iesu, when my strength faileth : vphold mee, when my feete beginne to slide, and raise mee vp when I beginne to fall: thou doest neuer leaue them without comfort in time of their trouble, who come vnto thee with confidence of thy promises, and faithfully craue thy succour: Oh suffer not my soule to be cast downe with immoderate mourning, or my mouth to be  
filled

filled with murmuring, when thy hand lieth heauie vpon mee. Comfort my drouping heart with some taste of thy heavenly consolation, when either the sword of persecution doth wound my body, or sorrow for my sinnes, doth afflict my minde. Let mee remember that thy children are in this world as the *Israelites* were in the desert: they shall haue many cruell foes, abide hunger and thirst, ruine thorow many dangers, and drinke of the bitter waters of *Mara*, before they can come into heavenly *Canaan*, and chaw the wormewood of affliction, before they can eate of the fruit of the tree of life, more sweet then milke, and more delicate then hony. Let me remember, that *Abraham* the Father of the faithfull was often afflicted: that *Jacob* thy beloued, was constrained

strained to flie for feare of *Eſau*, his rough-handed, and hard-hearted brother, and then vngently intreated, and vniuſtly rewarded for his faithfull ſeruiſe, by *Laban* his churliſh Vnkle. That *David* thy choſen was often in danger of his life, purſued and perſecuted by furious *Saul*, before he was aduanced to his Kingdome. Oh let mee not forget the many miſeries, and bitter afflictions, which tumbled in heapes vpon *Iob* thy faithfull ſeruant: Let their patience calme the turbulent motions of my repining minde, and let the remembrance of their deliuerance arme my heart with a confident and ſtedfaſt reſolution, that the eye of thy carefull prouidence neuer ſleepeth nor ſlumbreth, but continually watcheth ouer thy faithfull and beloued, and that  
rhine

thine omnipotent arme is then stretched out to rid them out of perill, when they seeme to be in a desperate case, past all hope, and farthest from succour.

And let me know that affliction is the best hope that thy children may expect in this worldly Lotterie, but yet let the anchor of my hope take such sure hold on thy promises in the time of my misery, that I may alwaies be assured, that thou art able, and neuer vnwilling to cure my *malady*, if I call faithfully vpon thy name, and waite thy appointed time with patience, abiding constant in thy loue, and confident in thy Word. Grant me, oh my Lord Iesus, to crie out vnto thee in the daies of my trouble, and to craue thy strong aide in the houre of my *tribulation*. O let mee drinke a deepe draught



draught of the fountaine of  
thy mercie, when my poore  
heart is parched with thirst,  
in this world of miserie: Heare  
me from Heauen, and let my  
voice sound in thine eares,  
that I may receiue comfort  
when I am distressed, helpe,  
when I am oppressed, and  
peace of conscience when my  
soule is afflicted; that when  
I feele the sweet taste of thy  
mercie, my lips may shew  
thy praise, and my tongue  
declare thy glory, saying:  
*With my voyce I cried vnto the  
Lord, with my voyce I prayed  
vnto the Lord, and hee heard  
mee.*

R

A

A Meditation, concerning the  
fift and fixt words, which the  
Lord Iesus spake on the Crosse; to  
wit, *I thirst*, and *It is finished*.

## M E D. XVIII.

Zach.  
13.1.

Iohn  
19.28.  
Rom.  
4.25.

Iohn  
19.30.

*When Christ our Lord the foun-  
taine of all blisse,*

*Had said, I thirst; and that the  
hure was come,*

*That hee to Death must yeeld  
for our amisse,*

*He said: It's finisht now; and  
all is done.*

**H**Eere (Oh my soule)  
consider not onely the  
woes, but mark the *words* of  
thy dying *Iesus*: thou didst  
heare him cry vnto his hea-  
uenly Father, with seruencie  
of his affection, uttering the  
vehemencie of his affliction,  
and now heare thy wofull  
*Iesus*, speaking vnto the wil-  
full deafe-eard, and dead-  
hearted Iewes, saying, *I thirst*.  
And

And although enuie had so parched vp their hearts, that they had no sap of relenting pittie, yet let his words pierce so deepe into thy tender heart, that it may be wounded with true compunction, and stirre vp actiue and liuely motions of compassion within thy bowels, so often as thou dost thinke on his necessity, and so often as thou dost meditate on his calamity: but alas, thou dost seldome or neuer meditate on his humane misery.

Oh what grievous infirmities, miseries, distresses, and calamities, did our fraile assumed nature bring vpon thee, my louing, sweet, and mercifull Iesús?

How many great and vn-supportable torments did our sinne, (yea my sinnes, made thine by imputation) compell thee to suffer?

What did cause thee to doe it, my blessed Saviour, but the ardent seruour of thy exceeding loue? What worthinesse of merit was there in vs, as a motiue to moue thee? It was thine vnspeakeable mercie, and nothing but thine inestimable mercie which did induce thee.

But canst thou (oh my sorrowfull soule) containe thy teares within the little caue of thine eies, and suppress thy groanes, and repress thy sighes within the hollow corners and cauernes of thy heart, when thou doest thinke on the extreme thirst of thy louing Iesus, and of the small compassion that was shewed vnto him by the vnmercifull Iewes? Wherefore cry out with the voyce of mourning, and lament in thy crying, and say vnto thy beloued Iesus, Oh my most louing Lord, oh my

my most gracious Reconciler, oh my most mercifull Redeemer, how should my sad and sorrowfull soule be afflicted with heauinesse? how should all my senses be afflicted with mourning, when my minde doth contemplate the wounds of thy body, and meditate the sorrow of thy soule, afflicted with the deadly pangs of thy bitter passion, which inflamed thy heart with excessive heat, and dried vp the moysture of thy bowels, with immoderate thirst? And how should mine eyes swell with weeping, and my heart be wearied with groaning, to bewaile my sinnes, which so sharpened the hearts of the Gentiles, with the eagernesse of crueltie, and so shortened the hand of the Iewes, with the malice of impiety, that they retained no sparke of pittie in their  
R 3 hearts,

hearts, nor would extend their hands to giue thee any comfortable refreshing in thy greatest extremity ? But as their hearts and bowels were filled with sharpe, sowre, and malicious humors, so they giue thee a sowre and bitter drinke, compounded of Gall and Vineger.

Oh nefarious and horrible impiety I oh detestable cruelty of the perfidious Iewes, to be so stony-hearted, as not to afford so much as a draught of cold water to my dying Iesus, who is able to giue water of life, which shall so plentifully satisfie the longing desire of those that drinke of it, that they shall neuer after be molested with thirst, nor haue any necessity to drinke.

Oh would I had been there, my bountifull Iesu, that my weeping eies might haue afforded



forded thee store of water,  
to haue slaked thy drinesse,  
and quenched thy thirst. Oh  
how extreme was the griefe  
of thy tender-hearted Mo-  
ther! Oh how sorrowfull was  
the sadnesse of *Iohn* thy lo-  
uing Disciple, who loued thee  
so tenderly, and was beloued  
of thee so intirely?

Oh how dolorous was the  
lamentation of *Mary Mag-  
dalene*, mourning for thee her  
kindo distressed Master, who  
had forgiven her many sinnes,  
because shee had shewed thee  
much loue! Who all did be-  
hold thee with their wofull  
eyes, and did heare thee with  
their dolefull eares, complaine  
that thou wert drie and thir-  
stie! and no doubt but they  
did all wish with sighes, and  
desire with heauie groanes,  
that they had beene able,  
(but alas, they might not be  
suffred) to giue thee some

comfortable refreshing.

When the Diuell our ancient enemy did tempt thee in the Wildernesse, thou wert pinched with hunger, and at thy death thou wert parched with thirst, thy moysture dried vp like a pot-shard, and thy tongue cleaved to the roofe of thy mouth.

Now what are these naturall wants and weake infirmities found in thy body, but strong arguments vnto vs of thy true man-hood, and true testimonies of thy humane nature, that we might know, that although thou wert indued with exceeding patience, yet that thou being man, wert subiect to our passions: but as thy sacred Conception was free from all carnall corruption, so thy pure Life was alwaies free from all sinnefull infection.

Thou hadst great cause (my  
louing

louing Saviour) to be molested with drinesse, and grieved with thirst, when as thy body was distempered with *watching*, bruised with cruell blowes, and thy blood exhausted with thy *bleeding wounds*: yet such as was the inhumanity, such was the cruelty of the pittilesse Iewes, that in this extremity they would not afford thee a cup of cold water. But is it credible, yea, is it possible, that my Saviour should be afflicted with thirst at his death, who hath told vs (and it is true that hee hath told vs) that he hath the water of life?

Tell me, my bountifull Iesu, how was thy moisture consumed? What caused thy thirst? Art thou not hee which cryed, *If any man thirst, let him come to me and drinke?* Iohn 7.37. Art thou able to satisfie

R 5

others

others that are thirsty, and art thou thy selfe oppressed with thirst? art not thou He my louing Sauour, which said to the woman of *Samarita*, that thou hadst the *water of life*, and that he which should drinke of this water, should neuer thirst any more, but that it should be a well of water in him, springing vp vnto euerlasting life?

Thy speech (my Sauour) is veritie: and thy words are truth: thou halt the water of life, thou art able, and as thou art able, so thou art most willing, to refresh our thirsty soules with this blessed water, if wee will resort to drinke of thy pure and *Christall fountaine*: I will come vnto thee (my sweet Iesu) that thou mayest satisfie my soule with thine euerlasting bread, and quench my thirst with this *water of life*: for my soule thirsteth after God, which is a  
liuing

living Fountaine.

I will cry vnto thee, the Lord my God, my Saviour, my protector, and I will say, I thirst, I thirst, my bountifull Iesu: Oh that I might haue but so much as a little taste of this Cœlestrall water! Oh how doe I long to drinke of this fountaine! Quench thou my thirst, oh my sweet Iesu, with this liuing Water, for thou onely art able to quench my thirst, because with thee there is the fountaine of life.

And graunt that my soule may still thirst with such a longing after thy *loue*, that it may make haste to these waters of comfort.

Oh how dangerous and deadly were my malady? how vn-sufferable were my misery? how damnable were my state? how desperate were my case, if I should not drink of this *heauenly Fountaine*?

But

But as the spring of these blessed and wholesome waters doth euer flow, and as thy vnstinted bounty (oh my mercifull Sauour) euer aboundeth: so thou doest neuer deny any thirstie soule to drinke of this Liuing water.

Wherefore let the seruency of thy loue so inflame my soule, that it may thirst, and thirsting, may runne vnto thee, to be refreshed with this comfortable water.

I know, oh my blessed Redeemer, that thou wert not onely afflicted with thirst in thy body, but that thou wert more affected with thirst in thy Spirit.

Hear thou, (oh my thirsty soule) the sweet word of thy Sauour! Oh with what exceeding mercy is it replenished? with what ienstimable Charity is it vttered?

He saith, *I thirst*: but he saith



saith not, I am pained, grieued, or afflicted. And what dost thou thirst for so much, oh my louing Lord? Thou dost not thirst so much for wine which is pressed out of the grapes of the Vine: or for water which floweth out of the Riuer: but thy thirst is my saluation, thy meat is my redemption. Thou doest thirst for my faith, my saluation, my ioy: this spirituall thirst did more affect thy soule, then any naturall or humane thirst could afflict thy body: Therefore thirst thou (oh my soule) after thy louing and merciful Saviour, as the *thirsty Hart desireth the water*. Oh how canst thou but thirst after him, who hath thirsted so much after thee? Let all things (be they neuer so sowre) be pleasant vnto thee for his sake: let all things (be they neuer so bitter) be most sweet vnto thee for

for his loue. Refuse not to drinke of the bitter cup of affliction for his cause, and hee will not faile to refresh thee in the time of thy calamitie, his hand shall be stretched out to deliuer thee in thy necessitie.

Grant me, my Lord, that I may offer vnto thee the wine of my true deuotion, with the Myrrh of mortification, and Gall of hearty contrition. But as it might be dolefull vnto thee my soule, to heare thy louing Iesus cry out, *Sitio, I thirst*; so let it be ioyfull vnto thee, to heare him take his farewell with *Consummatum est*, It is finished, *Iob. 19. 30.* Oh let the Meditation of this word be more sweet vnto me, then the hony which *Samson* found in the carcase of the Lyon, when he was hungry, *Iudg. 14 8.* and more delectable vnto mee, then the water which

which hee found in the Iaw-  
bone of the Assē, when he  
was thirsty, *Iudg. 15. 19.* For  
now had my blessed Redee-  
mer fulfilled the sacred de-  
crees of the holy Scriptures,  
concerning my saluation, and  
appeased the wrath of his Fa-  
ther, kindled against me for  
my sinnes.

Now he had cancelled the  
Obligation of my infinite  
debt, and not with siluer and  
gold, but with his owne most  
precious blood purchased my  
Redemption: And by his  
death, conquered death, hell  
and the deuill.

Oh happy death, that hath  
redeemed mee to eternall life!  
Oh glorious victory, although  
my Sauiour obtained it so  
dearely! Therefore let mee  
not be carelesse to sell that so  
cheape, which my Sauiour  
hath bought so deare. Let mee  
consecrate my soule and body  
wholly

wholy to him, for they are  
his owne, he hath dearly  
bought them.

Direct my spirit, oh Lord,  
by the leuell of thy perfect  
Word: let the meditation of  
my heart be day and night in  
thy sacred law, that I may of-  
fer vp vnto thee daily the  
calues of my vnfained lippes,  
speaking of thy maruailous  
kindnesse early in the mor-  
ning, and telling of thy ma-  
nifold mercies late in the eve-  
ning: send downe a gracious  
raine of thy holy Spirit into  
the furrowes of my heart, that  
the memory of thine innume-  
rable benefits, may perpetually  
flourish in my minde, and  
thine euermore sound in my  
mouth: for thou alone art my  
Redeemer, oh Lord God of my saluation.

A Meditation how CHRIST  
gaue vp the Ghost, and of the  
wonders which were seene at  
his death.

MED. XIX.

*Strange wonders at our Saviours  
death were wrought,*

Mark  
15. 38.

*The graves did open, and the dead  
came forth:*

Math.  
27. 52.

*The Temple rent in twaine.*

Luk. 23.

*Dumbe creatures sang*

45.

*To expresse to blinded Iewes, their*

Luk.

*Makers worth.*

19. 40.

**L**ift vp thine eies, oh my  
soule, and behold how  
the countenance of thy Sa-  
uiour is couered with a dead-  
ly palenesse, his sight begin-  
neth to faile, and his heart  
to faint, yet a little before  
the departure of his soule, and  
in his greatest pangs, hee cri-  
ed out with a lowd voice, as  
if he had felt no paine, saying:  
*Father, into thy hands I commend*

my spirit: and when he had said thus, bowing downe his head, and closing his eies, he gaue vp the Ghost, *Luk. 23. 46.* Now so soone as his blessed soule was dissolued from his breathlesse body, the vaile of the *Temple* was rent into two peeces from the top to the bottome, the earth did quake, the stones were rent, the graues opened, and many bodies of the Saints, which slept, arose out of their graues, came into the holy Citie, and appeared to many.

Awake thou now, oh my soule, lie no longer snorting in the bed of carelesse security: what wilt thou say? What wilt thou doe, oh my soule?

Thou seest that the earth trembleth, and quaketh, that the stones doe cleaue in peeces, and that the beholders are



are all amazed at the death of the Lord Iesus.

Oh! why art thou so senselesse, oh my soule, and as it were dead without motion, at the recordation of the death, and meditation of the Passion of thy Saviour? Oh let the sinnefull vaile of the temples of thy head rend into peeces, which couered the eyes of thy vnderstanding! Let thy earthly body tremble with horror, and thy stony heart cleaue in sunder with terror of thine impiety: and now arise thou out of the graue of thine iniquity, let thine eyes waste and consume away with weeping, and let thy heart melt away with sighing, that thou mayest shew some signes of sorrow for thy sinnes, and some tokens of true repentance for thy transgressions, which caused the bitter Passion, and

brued  
procu.

procured the cruell death of thy innocent I E S U S : and crie out with the astonished Centurion, *Verily this man was righteous. Hee was the Sonne of G O D.* Mat. 27. Lift vp thy hands and crie out with a faithfull heart, Oh my gracious Lord, my sweet Saviour, and louing Redeemer; how terrible were my trespasses, how hainous were my transgressions, that nothing but thy precious blood could wash out the staines of mine iniquity ? and nothing but thy death deliuer me out of the chaines of everlasting captiuiity ? What shall I doe to gratulate the greatnesse of thy loue ? How shall I perfectly relish the goodnesse of thy mercy ? How shall I thoroughly taste the sweetnes of thy compassion ? For how doth thy loue exceede in greatnesse ? How doth mercy abound

abound in goodnesse ? And how doth thy compassion excell in sweetnesse, that thou being the true and naturall Sonne of God, shouldst be made man, that we being sinnefull men, should be made the sonnes of God? Yea, when wee were thine enemies, vessels of sinne, and vassals of Satan ? And that thou being man, shouldest be made subiect to the same passions, to the same affections, to the same afflictions, that we are? Yea, ~~obnoxious~~ to death, to pay our debt: but yet thy life was neuer infected with any sinfull action: no, not so much as affected with any euill cogitation.

Oh my kinde Iesu! Oh thou innocent Lambel! Oh my most louing Lord! by how much the more I consider thy calamity, by how much the more I ruminat thy mercie,  
by

by so much the more cause  
I finde to be faithfully affected  
towards thee for the great-  
nes of thy loue, and to be af-  
flicted with thee for thy  
griuous torments. Oh let  
me behold in my serious me-  
ditation, and see with the eye  
of mine vnderstanding, how  
thy most sacred body is bru-  
sed with cruell blowes, thy  
tender flesh mangled with  
bleeding wounds, thy vene-  
rable head perfored and pier-  
ced with a Crowne of prick-  
ing thornes, thy beautifull  
forehead spotted, and thy  
comely haire knotted with  
congealed blood, thy nostrils  
offended with stinking spit-  
tle, and thy blessed mouth di-  
stasted with gall and vine-  
ger, thy most bright eyes  
obscured with a veile, thy  
amiable face buffeted with  
fists, and defiled with dust,  
thy chaste cares filled with  
reproa-

reproaches, thy naked body  
scourged with whips, thy  
weary shoulders shrinking,  
and thy weake knees failing  
vnder the heauie burthen of  
the Crosse, thy most holy  
hands pierced, and thy bleis-  
sed feet bored with sharpe  
iron nailes, thy blessed side  
opened, and thy heart wound-  
ded with a speare. Oh let the  
remembrance of thy gricuous  
torments, my louing Iesu, let  
the memorie of thy bleeding  
wounds and scornefull re-  
proaches, wound my heart  
with wofull compunction,  
and pierce into my hardned  
bowels, that they may relent  
with tender compassion, that  
I may feele some sense of  
painefull sorrow for thy sake,  
seeing thou hast suffered so  
much for my sinnes.

But before thou passe any  
further, ( oh my soule ) doe  
thou not let it passe without  
earnest

earnest meditation, how that although the hearts of the tormentors of mine afflicted Iesus, were so poysoned with impiety, and their hands so polluted with cruelty, that they grieued his righteous soule with their scornes and reproaches, killed his innocent body with their tortures: yet that the fury of their malicious hearts was so restrained, and the violence of their cruell hands so repressed, that they could not breake one bone of his blessed body, as they did of the malefactors which were crucified with him, because the sacred Scripture had said they should not, and therefore their hands were fettered that they could not: *Exod. 12. 46. Num. 9. 12. Zach. 12. 10.* Wherefore let this meditation comfort thy drooping heart (oh my soule) and console thy faint-



fainting spirits in the sowrest  
fits of any worldly misery,  
and in the forest conflicts of  
any affliction that can betide  
thee: that no Tyrant, be hee  
neuer so mighty, or his heart  
neuer so malicious, can ima-  
gine more in his cruell  
thoughts, or act any more with  
his bloody hands against thee,  
then the Diuine providence  
hath predestinated, and the  
counsell of the highest hath al-  
wayes determined.

Let this resolution be as a  
precious Balme to heale the  
wounds of thy sorrow, and as  
a soueraigne Salue to cure thy  
sores, that they may not fester  
with despairfull repining, or  
rancor with impatient mour-  
ning.

Let no dread of danger  
throw downe the Fort of thy  
hope: let no Tempest of per-  
secution shake the foundation  
of thy Faith, and let no waues

S of

of affliction quench the flame of thy loue towards thy Saviour, but let the oyle of his sufficient grace so strengthen the sinewes of thy Faith, when it waxeth feeble, that thy heart neuer faile, nor thy courage quaille, when thou art molested with any sickenes, or affliction of body, or moued with any malady of thy mind, being faithfully perswaded, that no calamity can betide thee without his will, nor no danger can come neere thy dwelling, without his good pleasure: and that no Tyrants, (although they be neuer so mighty) can do but so much, and no more against thee, then hee in his wisdom knoweth to be profitable for thee.

For neither the prophane Gentiles, nor the superstitious Iewes, could doe any more vnto my innocent Iesus, then he was willing to suffer, who  
came

came to die for the sinnes of the people: they could not do one iot more then was enacted in the highest Court of the Cœlestiall Parliament, determined by the secret Counsel of the Trinity, and confirmed by the euerlasting Statutes of the sacred Scriptures.

Confirm my mind (oh Lord) with a stedfast perswasion of thy power, and comfort my weake nature with a resolute confidence in thy Word, that in the time of my aduersitie, and day of my tribulation, yea, at the houre of my death, I may commend my spirit into thy hands, as thou didst thine into the hands of thy heauenly Father.

Oh what a consolation and comfort may it be vnto me in my greatest misery, to commend my soule into thy custody! for there it shall remain in the safe harbor of eternal tran-

quillity, no more subiect to misery, no more obnoxious to vanity: the ioy that it shall possesse is vnspeakable, the felicitie incomparable, the continuance of it neuer decaying, but alwayes durable without any change, or ending.

Receiue my soule (oh my louing Sauour) into thy hands, that it may be safe, vnder the shadowe of thy wings: it is thine owne, it came from thee, and therefore let it returne vnto thee: receiue my gift, my bountifull giuer.

But because (oh Lord) nothing that is impure may appeare in thy sight, neither canst thou behold any vncleane thing with thine eie, purge my soule with the fire of thy spirit, and wash away the spots of it with thy precious blood, that being beautified with the pure white robe of thy mercy, *Rev. 12. 18.*

it

it may confidently approach  
vnto the Throne of thy Ma-  
iesty.

Oh let the affection of my  
loue be neuer defectiue to-  
wards thee, and infuse that  
into me, by the gift of thy  
grace, which I am not able to  
obtaine by my owne strength;  
captiuate all my senses, that  
they may be obsequious to do  
thy will, and frame all the  
members of my body, to per-  
forme thy law, that being  
partaker of thy death, by true  
mortification of my flesh, I  
may also be made partaker  
with thee of thy glorious Re-  
surrection, by the viuifica-  
tion of thy blessed Spirit.

A Meditation, how the Lord  
Iesus was buried, and of the la-  
mentation of his Mother, and  
other women, for his death.

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MED. XX.

---

Mark  
15.46.

Mat.  
27.90.  
Luk.

23.53.  
Mark  
15.46.

*Within a Tombe, which in a  
Rocke was wrought,*

*Ioseph enshrines the body of  
our Lord,*

*Wraps in a cloib, which hee  
of purpose bought.*

*Oh happy man, that did such  
loue afford!*

---

**A**S there was a wicked  
and couetous *Iudas*, (oh  
my soule) amongst the faith-  
full Disciples of thy louing  
I E S U S, to betray him to a  
cruell death, so there was  
a kinde *Ioseph* found among  
the Iewes, who brought  
him honourably to his graue.  
Oh



Oh who is able to relate the lamentation, to expresse the sorrow, and vtter the griefe of the Virgin *Mary*, mourning for the death of her deare Sonne, and other women, who did behold him with their compassionate eies, when (like an innocent Lambe) he gaue vp the Ghost, and bewailed his departure from them, with floods of teares!

Now thinke that thou doest heare the Virgin *Mary* discovering the inward sorrowes of her heart, (of her griued and wounded heart) vttered out of her dolefull mouth, passionate, as she was a tender-hearted woman, and more compassionate, as shee was a louing Mother, when shee saw the wounded and breathlesse body of her Sonne, taken downe from the Crosse.

Let her sorrowfull words penetrate thine cares, and pierce thy heart, that thou maist bewaile the debts of thy sinnes, as she lamented the death of her Sonne, in this or the like manner.

Oh my most sweet Sonne, what is my felicity, which I had by thee in thy life? Is it any thing else but extreme miserie at thy death? How is my chiefest ioy changed into sorrow? My mirth into mourning? How is my reioycing turned into lamenting, my cheerefulnesse turned into heavinesse? nothing can mitigate my calamity, nothing can ease my malady:

What hadst thou done (oh my most deare Sonne) what hainous crime hadst thou committed? What odious treason hadst thou perpetrated, that thou wert condemned to die such a shamefull  
and

and bitter death?

Thy pure hands were neuer defiled with any euill actions: and thy harmelesse heart did neuer harbour any wicked cogitations: thine eyes were neuer bewitched with worldly vanities, nor thine eares delighted with lewd discourses: thy mouth did vtter forth wisdom, and thy tongue spake nothing but the truth: thy whole life was a Mirrour of piety, thy words deserved no reprehension, thy deeds were without all exception. Oh how bitter was the malice? how horrible was the enuie? how blinde were the eyes? how bloody were the hearts of the cruell Iewes, to crucifie my deare Sonne, my innocent Iesus? how dolefull is it to mine eyes, and dolorous to my heart, to behold thy bright eyes obscured with deadly darknesse! thy blessed

55 hand

hand deprived of action, and thy beautifull feete senselesse without any motion! to see thy cheerefull countenance couered with an ashy palenesse, thy skinne blacke and blue with blowes, and thy flesh mangled with wounds!

This spectacle is so wofull, that I can no longer behold thee with mine eies, and the waues of sorrow doe overflow my heart so fast, that they stop my words, and stay the current of my mournfull speech.

Now as *Marie Magdalene* did behold the blessed body of my Sauour with his mourning Mother, so she did not cease to lament his death, who had beene so kinde a Master vnto her in his life: What a plentifull streame of teares ranne downe her cheekes? What a spring of sorrow arose in her heart?

How

How did her sorrowfull  
sighes second her heauie sobs?  
How did her dolefull sobs  
preuent her lamentable sighs?  
Thinke, thou doest see her  
kisse his senslesse hands:  
thinke thou doest see her kiss  
his breathlesse feete, speaking  
vnto her louing Master, with  
her trembling voice being  
dead, as if he did heare her,  
and were aliue, bathing them  
with her teares, and giuing  
a little ease to her sore disea-  
sed heart, by vttering these or  
the like words, with her fee-  
ble lips:

Alas (my sweet Master) a-  
las my most louing Lord, the  
staiffe of my stay, the onely  
ioy of my heart, the sole com-  
fort of my perplexed spirit;  
Alas for me, how comfort-  
lesse doest thou leaue mee?  
How ioyfull was I made by  
thee? How sorrowfull shall  
I bee by being without thee?

To

*Mary  
Magda'ens  
lamenta-  
tion for  
losse of  
her Ma-  
ster.*

To whom shall I haue recourse for comfort in the straightnesse of my sorrow? To whom shall I goe for succour in time of my trouble?

How lamentable is the view of thy wounded head vnto mine eies? How grievous is the view of thy sacred hands and feet vnto my sight, pierced with iron-nailes, and deprived of sense, which I so carefully anointed, bathing them with the teares of mine eies, and drying them with the haire of my head? *John 11. 2. and 12. 3. Mat. 26. 7.* But now alas, in stead of odoriferous oyntment, they are mangled with wounds, and spotted with blood: Oh wretched woman, oh miserable creature, because I am deprived of such a louing and welbeloued Master.

Where shall I find one who  
will



will loue me so dearely, and regard me so entirely ? Thou art hee which didst often vouchsafe to come into my cottage, and to sit downe at my Table, and didst vouchsafe to honour my poore house with thy gracious presence, when alas I was not able to afford thee any such entertainment as might in any sort requite thy kindenesse, or recompence thy loue, *Iohn 11. 28.* Oh my most sweet Iesu, thou didst defend me from the Pharise who disdained me for my trespasses, and loathed me for my sinnes. Thou didst kindly excuse mee, speaking in my cause, and pleading my case, when my sister began to be angry with me, and to conceiue displeasure against mee : Thou didst cominend me when I did anoynt thee with a precious oyntment, washing thy feete with my teares, and wipping

wiping them with my haire,  
thou didst mitigate my sorrow,  
thou didst remit my sins,  
thou didst kindly aske for  
mee when I was not present  
with thee, and commanded  
my sister to call me vnto thee.

Oh what great and how  
many demonstrations of thy  
loue, how many tokens of thy  
kindnesse, how many signes  
of thy charity, how many arguments  
of thy mercie, Oh my most  
sweet Lord, hast thou shewed  
vnto mee? what a rich treasure  
of thy bounty hast thou conferred  
vpon mee? When thou didst see  
my mourning for the death of my  
Brother, thou didst comfort  
mee in my sorrow, thou didst  
assuage my griefe, thou didst  
weepe with me: such was thy  
kinde affection towards my  
louing brother, such was thy  
tender compassion towards  
mee his sorrowfull sister: and  
thou

thou didst not onely shed teares, as signes of thy loue, but thou didst raise my dead brother out of his graue for my consolation, and restored him to life againe for my comfort: *Iohn 11. 25. Ibidem, 43.*

As nothing was more sweet and pleasant vnto me, then to enioy thy blessed company, so nothing can be more sowre and sharpe vnto me, then want of thy comfortable societie.

But alas, sorrowfull words are too weake a medicine to cure my maladie: and although I haue cause to say much, yet extremity of griefe will suffer mee to say no more.

Now thou hast heard, oh my soule, the lamentation of a tender Mother, deploring the death of her Sonne, and also the pittifull mourning of a faithfull seruant, bewailing the want of him, who  
was

was her louing Master, and bountifull benefactor: canst thou be so stonie-hearted, that thou art moued with no feeling compassion? Is thy heart so hard, that it cannot giue a groane? Are thine eyes so dry, that they will not yeeld a teare, at the meditation of the death and buriall of thy Sauour, who died for thy sinnes, and was slaine for thine iniquities?

I flie vnto thee, my most mercifull Lord, that thou maist mollifie and moysten my hard, and dry heart with plentifull showres of thy graces: turne my head into a spring of water, and change mine eyes into a fountaine of teares.

I know not how to excuse my selfe, because I haue beene so vnthankfull for thy benefits, so forgetfull of thy mercies, and so vnkinde vnto thee

thee for thy loue.

What shall I say but woe  
and alas for me, a most wretch-  
ed and wicked sinner? Who  
can measure the quantity of  
mine infelicity? Who can  
describe the horreur of my  
miserie? Who can quiet the  
troubles of my minde? Who  
can pacifie my troubled con-  
science, because my hard  
heart hath not beene touched  
with any compunction, nor  
my bowels moued with a-  
ny compassion, when I did  
thinke on thy cruell death,  
and meditate on thy bitter  
Passion?

Oh wretched man that I  
am! Oh miserable creature!  
For when others doe mourne  
at the meditation of thy  
Passion, shed teares, and send  
forth sighes at the remem-  
brance of thy death: my heart  
is so ouer-growne with hard-  
nesse, that it cannot be touch-  
ed

ed with sorrow, and mine eies are so dry without moisture, that they will not send forth a teare. Oh why doe I not sigh, sob, and weepe in my Meditation of the bitter Passion of my Saviour, my gracious and bountifull benefactor, who did abide so many painefull torments and reproachfull taunts for my finnes, and suffered a most shamefull and cruell death on the *Crosse* for my transgressions? How can I excuse the coldnesse of my loue? How should I cleare my vnthankfull minde? If Death take away my Father, or deprive me of my Mother, I water my cheekes with teares, and weary my heart with groaning. I can weepe for the death of a Brother, and wring my hands for sorrow at the buriall of my sister: I cannot but mourne when I follow my friend



friend to his graue, my teares doe testifie my loue, my voice doth vtter words of lamentation, my heart is sadde with sorrow, and all my senses are disordered with griefe.

But alas, how is the moisture of mine eyes consumed, that they cannot yeeld one teare ! How obdurate is my heart, that it will not groane, when I thinke on the deadly pangs of my Sauour, and when I meditate on the grievous passion, and bitter death of my Redeemer, who hath bene more beneficiall vnto mee then any louing Father, and more kinde then any tender-hearted mother ! what kindnesse of a Brother, or mild affection of a Sister, can equall his loue ? What friend can be so glad for my prosperity ? Who of mine acquaintance can be so sad for my aduersity ? Who can be so constant  
vnto

vnto me in affection? Who can be so faithfull vnto me in compassion, as my mercifull Sauour? My Parents gaue me my flesh, polluted with sinne, and defiled with vices: I receiue from my Sauour, Memory, Will, Vnderstanding, and Reason: yea, what is there in me which is good, but it commeth from my GOD? My Parents haue beene an occasion to throw me downe into hell, but my Redeemer did shed his precious blood to bring mee into the Kingdome of Heauen: therefore why doe I not sigh and lament for the death of my Lord my Sauour, my Redeemer, who is my solace in time of sorrow, my consolation in my misery, and my refuge in the houre of my necessity? But oh my most bountifull Iesu, father of mercies, I mourne with sorrow,  
and

and lament with teares, when death doth rob mee of my Parents, or depriue mee of my friends : because I loue them without measure, and affect them without any meane. Therefore because I did neuer loue thee faithfully in all my life, I am not able to be grieved for thee when I meditate on thy death. Wherefore oh my sweet Iesu, enflame my heart with thy loue, that my soule may make hast to come vnto thee, which art the Liuing Fountaine which can quench my thirst. Blow vp the sparkles of mine affections with the breath of thy spirit, which lie smothered in my brest, that they may begin to burne with thy loue: let the meditation of thy loue, be the sweetest pleasure of my minde : let it be the beginning, let it be the ending of all my desires. Looke downe  
vpon

vpon me from heauen, oh Lord, and visit mee from thy Sanctuarie: Teach me to bewaile my sinnes: touch my heart with true sorrow for my transgressiōs, which made thee to descend from heauen out of thy Fathers bosome, to die a shamefull and cruell death on the Crosse for me a most wicked and wretched sinner.

Oh what hast thou done for mee, my most bountifull Iesu? Let my heart be still ravished with the admiration of thy loue: let my minde still feede on the sweetnesse of thy mercy: let my memory keepe a perpetuall Register of thy exceeding bounty.

Teach mee to meditate fruitfully on thy bitter Passion: teach mee to thinke comfortably on thy blessed Resurrection and glorious Ascension, that I may daiely wish

wish for thy comming to  
Iudgement, that I may be  
freed from all worldly misery,  
and be made partaker with  
thee of eternall felicity.

*Amen.*

A Meditation of the Lord  
 Iesus his Resurrection; of his ap-  
 pearance to his Disciples, of his  
 Ascension into heauen, and of his  
 comming to Iudgement.

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M E D. X X I.

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Mark  
 16. 11.

Math.  
 28. 56.

Luk.  
 24. 56.

Mat. 28.  
 9, 10, 20,  
 14

*Two Maries come to seeke  
 their Lord in graue:*

*To whom an Angell bright  
 appeares, and saith,*

*Amongst the dead your  
 Lord you cannot haue:*

*Then Christ himselfe appeares  
 to arme their faith.*

---

**A**S yet (my sorrowfull)  
 soule, thou hast had mat-  
 ter to draw out streames of  
 teares from thine eies, and  
 lamentable motiues, to drive  
 out deepe groanes from thy  
 heauy heart, when thou didst  
 meditate in thy troubled  
 minde, and ponder in thy  
 secret



secret thoughts, on the malicious enuie of the bloudy Iewes, the horrible Treason of desperate *Iudas*, the wrongfull and cruell sentence of death, pronounced by cursed *Pilate*, the bitter taunts and brutish torments breathed out'against, and inflicted vpon my louing Iesus, by those murdering tormentors, and cruell Tyrants.

But now, oh my soule, be cheerefull, cast away pensiue thoughts, console thy perplexed minde, and comfort thy troubled spirit: let thy sorrow be turned into solace, thy mourning into mirth: let thine eies cease to shed teares, and thy heart to yeeld forth any more heauie groanes: let thy tongue be a *Herauld*, to proclaime the exceeding ioy of thy reioycing minde, and lift vp thy voice, to sing ioyfull songs

T of

of thy great deliuerance, when thou doest meditate with a zealous cogitation, and serious affection, on the powerfull Resurrection, and triumphant Ascension of thy blessed Saujour. For although he willingly died on the *Crosse* for thy finnes, and felt the bitternesse of a heauie curse for thy sake, yet as he had a desire to lay downe, so hee had a power to take vp his life againe. And though the cruelty of the Iewes had put him to a cursed death, and afterwards vsed what policie they might to containe his body still in the graue: yet their policy proued but folly, their sealed Sepulchre could not hold him one minute beyond the appointed houre, but the stone was remoued, the earth trembled, and the Souldiers were amazed, that watched the Sepulchre, at the time of his Resur-

Resurrection. But not onely the vnblecuing Iewes, though they saw many strange wonders at his death, doubted of his speedy rising againe vnto life: But also those tender-hearted women, who beheld him hanging on the *Crosse*, with their weeping eyes, and did lament his bitter *Passion*, with sorrowfull hearts, did thinke to haue found him enclosed in the graue, *Matth.* 28. 1. and therefore came early in the morning, after the *Sabbath*, to embalme his blessed body with precious oyntments after his death, whom they loued so dearly, and esteemed so highly in time of his life.

I am perswaded, they could hardly suffer their eyes to entertaine any sleepe, or the temples of their heads to take any rest, but that sometime in the night they thought on the

pittifull wounds they saw in his body, and the grievous afflictions he had felt in his soule: sometime they thought on the hardnesse of their hearts, and bloudie cruelty of their hands, that without any sparke of pittie, or motion of mercy, did cruelly naile him to the *Crosse*.

Sometime they doe meditate on the incomparable meekenesse of his minde, and admirable humility of his heart: they did no doubt often thinke vpon the excellencie of his patience, and extremity of his *Passion*: they thought it long till the morning appeared, they might performe some kindenesse of loue, vpon his blessed body laid in the graue after his death, who had shewed so many tokens of extraordinary fauour towards them

them in time of his life.

But alas, how were their hearts surprised with sorrow, and their mindes suppressed with griefe, when they came early to seeke, and could not finde the body of my Sauour in the graue? *Iob. 10. 12.* But the Lord, who often trieth, but neuer tireth his children, with greater afflictions then they are able to beare, did comfort them in their amazed thoughts, and cheare vp their sorrowfull hearts, by their ioyfull tidings, that his heavenly Ambassadors did declare vnto them, saying: *Why seekes ye the liuing among the dead? hee is not here, but he is risen, Luk. 24. 5. Iob. 20. 12.*

Oh how did these comfortable words ease their heauie hearts! How did that welcome newes drive away the clowdes of sorrow from their

affrighted mindes: For now they began to remember what my Sauour had told them, (while he was in *Galile* with them) concerning his Passion, and what hee spake vnto them, concerning his Resurrection the third day, *Mat. 17. 23.*

But when they reported to his eleuen Disciples what they had seen with their eyes, and heard with their eares, the matter seemed so strange vnto them, that they were doubtfull of their speech, and gaue little credit vnto their words, vntill the Lord Iesus did appeare himselfe vnto them, and opened their eyes, that they might know him to be their true Lord and louing Master, *Iohn 20. 19. Mar. 16. 14. Luk. 24. 36.*

Oh how should I, my sweet Sauour, which am of such grosse and dull vnderstanding, perceiue



perceiue the truth of thy powerfull Resurrection, vnlesse thou open mine eyes, confirme my faith, and take away my vnbeliefe? Oh let mee neuer cease to admire thy greatnesse, teach mee to comprehend the goodnesse, and taste of the sweetnesse of it. Oh how comfortable may the meditation of it be vnto my sorrowfull soule, when I am cast downe vpon my bed of sicknesse? what can better assuage my paines, or mitigate the horroure of my deadly pangs, when death approacheth, then faithfully to hope, and constantly to belieue, to be made partaker of thy ioyfull Resurrection?

But how should I reape any profit by thy pittifull Passion, or receiue any benefit by thy powerfull Resurrection, vnlesse I die, and be crucified with thee by mortification of

my sinfull flesh? Let my soule (oh my sweet Saviour) lie no longer buried in the graue of iniquity : quicken me by thy spirit, and raise me vp by thy power, that I being made partaker of thy death, may also be raised vp with thee vnto euerlasting life.

Oh let me remember, that as by the transgression of *Adam*, I was made subiect to death, *1 Cor. 15. 22.* so by thy Resurrection I am restored to life. Thou art a God, not onely *Omni-scient*, that knoweth all things, but also *Omnipotēt*, that can do all things. For, as thou wert able to forme the first man out of the earth, and to breathe into him the spirit of life, *Gen. 7. 2.* so I am now resolved, and certainly belieue, that thou wilt, and art able, to reuiue and raise my dead body out of the graue, though it be rotten, and consumed to dust :

Oh

Oh death, where is thy sting?  
Oh graue, where is thy victorie?  
For now my Saniour  
hath subdued your forces, my  
powerfull Redeemer hath  
conquered your Kingdome.

Wherefore (oh my soule)  
let this Meditation be as a medicine to cure thy miserie, as a salve to heale thy sorrow, as a precious Balme to medicate thy wounds, and as a soveraigne Lenitive, to ease thy woes: for though the world entertaine thee with frowns, and many bloudy Tyrants be thy cruell foes, yea, though death separate thee from my body, thy loving companion, with whom thou hast liued so long, and from whom thou art so loth to depart, yet the ioyfull day will come, when ye shall both be reunited together, with the bands of perpetuall amitie, and with a league of an everlasting soci-  
T 5 etic:

erie : then shall thy losse be changed into gaine, thy povertie into plentie, thy want into wealth, thy sorrow into ioy, thy deformity into beautie: thou shalt be no more soyled with sinne, nor spotted with the staines of iniquitie.

For then, the body shall no more be a receptacle of vices, or a cage of vncleannes, no longer a Vassall to impietie or a Vessell of impuritie : no more subiect to varietie: nor obnoxious to vanity : no more objected to miserie: no longer subiect to mutabilitie : yea, no more allured with baits of Satan, nor caught with the snares of sinne: the minde shall be no longer afflicted with feare, or affected with hope. For thou, oh my soule & my body, shall be both possessed with a blessed fruition of an everlasting inheritance.

My flesh shall no more be  
sub-

subiect to corruption, the beauty of it shall neuer faile, it shall enioy health without any sickenesse, strength without any weakenesse, pleasure without any paine: for it shall be combined together againe with thee (oh my soule) and liue for euer with the God of Eternity, in the glorious mansion of his *magnificent Maiesie*, and *everlasting Tabernacle* of his infinite glory.

For as my blessed Sauiour did once descend downe vpon the earth, so hee is now ascended vp into heauen, *Act. 19. 10, 11.* where hee sitteth vpon the Throne of Maiesie, at the right hand of God his Father: hee is our faithfull advocate, he is our louing mediator, and maketh continuall intercession for the remission of our finnes. Hee craueth no golden fee for his paines, nor any reward for his labour, if  
we

we sue vnto him with an humble heart, and a lowly minde: his eares are alwayes open to our peticious, hee is neuer vnwilling to graunt our requests, if wee faithfully call vpon him, confidently trust in his Word, and constantly beleene his promises.

Wherefore oh my louing Redeemer, what reason; yea, what treason is it against the diuine Maiestie, for vs to supplicat and beseech thy Mother to sue vnto thee for our pardon, when she hath no facilitie to heare vs, nor faculty to helpe vs in the time of our necessitie, or day of our misery? Why should we sue vnto any of the departed Saints, to be earnest sutors for vs, who haue no possibility to heare our petitions, nor power to graunt our request, nor merit to saue themselves? Oh that such doltish folly should possesse our hearts,



hearts, or any such blockish  
ignorance blinde our mindes?  
For hast thou not commaun-  
ded vs to come vnto thee?  
Hast thou not promised to  
ease vs, whensoever any heany  
burthen of sinne doth presse our  
soules, or any outward affliction  
opresse our bodies? *Mat. 11. 28.*  
Why should wee be such ti-  
morous persons, or rather such  
trecherous Teaytors, as to at-  
tribute that vnto men, which  
is onely due vnto God? to ho-  
nor an impotent creature, and  
to dishonour our omnipotent  
Creator, when we haue li-  
bertie to draw neere vnto his  
seate of vnmeasurable Mercie,  
without any hopelesse feare of  
his infinite Maiesty? wee be-  
leeue, oh my sweet Saviour,  
and bountifull Redeemer, that  
thou art ascended, and locally  
seated in the highest Heauens,  
in respect of thy humanitie:  
but that thou art euery where,  
by

by the vertue and power of thy diuinitie. And that none of the departed Saints, be they neuer so holy, can haue any feeling of our wants, or compassion of our woes: no, no, it is onely thou that canst heare vs, it is onely thou that must helpe vs.

Oh happy were thy disciples, that did see thy glorious Ascension with their eies! *Act.* 1.9, 10, 11. Oh happy are they also that doe faithfully beleeue it in their hearts. Wherefore, let the morning and evening dew of thy graces descend downe vpon vs, that we may lift vp pure hearts, and cleane hands, toward thy holy Sanctuary. Now, oh my penitent soule, as the remembrance of the powerfull resurrection, and admirable Ascension of my Saviour (who when he ascended, led *Captiuitie* captiue, and gaue gifts vnto men) may  
com-

comfort thy heart with hope,  
that thou shalt once againe be  
knit vnto the body, though  
death for a while make a se-  
paration betweene you and it,  
& lie conered in the womb of  
the earth, and not in the graue:  
so the expectation of his glo-  
rious comming to Iudgement,  
when as he hath promised in  
his sacred Word he will re-  
ward euery man according to  
his workes, may animate thy  
minde with patience to fight  
courageously vnder his stan-  
dard: for though hee was  
content to take vpon him the  
forme of a seruant for thy  
sake, and then to suffer a cru-  
ell and shamefull death for thy  
sinnes here vpon earth; yet  
hereafter hee shall appeare  
with such vnrincible power,  
and exceeding Maiestie, that  
the Sunne shall be darkned,  
and the Moone obscured with  
the brightnesse of his glory.

But

But how dreadfull, how dolefull, how darke and gloomy shall the great day of his comming be vnto the wicked and vngodly, when the secrets of all mens consciences shall be disclosed, and the very thoughts of their hearts openly discovered? Then shall traitterous *Iudas*, who treacherously betrayed him, cursed *Pilate*, that wrongfully condemned him, and the vnrepenting *Ienes* that cruelly crucified him, stand trembling at the Barre, before his Majesty, despairing with terror, and confounded with horror, when sentence of euerlasting death shall be pronounced against them: then it will be too late to wish that the Mountaines might fall vpon them, or that the Hills might couer them: then they shall finde no couerture wherewith to shrowd their sinnes, nor flie

flie into any corner, wherein they may hide their heads. Oh how terrible shall the glorious countenance of my Saviour appeare to their eyes? how dolefull shall his words sound in their eares, when he shall say vnto them, *Depart hence, ye wicked, into the lake of brimstone, which burneth with vnquenchable fire!* Then shall their eyes, which haue roued after worldly vanities, see nothing but hideous sights that may affright them, and burning flames that do afflict them: then their eares, which haue beene delighted with pleasant melodie, shall heare nothing but most sorrowfull sighes, lamentation and howling, they themselves crying out in their misery, and hearing others mourning, which are tormented with the like extremitie.

Their dainty pallate which  
could

could not be pleased without varietie of delicate dishes for their meat, nor without choyle of delicious wine for their drinke, shall then be tormented with burning, and inflamed with fire, that faine they would, if they could, giue the possession of a kingdome for one drop of cold water: but the Ocean is not able to flake their heat, nor the water of all the Riuer in the world, sufficient to quench their thirst.

But how should my tongue fully vtter one iot of these infernall tortures? yea, how should our thoughts conceiue the greatnesse of those hellish torments? The number of them is innumerable, the weight of them insupportable, and the paine of them intolerable: neuer ceasing, without any one moment of intermission, alwayes vnmeasurable,



ble, without any hope of mitigation. But how doe thy faithfull seruants desire, oh my sweet Sauour, how doe they long for thy comming? for then they will lift vp their heads to behold the glory of thy face, their hearts shall bee filled with ioy, and their songes shall neuer cease to sing ioyfull songs for their deliuerances then shall they triumph ouer their foes, and see the destruction of their enemies: For thou shalt come vnto them, not as a Iudge to condemne them, but as a louing Father to embrace them: thou shalt wipe away all teares from their eyes, and take away all heauinesse from their hearts: they shall neuer any more be pinched with hunger, or pined with thirst; for thou wilt receiue them to dwell in thy Celestiall Citie, which is stored with all abundance:

dance: But who can describe the beauty, or demonstrate the glory of this heavenly Hierusalem? for it is made of pure gold, the foundation of precious stones, the walles of Iasper, and the gates of pearle. In neede it hath no Sunne to give light vnto it in the day, or any Moone by night: for the glorious presence of the Lord doth fill euery place with his shining brightnesse, Reuel. 21. 18, 19, 20, 21, 22.

What eye hath seene: one sparke of the glistering cleer-nesse? what eare hath heard one tittle of the greatnesse? what heart can conceiue so much as a graine of the goodnes of this eternall Citie? Oh happy are the people that shall enter into thy beautifull gates! Oh happy are the Citizens that shall dwell within thy precious walles! for they shall line with the Angels in eternall peace and security, and see  
God

God in his glorious Maiestie!  
Entertaine me (oh Lord) in-  
to thy gracious service, and  
graunt me grace, that I may  
serue thee all the dayes of my  
life in feare, and honour thee  
with my loue: that whin I  
haue serued out my time as  
thy faithfull seruant here on  
earth, I may be incorporated  
into this heauenly Citie, and  
admitted into the freedome of  
this blessed societie. Come (oh  
my Lord Iesu) come vnto vs  
quickly, and receiue vs to  
dwell with thee eternally,  
*Amen.*

**FINIS.**

*Soli Deo gloria.*

God in us glorious manifest  
 Everlasting (Oh Lord) in  
 every creature visible and  
 invisible grace, that we  
 receive thee all the days of our  
 life in heart, and honour, and  
 with our hands and feet  
 praising thee in all things as  
 thou art, and ever more on  
 earth, and in heaven, and  
 in all creatures, and in  
 all things, and in all places  
 and in all times, and in all  
 this blessed kingdom. Come (Oh  
 my Lord Jesus) come unto us  
 quickly, and receive us to  
 dwell with thee eternally.

FINIS

The English

MOST  
DEVOT  
and Diuine  
MEDITATIONS  
OF  
Saint BERNARD:

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Concerning the knowledge  
of humane Condition:

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*Seruing as so many Motiues*  
TO MORTIFICATION.



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